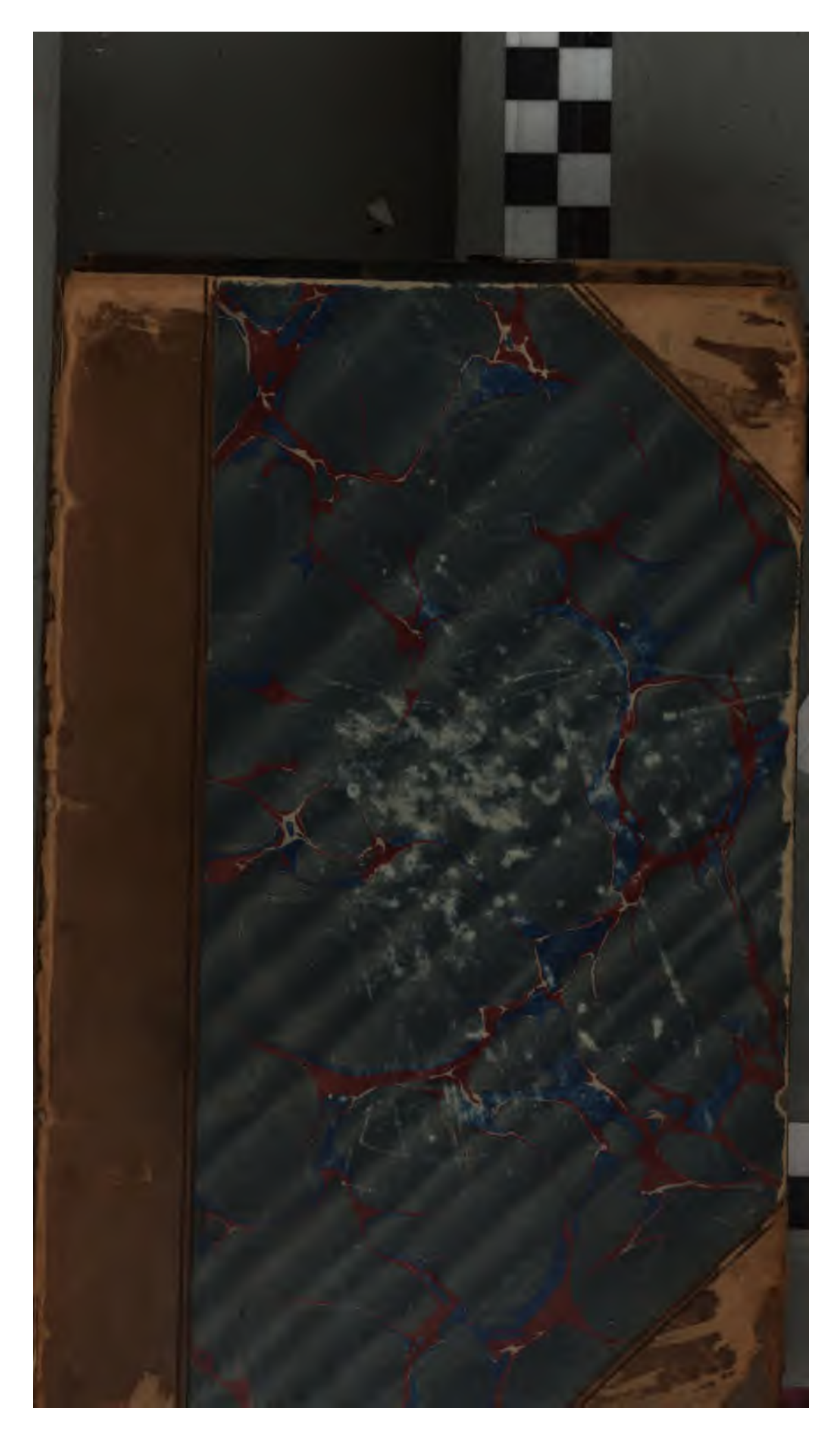

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IN a graceful passage of his speech for Plancius, Cicero opens our eyes to the startling fact, that the bureaucracy and *beau monde* of the Roman Republic regarded provincial life as quite beneath their notice, and indeed looked on it as a mark of culture or good breeding to be absolutely indifferent to the history and conditions of the subjects of Rome. M. Juventius Laterensis, beaten by Cn. Plancius in the contest for the ædileship in the year B.C. 54, accused his successful rival, just before he entered on office, of the crime of *sodalicium*, or corruption of the tribes by the illegal organization of clubs. In pointing out the superior claims of Laterensis to the office, the junior counsel for the prosecution, M. Cassius Longinus, had referred to the excellent administration of Laterensis as pro-quæstor in Cyrene:—

'Who denies it?' retorts Cicero. 'But life in Rome hardly catches a whisper of provincial doings. I hope I shall not be thought guilty of arrogance if I refer to my own quæstorship. Let me tell you candidly what my own idea was when I was quæstor. I thought Rome did nothing but talk of my official success. I had sent home great store of corn at a time of exceptional dearth. I was praised by every class of people in my province. Honours hitherto unheard of were devised by the Sicilians to show their respect for me. When I retired from my government I felt sure my country would grant me, unasked, all she had to bestow. Well, when I landed at Puteoli, intending to travel thence by land to Rome, it so chanced that it was

the height of the season, when the *beau monde* muster there in force. Gentlemen of the jury, you could have knocked me down with a feather, when an acquaintance meeting me asked me when I had left Rome, and what was the news from the city. "I am on my way home from my province," replied I. "Ah, yes! to be sure," says he; "Africa, I think." "Sicily," said I with *hauteur*, feeling by this time rather piqued. "What?" says a bystander, breaking in with an air as if nothing could escape him, "Is it possible you don't know the gentleman has been quæstor of Syracuse?"—Cicero, 'Pro Plancio,' cc. 26, 27, §§ 63–66 (abridged).

Now Lilybæum, not Syracuse, was the department of Sicily over which Cicero had presided as quæstor; so that even the third guess had not hit the scene of his brilliant administration. Cicero goes on to say that he pocketed his pride, and mixed with the fashionable throng of visitors to the baths, feeling that he had obtained a political lesson which was far more valuable to him than to have been made the lion of Puteoli. He had learned that Rome's eyes are sharper than her ears; that you must keep yourself before the public, or you will be forgotten.

England, in her intense interest in merely insular politics, and her growing blindness to the importance of a real continuity in imperial action, is becoming more and more like the Republic of Rome, which riveted her gaze on the Forum, and shut her eyes to the world that lay under her. With us, party struggles eclipse every other subject of interest. In Rome the one absorbing topic was, who would be the new consuls. Even Cicero's letters suffer from this. We dread in them the mention of the *comitia*, as in those of Horace Walpole we regard with alarm the subject of gout. We grow weary of the ever-recurring record of sordid struggles for the consulship and censorship, struggles carried on with monotonous sameness of incident, not between principles but between persons, and decided by appeal not to the politics but to the pockets of the electors. Well did Lucan exclaim—

> 'Letalisque ambitus urbi
> Annua venali referens certamina Campo;'

and not even the genius of Cicero and all the vivacity of his narration could

> 'Create a soul under the ribs of Death.'

There is no reason why we should be surprised to find that Romans in the time of Cicero were prone to

> 'Take the rustic murmur of their bourg
> For the great wave that echoes round the world.'

When

When the Roman noble was not ashamed to confess with an easy smile that he did not know who was the governor of Asia, or of Spain, perhaps after all he had no reason to feel ashamed. Perhaps it did not make very much difference who went to the province, Verres or Cicero. As a matter of fact, for one such as Cicero there were hundreds such as Verres; but had the very reverse been true, though there had been a hundred Ciceros for one Verres, the provinces could not have had even a tolerable measure of well-being under the Republic. Rome tried to apply to the provinces the constitutional forms by which she governed her own citizens, and the result was a state of things which the world had never seen before and probably will never see again. Under the same law, liberty swelled into licence in Rome and shrank into a mere name in the provinces. At Rome, executive, legislative, and judicial functions were kept apart. In the provinces all three were tangled together in the grasp of the proconsul or proprætor. The liberties and lives of the provincials were in the hands of the governor, and their property was at the mercy of the publicans, who as Equites sat in judgment in Rome on the crimes which they had committed, or hoped to commit, in the provinces, and secretly admired and envied the more daring of the plunderers whom they tried. We read with a sense of disappointment in the letters of Cicero how even he failed in his effort to act the constitutional governor, when the law had made him a despot. If by a miracle a governor in one year, or at most two, succeeded in learning the needs of his province, he was obliged to leave it when he began to understand it; and the chances were a thousand to one that his successor would undo any good he had attempted. Did not the principle of assigning provinces by lot—itself a denial, emphatic in its *naïveté*, of the rights of the governed—let loose the boor Mummius among the priceless art treasures of Greece, and confront the polished Cicero with the rude robber-hordes of Cilicia? But Cicero himself showed only negative virtues as proconsul. It never occurred even to him to attempt to develop the resources of his province, to remove abuses, or to introduce reforms. The provinces were the farm of the Roman people, and the provincials were the live-stock. Montesquieu sums up the condition of Rome and her provinces under the Republic: 'la liberté était dans le centre et la tyrannie aux extrémités.'

If the province felt but little interest in the question what ruler chance should assign to it, still less (as we have seen) did Rome concern herself about such matters. Whether a Cæcilius or a Cornelius obtained the province, it was well understood that

his sole object in condemning himself to the ennui of a year of provincial life was to qualify himself for buying the consulate, or for repaying the borrowed money with which he had already purchased it. But the individual Cornelius or Cæcilius coveted the province as his only means of securing future opulence and distinction, or averting immediate ruin. From the time when the nobility of office superseded the patriciate of birth in Rome, all the young men of noble family thronged the avenues to office, and office was the only road to distinction for those who were not noble. Cicero was prouder of his consulate than of his Verrine orations. Catullus and Lucretius boast of the friendship of Memmius. It was easy for an average young Roman of noble family, and not very difficult for a young *novus homo* of ability, to become quæstor or tribune of the people; but to become consul or censor required years of strenuous effort. The first step to the consulate or censorship was usually the ædileship, which gave the holder of the office the opportunity of entertaining the mob with magnificent public amusements.

It was the duty of the ædiles to secure to the populace of Rome corn at a moderate price, and to superintend the public games. The provincial governors could supply to Rome large quantities of corn under cost price, and the provinces were eager to ingratiate themselves with the *turba Remi* by sending to the city, free of cost, the grain of which the governor would in any case have robbed them. Hence the ædiles found it easy to supply to the Roman rabble bread below cost price. But the expenditure on the games came out of their own pockets. And as the rivalry grew hotter between the competitors for the consulship, it became usual for a spirited candidate to give the people a *munus* or 'treat' in the way of a gladiatorial show. A *munus* sometimes cost as much as seven thousand pounds sterling. All this expenditure was recouped by the year of provincial government, which would also leave a handsome balance to bribe the jury who should try the successful candidate for bribing the tribes.

This indirect bribery of the people dated from the beginning of the sixth century of Rome:—

'For five hundred years,' writes Mommsen, 'the community had been content with one festival in the year and with one circus. The first Roman demagogue by profession, Gaius Flaminius, added a second festival and a second circus in the year B.C. 220: and by these institutions—the tendency of which is sufficiently indicated by the very name of the new festival, the plebeian games—he probably purchased permission to give battle at the Trasimene lake.'—Hist. iii. p. 345, Eng. trans.

The

The direct purchase of the votes of the electors with money must have been practised before B.C. 159, as may be inferred from the *lex Cornelia* of that year, which punished with exile those found guilty of bribing the electors with money. As early as the year B.C. 432 the first law against *ambitus* in any form had forbidden the use of the *toga candida*, from which candidates have since taken their name; reminding us herein of the Corrupt Practices Act of 1854, which prohibited the giving of cockades to voters. But this law soon fell into desuetude. In spite of the *lex Gabinia* or Ballot Act (B.C. 139), and the *lex Maria*, by which C. Marius in his second consulate established the *pontes*, or narrow passages into the voting booths, which were intended to protect the voters from the influence of electioneering agents, the abuse against which these enactments were directed steadily increased. Cicero calls the Ballot Act the law whereby 'Liberty can assert herself without a word,'* but it does not appear to have been more effectual than it has proved in the English boroughs. In both cases the electors seem to have habitually adhered to their contracts. 'Faith unfaithful kept them falsely true.' A tribune, Cornelius, proposed in B.C. 67 a plebiscite for the punishment not only of candidates guilty of corrupt practices, but also of their agents (*divisores*). But the Senate took the wind out of his sails by the *Acilia Calpurnia*, brought forward by the consuls of the same year. It inflicted a heavy fine on the candidate who should employ bribery, whether successful or not, and it deprived him for ever of the right of holding an office or sitting in the Senate, herein surpassing in stringency even the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act now in force, under which the disability to sit in the House (or vote at an election to Parliament) lasts only seven years. Further, in accordance with a curious principle in Roman criminal law, a person found guilty of bribery was rehabilitated† by procuring the conviction of another on the same charge. It probably also inflicted a fine on *divisores* and other agents, thus recognizing a principle which was long ignored in English legislation.‡ In B.C. 64, a few days before Cicero's 'Oratio in toga candida,' or election address against the coalition between Antonius and Catiline to keep him out of the consulship in the ensuing year, the Senate, on Cicero's motion, declared by a senatusconsultum the provisions of the Acilio-Calpurnian law applicable to any candidate who should keep about him hired followers, or entertain the people with

* 'Tabellam, vindicem tacitæ libertatis.' De Leg. Agr., ii. § 4.
† 'In integrum restitutus.' Cic. Cluent., § 98; Balb. § 57.
‡ Laboulaye, 'Essai sur les lois crim. des Rom.,' p. 288, *n.* 2.

gladiatorial

gladiatorial shows, or refreshments * of any kind—the earliest law against 'treating' of which we find mention. The next year the *lex Tullia* of Cicero's consulate confirmed these provisions, and punished corrupt candidates with ten years' exile. This section of the Act, which Cicero himself speaks of as imposing 'an unprecedented penalty,' † went far beyond the Acilio-Calpurnian law, which allowed the convicted candidate to remain in Rome. It further seems to have introduced quite a new feature into election law in Rome, in imposing severe penalties on corrupt electors.‡ The same Act forbade a candidate to exhibit gladiatorial shows or make public payments of any kind within two years of the commencement of his candidature, unless bound to do so under a testamentary disposition.§

This important Act of Cicero's consulship was, however, far from efficacious in putting down bribery. It was violated with impunity by Pompeius in support of Afranius; and we still find the price of the consulate steady. The quotations for the year B.C. 54 show the enormous figure of ten million sesterces (nearly a hundred thousand pounds sterling) offered for the first voting division alone. This was the *barathrum* into which were poured most of the vast fortunes spent in Rome during the last century of the Republic. In the year B.C. 62, Cæsar owed, after deducting his assets, nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Marcus Antonius, at the age of twenty-four was about 50,000*l.* in debt—a liability which, in the course of fourteen years, he increased to more than 300,000*l.* Curio cleared his half million sterling; and Milo, in the year B.C. 52, owed not not much less than 700,000*l.* All this would have been wiped out by the plunder of the unhappy province, which the lot would have assigned to him as a sequel to his consulship,

* 'Prandia,' Mur., § 57. Laws against treating were frequent in Roman history. In the provinces, too, we find the *Lex Coloniæ Genetivæ* forbidding treating in municipal elections. By its provision (§ 132) no candidate is to give, or cause to be given, dinners (*convivia, cenæ*); he is not to have more than nine any day at dinner; nor is he to give, or cause to be given, bribes or gifts; nor is any one else to give dinners or bribes for him. Penalty, 5000 sesterces.

† 'Nova pœna,' Mur., § 89.

‡ So Sorof understands *plebem* in Mur., § 47, and it seems hard to explain the word otherwise.

§ This clause brings under our notice a strange feature in the social life of ancient Rome. It was the habit of wealthy testators to leave large sums of money to be devoted to the amusement of the rabble of Rome, or—a still stranger freak of fashion—to be divided among the more distinguished public men of the day, and this without reference to the public character or politics of the devisee. Thus public men often inherited the wealth of some obscure millionaire personally unknown to them; and wealth, not poverty, made strange bed-fellows, as when Cicero and Cæsar were co-heirs of one Cluvius, and Cicero and Clodius both took under the will of the architect Cyrus.

had

had not his chance of that office been ruined by an 'unfortunate occurrence'—his assassination of Clodius near Bovillæ on the Appian Way. Ready-money transactions, it may be observed, were as little in favour in ancient Rome as on the modern Stock Exchange. Cicero writes in amusingly elliptical fashion to his friend Atticus,* 'Bribery is at boiling-point. *Ecce signum!* On July 15 interest on money rose from 4 to 8 per cent.' Bribery became so eager, and consequently the demand for money was so great, that the rate of interest suddenly doubled itself.

In B.C. 61 two very remarkable decrees of the Senate were passed to curb electioneering abuses. One made it lawful to search the houses of magistrates suspected of having money deposited with them to be used for corrupt purposes; the other enacted that any magistrate, in whose house bribing agents should be harboured, should be held guilty of a State offence. Cicero says that these decrees were disliked because they were supposed to be directed against the consul of the year. So the 'Man in the Moon' in ancient Rome sometimes sat in the Curule Chair, and the 'Hole in the Wall' was to be found in the house of a public officer.†

At the same time a tribune, Aufidius Lurco, failed to carry a very curious Bill, which provided that to *promise* (*pronuntiare*) money for corrupt purposes should not be punishable, but that any one who should *pay* money for such purposes should forfeit about 25*l.* a year to each of the tribes for the rest of his natural life. This very original proposal would have made electoral corruption a ready-money transaction, and would have imposed on the convicted an annual tax of between 800*l.* and 1000*l.*, which would certainly have made bribery a risky experiment except for the very wealthy, and would probably have yielded a steady revenue. In the year B.C. 59 was carried the *lex Licinia de sodaliciis*, which forbade the corruption of the tribes by

* Att. iv. 15, 7.

† When Cicero in the 'Pro Plancio' speaks of a sum of money hidden in the Flaminian circus, and seized by the authorities, he clearly implies that it was intended to be found by bribed voters. In the election of 1868 for the city of Dublin each freeman got his five-pound note from a hole in the wall. The same thing was done at Beverley about the same time. At Shaftesbury, in 1774, an alderman of the town, disguised as Punch, passed through a hole in the door twenty guineas to each voter, for which each had to sign a bill payable to a fictitious *Glenbucket*, to disguise the nature of the transaction. At Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, the townspeople threw off their allegiance to the Earl of Verney, and agreed to return any two members who should be willing to pay 6000*l.* Accordingly a deputation from the electors met by appointment, a mile outside the town, a gentleman who said he came from the Moon with 6000*l.* The money was paid over, and two gentlemen from London were duly nominated and returned.

means

means of the illegal organization of clubs. When the election to offices of State is in the hands of the people, it follows as a matter of course that the people must be conciliated by the candidate. The future consul must court the Sovereign People. The English candidate begins by the publication of his address. The Roman began with his *prensatio*, or general shaking of hands. Attended by his *nomenclator*, whose business it was to tell the name of each voter, and supply about each such information as he could collect, the candidate went about the streets, saluting each individual elector and grasping his hand. Various arts of electioneering (*ambitio*) were not only permitted by law, but were rendered indispensable by usage. Canvassing in Rome was organized like a profession. It had its regular officers and its handbook of rules. Such a handbook of electioneering we still possess in the *Commentariolum petitionis* of Quintus Cicero. The line which separated legal from illegal canvassing was sometimes very narrow, and often it is far from easy to make the distinction. Thus, to obtain the votes of a tribe by treating or by public shows was legitimate if the treats or shows were given to the voters in their tribes (*tributim*),* but was culpable if given to the people *en masse* (*vulgo*). A *coitio* or coalition between two candidates uniting their interests to throw out a third was common, and Cicero often speaks of such coalitions without a word of condemnation. Yet *coitio* is the term applied to the disgraceful compact, made in B.C. 54 between the candidates for consulship and the existing consuls, whereby the latter were to support the former, who bound themselves under a fine to produce, if elected, perjured evidence to the existence of arrangements suitable to the interests of the outgoing consuls as to the allocation of the provincial governments. Though *largitio* was condemned in the conduct of a canvass, *liberalitas* was permitted and encouraged. Regular agents (*interpretes*) were employed to make the bargain with the electors, the bribe promised was deposited with trustees (*sequestres*) who held it till the election was over; or the money was directly paid by bribe-dealers (*divisores*), a class which did not enjoy a high social repute, but which is recognized in Roman political literature as clearly as solicitors are recognized among us, though (as we have seen) the employment of them was sometimes formally forbidden by statute. Clubs were not prohibited or discouraged by Roman law. From very early times there existed *sodalitates* or brotherhoods for the maintenance of

* See Dr. Holden's excellent edition of the 'pro Plancio,' Introduction, pp. xxiii. xxxvii. xxxviii., where the subject of bribery at Roman elections is well and concisely treated.

certain

certain religious rites, not unlike the religious orders in the Roman Catholic Church; or for mutual aid, like the Freemasons and other charitable societies. *Sodales* were expected not to sue each other, but, on the contrary, to contribute to the defence of a brother if prosecuted. And so a candidate for office naturally looked to his brotherhood for assistance in his canvass; and the giving of such assistance was countenanced by law, and encouraged by public opinion. But here again we meet with a subtle distinction. If a candidate employed his *sodales* to work on his constituency more effectively by division of labour, splitting up the tribes into small companies (*decuriæ*), each to be taken in hand by a special member of the brotherhood, who should make himself responsible for his own *decuria;*—then the candidate became amenable to the Licinian law, and could be sued for undue influence. Prosecutions under this law, for illegal employment of the brotherhoods, were carried on under a procedure different from that which prevailed in cases of ordinary corrupt practices. The tribunals for trying the two classes of offence were distinct, the same person might be tried for each separately, and while unsuccessful candidates could be punished for ordinary *ambitus*, only those actually elected came under the provisions of the Act *de sodaliciis*.*

The next remarkable enactment on bribery brings us near to the end of the history of the Republic. In B.C. 52 Pompeius introduced a Bill against bribery, intimidation, and illegal influence, which, strange to say, was retrospective, and was applicable to offences against it committed so far back as twenty years before the third consulship of Pompeius. The trials under this Act became embarrassingly numerous. Cicero writes:† 'I am kept incessantly at work by the number of trials under the new Act.' The principle involved in the Act of Pompeius had serious consequences, and hastened the fall of the Republic.‡ Julius Cæsar, clear-sighted in this matter as in others, gave up the hopeless task of suppressing corruption by statute, but neutra-

* The *collegia* at Rome were different from the *sodalitates*. The former were corporations entitled to hold property as such, and generally consisted of merchants or traders, like our guilds and companies. These *collegia* were non-political in early times; but we find in the year B.C. 68 a decree of the senate suppressing the street clubs (*collegia compitalicia*) which seem to have been distinctly political. When the famous demagogue Clodius ten years afterwards restored these *collegia*, he formally organized the proletariate of Rome, slave and free, for revolutionary purposes—an incident as important in the downfall of the Roman Republic, as the institution of the Barricade in the history of revolution in France.

† Fam. vii. 2, 4.

‡ This is excellently shown in the Essay of Laboulaye already referred to, 'Essai sur les lois crim. des Rom.'

lized

lized its effect by reserving to himself the choice of half the candidates. Under the Empire the predominant power of the Princeps left no room for *ambitio*, except in the narrow sphere of elections to municipal offices. The most remarkable enactment of this kind under Augustus was directed not against electoral corruption, but against the bribing of jurymen—a far more criminal misuse of money, but one which attracted very little attention under the Republic. A well-known *bon mot* of Cicero, one of his best, alludes to this species of tampering in a very light tone. Clodius had been acquitted on the charge of violating the rites of the *Bona Dea*, when Cicero gave evidence against the *alibi* which he set up. 'The jury,' sneered Clodius, 'did not give you credit on your oath.' 'Yes,' retorted Cicero, 'Twenty-five out of the fifty-six did; the remaining thirty-one refused you credit, for they took their bribe in advance.'

One is naturally surprised to find such copious legislation on electoral corruption in Rome; the more so when we remember that the ancient republics, in the extreme scantiness of their legislation, offer a singular contrast to modern governments. The remarkable phenomenon is not the prevalence of bribery in Rome, but the apparent strenuousness of the effort to put it down. Like Sunday Closing Acts in the present day, these Bills about bribery were proposed and passed as a sort of homage to virtue, though recognized as utterly ineffectual even by their proposers, who indeed were frequently the first to violate them. Surely not even an Abderite, if he had lived a year in Rome, could fail to see that it mattered not 'two rows of pins,' or, as a Roman would say, 'a pomegranate's core' (*ciccus*), to the electorate whether Cæcilius or Cornelius was made consul. Corruption is the administration of a gift or a reward intended to serve as a motive in the performance of functions for which the proper motive is a conscientious sense of duty. In popular governments, resting on a very wide suffrage exercised by a very unenlightened electorate, there are broadly only two forces, beside bribes,* which can be supposed to constitute a motive for voting this way rather than that. One is a sense of Imperialism, which in itself implies considerable political education, and which we have seen the Roman conspicuously lacked. The other is party spirit, and neither did this exist in the seventh century of the city.

'Only party phrases,' writes Mommsen,† 'were in free circulation;

* Other forces, such as economic delusions, religious fanaticism, &c., have operated and are still operating. But they have not been general or widespread. They have usually been set in motion and kept in activity by despots or demagogues to further their own ends.

† 'Rom. Hist.' iii. p. 74, Eng. trans.

of

of the parties themselves there was little trace in matters really and directly practical. Throughout the whole seventh century the annual public elections to the civil magistracies, especially to the consulship and censorship, formed the real standing question of the day, and the focus of political agitation; but it was only in isolated and rare instances that the different candidates represented opposite political principles; ordinarily the question related purely to persons, and it was for the course of affairs a matter of indifference whether the majority of the votes fell to a Cæcilian or a Cornelian. The Romans thus lacked that which outweighs and compensates all the evils of party life—the free and common movement of the masses towards what they discern as a befitting aim—and yet endured all those evils, solely for the benefit of the paltry game of the ruling coteries.'

Where there is no general or enthusiastic sense of Imperialism and no keen party rivalry, there is no soil in which a conscientious sense of duty may grow up. It is not easy to see why it should be more immoral in the illiterate and unintelligent voter to give his vote for payment, than to give it at the bidding of some caucus, or league, or newspaper, or individual, whether that individual be a small local wire-puller or a great party leader. Indeed, the extreme democrat who speaks of universal suffrage as a right goes far towards denying the moral culpability of the corrupt voter. A man has no right to make money out of that which is his only as a trust, but surely, it might be urged, a man has a right to dispose of that which is his own—of his vote, as well as of the labour of his hands or of his brain.

The ancient Greek republics were saved from the influence of direct electoral corruption by various circumstances in their history. The two forces to which we have just referred, Imperialism and Party Spirit, were largely developed in Greece. Nicias knew that he could count on the spirit of Imperialism in the Athenian citizen when, to encourage his soldiers in dire straits in the harbour of Syracuse, he reminded them of *τὸ μέγα ὄνομα τῶν Ἀθηνῶν*—pathetic words in the mouth of the old general so sick and weak in body, but so strong and stout of heart. The democracy of Athens—if indeed it can be correctly called a democracy—had a political education far superior to the Roman, or to the rank and file under modern popular governments; and her citizens developed a sense of duty to Athens which made them cling not only to a heaven-born Pericles, but to an honest plodding Nicias, whose only merit was his firm hold of that feeling which 'the Olympian' inculcated so eloquently—he was an *ἐραστής* of Athens, 'enamoured' of the stately personality of his country.

When

When no larger feeling swayed the Greek populace, Party Spirit (ἐρίθεια) had its full effect. Aristotle * tells us that in a certain Arcadian state sortition superseded election, because the electors invariably chose their own partizans (τοὺς ἐριθευομένους), instead of the persons most eminent in public affairs. Solon recognized the value of Party Spirit, when he punished the citizen who on the outbreak of any sedition or attempt at revolution should stand aloof and take part with neither side. Aristotle † records the terms of an outspoken oligarchical oath taken on assuming office, 'And I will be malignant against the People, and will devise against them whatsoever evil I can.' This catechism of one's duty to his party remained without a parallel till President Andrew Jackson proclaimed the doctrine, 'To the victors the spoils.' But other influences rendered electoral corruption impossible in Greece. In many states the most important offices were made to depend on lot; sometimes on methods of appointment not more rational, but equally adverse to bribery. This is the account which Plutarch ‡ gives us of the mode of electing the Elders in Lacedæmon; and it is probable that the same system was employed in choosing far more important officers, the Ephors. It is justly characterized by Aristotle § as 'quite too childish':—

'When the assembly had met, certain persons selected for the purpose were shut up in a building near at hand, so that they could not see or be seen, but could only hear the shouting of the assembly. For, as with other matters, the Lacedæmonians decide between the competitors by acclamation. One by one the candidates were introduced according to an order fixed by lot, and walked without speaking through the assembly. The loudness and enthusiasm of the shout raised as each candidate entered was estimated and taken down on a tablet by the persons shut up in the adjacent building: who then returned as elected him who was received with the longest and loudest shout.'

Electoral corruption, then, was little practised in Greece, a fact which is the more impressed on us when we remember how rare is the word δεκάζειν, the only word for 'to bribe' in Greek; and it is oftener used for tampering with juries than with electors. Aristotle does not recognize electoral corruption at all, unless such is his meaning when he says that in Carthage the most important offices, including even the throne and the command of the forces, were 'purchasable,' ‖ adding the candid reflection, 'it is natural that a man should make money of his

* Pol. viii. (v.) 3, 9. † Pol. viii. (v.) 9, 11.
‡ Lycurg. c. 26. § Pol. ii. 9, 23. ‖ ὠνητάς, Pol. ii. 11, 10.

office

office if he has to pay for it.' Even in this passage it is not certain that Aristotle does not mean that the fees or expenses on entering office at Carthage were purposely made very heavy, to render it inaccessible to any but the very wealthy. Or again, it may have been possible to purchase high office in Carthage as it was possible till quite recent times to purchase commissions in the British army, and judicial positions in France. If his meaning is that office was accessible only by means of bribery,* then in this respect, as well as in the pluralism which prevailed in her government, Carthage seems to have been unique in the ancient world as known to Aristotle.

Other and worse forms of corruption were far more prevalent in Greece, the payment of persons invested with public functions to use them unjustly, and of juries to give verdicts against the evidence. The mutual recriminations of Demosthenes and Æschines bring into strong prominence the untrustworthiness of public functionaries, and this is illustrated still more clearly by the history of Sparta. When Pausanias, after the battle of Platæa, called on Thebes to surrender her Medizing leaders, the latter voluntarily gave themselves up in the expectation that they would be tried, and that their acquittal would be procured by their powerful friends.† Pausanias shared their anticipation, and accordingly put the prisoners to death at once without any trial. It is a singular coincidence that this same Pausanias, only a few years afterwards, when attainted of treason, returned and surrendered himself at Sparta in hopes of buying off his punishment.‡ Leotychides, Pleistoanax, Astyochus, Cleandridas, and Gylippus, all took bribes. And Thucydides § tells us that the trierarchs and generals of the Lacedæmonian and allied fleet (all except Hermocrates) took money from Tissaphernes to betray the interests of their country. Themistocles took and administered bribes, but it was to save, not to betray his country.‖ If ever dishonour stood rooted in honour, it was when Themistocles took a bribe from Eubœa to pay it to Adimantus, when he laid at the feet of Hellas not only his genius but his probity. Other Greeks, from Leonidas to Amompharetus, were ready to lay down their lives for their country. To impede the trampling hosts of barbarism, Themistocles threw down his honour in their path.

Aristotle ¶ observes that the Ephoralty in Sparta was corrupt: 'The Ephors are chosen from the whole body of the people, so

* Such appears to be the opinion of Polybius, vi. 56, 4, παρὰ μὲν Καρχηδονίοις δῶρα φανερῶς διδόντες λαμβάνουσι τὰς ἀρχάς.

† Herod. ix, 87, 88. ‡ Thuc. i. 131. § viii. 45.

‖ Herod. viii. 4, 5. ¶ Pol. ii. 9, 19.

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the office often falls into the hands of very needy persons, who accordingly have shown themselves corrupt.' He then quotes 'a recent case' in which the Ephors, being bribed, did their best to ruin the State. Hence, as he calls the Ephoralty 'the keystone of the whole constitution,'* we may infer that Sparta was largely infected with the lower form of corruption. On this subject Aristotle † makes a remark, which shows how little electoral corruption prevailed in Greece. He condemns canvassing: he condemns even the candidate's application for office. 'The man,' he says, 'who is fit for the place should have it, whether he wants it or not. No one would apply for office if he were not ambitious: and ambition and covetousness are the most common motives to crime.'

Hence perhaps the dyslogistic connotation of 'ambition' in Shakspeare and the writers of his time. It has often been remarked how largely the philosophy of Aristotle—which in the hands of the Schoolmen was for centuries the only study of Europe, and which has thus usurped by far the largest share of the attention of civilization from the time of Aristotle to the present day—has impressed its mark on all the languages which have a Latin basis. To it and to it alone we owe such common words as 'actually,' 'habit,' 'category,' 'predicament,' 'energy,' 'motive,' 'maxim,' 'principle,' and many others. The pedlar who recommends the *quality* of his wares and offers a reduction on taking a *quantity*, little thinks that he is using words which but for the philosophy of Aristotle would never have found their way into his language.

The kinds of corruption which Aristotle apprehends are the embezzling of public moneys and the dishonest discharge of public functions.‡ To meet the former abuse he proposes § that transfers of public money should be made in presence of all the citizens, and duplicates of the accounts deposited with certain bodies; and to counteract the latter, that there should be 'certain distinctions ordained by law for those who have a good name for probity.' An English judge would look on a reward given for incorruptibility as an insult to the *morale* of the Bench;

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* *συνέχει γὰρ τὴν πολιτείαν τὸ ἀρχεῖον τοῦτο.* Pol. ii. 9, 21.

† Pol. ii. 9, 27.

‡ These, too, are the forms of malversation which are the target of the comic poet's scorn. 'How eagerly,' exclaims Trygæus (Aristoph. Pac. 908) 'does the Prytanis admit Theoria! You would not have been so ready to do it *gratis*, Sir Prytanis; if you had *received* nothing, it would have been *no reception day!*' So Cleon, when at school, could only learn *τὴν Δωριστί* on the lyre (Eq. 889), 'all his knowledge was tips;' and in the same play his cry is the beggar's, 'For the Lord's sake,' *ἔμβαλε κυλλῇ* (Eq. 1083).

§ Pol. viii. (v.) 8, 19.

an

an American would probably regard it as a slight on his own 'smartness.'

When Aristotle says * that 'the many are more incorruptible than the few,' he is applying his doctrine, that there is in every assembly a collective wisdom and a collective morality, which is greater than the sum would be, if one could add together the wisdom or moral sense of all the individuals of whom the assembly is composed. In like manner, it was said that the House of Commons had more good sense and good taste than any one man in it; and Burke declared that 'besides the characters of the individuals that compose it, this House has a collective character of its own.'

The history of Greece certainly bears out the doctrine, that the moral sense of a democracy is higher than that of an oligarchy. The populace in Athens were fickle and changeable, and very prone to sudden outbursts of rage and panic. One cannot forget the trial of the generals after Arginusæ, the fanatic fury which followed the mutilation of the Hermæ, and the bloody decree against Mitylene. But what oligarchy would have been capable of the frantic energy which Demos used in order to prevent the execution of that horrid design?† In what oligarchy do we find such moderation as attended the deposition of the Four Hundred,‡ such self-immolation as Athens showed before Salamis?§ Contrast with this the violence of the Four Hundred and the Thirty, and the monstrous cruelty and treachery whereby Sparta got rid of her Helots, who, she feared, might 'take her difficulty for their opportunity,' and rise against her, when her prospects looked blackest in the Peloponnesian War.‖ Well might Aristotle write,¶ 'the excesses of an oligarchy are more destructive to a state than those of the populace.'

Aristotle holds that public officials should be absolved from the necessity of supporting themselves while serving the State. They must have 'leisure' to govern. But 'nowadays,' he writes,** 'for the sake of the profit to be made out of the public purse and official position, men want to be always in office. They hunt after places with such eagerness that one might imagine they were invalids to whom health was impossible except when in office.' But these official salaries must not be so great as to excite cupidity. A mere competence is not the goal of that 'ambition' which Aristotle regards with such alarm. 'It is not to keep out the cold that a man wants to wear a

* Pol. iii. 15, 8. † Thuc. iii. 49. ‡ Thuc. viii. 97. § Thuc. i. 74.
‖ Thuc. iv. 80. ¶ Pol. iv. 12, 6. ** Pol. iii. 6, 10.

crown,'

crown,' he says,* very much in the manner of Bacon, whose wit often seems to jump with that of his great predecessor in philosophy. Aristotle seems to have a clear appreciation of the good element in party government. He tells us that the Spartans always looked to the mutual hostility between the two Kings, and between the Kings and Ephors, as a salutary influence. He does not seem to be conscious of the loss of force which these counteracting political influences involve, especially in the foreign policy of a State: and it is a favourite maxim of Aristotle that a State must have a foreign policy.† 'Non-interference is political suicide,' was the maxim of Mazzini; in almost the same words Aristotle writes:

'It is said that a legislator ought to keep before his eyes two things: the people, and the country they live in; but a third should have been added—the countries adjacent—if the State is to have a political career.'

Leaving ancient history, we naturally turn first to the East. There history is always ancient, even when Western influences seem to have completely superseded in outward and visible signs the institutions of the East. Oude, before its annexation, was governed by its own princes on very much the same principles which a Roman proconsul, a Greek harmost, or a Carthaginian suffete, applied to the government of their provinces. Even in British India we find everywhere the marks which distinguish ancient history from modern. And as clearly do we find the characteristic features which mark the difference between East and West—the complete disappearance of the virtue called veracity, and the utter change in the point of view from which the masses are regarded. In the West,

'The poor in a loomp is bad.'

It is from the people that revolution may be expected, and it is the people whom the Government must keep at bay.

'Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion drawing nigher
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.'

But east of the Isthmus of Suez the people are not to be dreaded; blessed are the poor and needy; it is from the rich and powerful that the danger comes. The very word 'ghureeb,' which means 'poor,' is used, especially of the lower animals, to signify 'manageable.' A 'poor' horse means in India, not one in low condition, but one which is well broken and good-tempered.

* Pol. ii. 7, 13. † Pol. ii. 6, 7; 7, 14; iv. (vii.) 6, 7.

Hence

Hence there is no such thing as corruption of the people in the East. The corruption is directed from below upwards. It is uniformly that more flagitious form of bribery, which is characteristic of despotisms rather than of constitutional governments, by which a person invested with power is induced to exercise it wrongfully. The aged Samuel, when he invites the strictest scrutiny into his conduct, exclaims, 'Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded, whom have I oppressed? or of whose hands have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?' Amos, in his denunciation of the rule of Jeroboam, says, 'They afflict the just, they take a bribe, and they turn aside the poor in the gate from the right.' Bribery of the people is essentially a vice to be found under a constitutional government, since it is the purchase of that which despotism takes from its subjects by force.

The native of India under British rule is greatly puzzled by the apparent purity of English officials. That they are really incorruptible he cannot believe. He looks on incorruptibility, like veracity, as a figure of speech. But he knows that he could not dare to offer a bribe to the 'Burra Sahib' directly. It must, he thinks, be conveyed through successive grades of native *employés* about the Court, and it will surely be accepted, if offered with sufficient discretion. No experience can teach him that pure administration of justice is an existing fact, or anything else but a means subtly devised for making small bribes ineffectual. There are many anecdotes well known to Anglo-Indians which illustrate the difficulty under which a native Indian often finds himself. We will narrate a typical one. A certain wealthy defendant having a very bad case was most desirous of tampering with the Collector of his district, who was of course an Englishman. For this purpose he provided himself with a large bag of gold mohurs. But how was this to be conveyed to the Collector? The Vakeel, or native counsel, undertook (for a consideration) to manage this through the Serishtadar, or native head clerk, who (for a very considerable consideration) undertook to guarantee that the money should reach the Collector's hands. But the Serishtadar did not dare even to pretend that he could approach the Collector directly with the cash. He would hand it (so he told the Vakeel and his client) to the English-speaking head clerk of the Correspondence Office, who, he said, could easily convey it to the Collector. The fact was, the Vakeel and Serishtadar meant to divide the gold mohurs between them. Accordingly, on a certain day the head clerk of the Correspondence Office, a Portuguese half-caste—we will call him Mr. De Souza—was

 waited

waited on by the Vakeel (the client all the while surveying the transaction from his palanquin in the Court-house verandah), and requested to receive the money as a deposit, and lock it up in his desk. Mr. De Souza did so. The case was called, and was promptly decided against the briber, the Collector showing no sign whatever of the effect of a *douceur*. The litigant and his counsel called on Mr. De Souza for the deposit, but were surprised to find him absolutely oblivious of the whole alleged incident. He was very sorry if they had lost anything, but they seemed to be labouring under some delusion. There were his keys, they might search his desk. If any bag had ever been there, it must have been stolen. The locks supplied by the Government were wretched. But was it not imprudent, even in jest, to speak about what might seem an attempt to pervert the ends of justice by corruption? The litigant, no doubt, understood this threat, and said no more about the matter.

A very curious form of corruption is mentioned by Sir W. Sleeman as prevailing in Oude at the time of his journey through the Kingdom. An official newswriter attended all officers in charge of districts, fiscal and judicial Courts, and official establishments of all kinds. His duty was to report to the Government the facts of every case for Government interference which might come to his knowledge. Of course a peccant official found it his interest to spend large sums of money on bribing the newswriters, whose gains were thus very considerable. The whole news department was under the control of a Superintendent, who contracted for it, as for the revenues of a district. In addition to the money to be paid to the treasury, the Superintendent was obliged to spend large sums in gratuities to influential officers and Court favourites, to secure the post. He nominated his subordinates and appointed them to their several offices, taking from them a sum in hand as the price of their appointments, and exacting an engagement for such monthly payments as he thought the place would enable each to make. The result of this was that the hideous atrocities of Rughbur Sing, and his agents Beharee Lal and Gooreeshunker, during 1846 and 1847, were never reported to the Government, though the newswriters were constantly spectators of the tortures * inflicted by Rughbur Sing on his prisoners, for the purpose

* Moistened gunpowder was smeared over the beards of the men, and when dry, was ignited. The *tunica molesta* was revived with new and horrible improvements. Cloths steeped in oil were bound round the hands of female captives. These were then set on fire, so that the hands and arms of the wretched creatures became animate torches. The persons employed to torture *got money from* the victims or their friends to induce them to despatch the prisoners

purpose of extorting ransom from their relatives. Indeed, they had a direct interest in the atrocities, each newswriter getting a handsome commission on every ransom. The Superintendent of the news department, in submitting his reports to the minister, acted on the same principles which guided his subordinates in forwarding theirs to him. If he received a charge against a man of substantial means or high official rank, he came to an understanding with the representatives of the accused in Lucknow, submitting the report only if the latter proved too hard to deal with. If ever called to account himself, he could rely on the protection of the Court favourites and high officials whom he kept in his pay.

Bribery in Oude was as rife in the zenana as in the courts and public offices. A Mogulanee attendant of a favourite wife of the King had accumulated in gratuities twenty lacs of rupees. Her mistress died, and with her the influence of the Mogulanee, who was soon seized and commanded to disgorge. She resolved to spend five lacs on bribing the most powerful officials about Court; and so effectual was this policy, that some of the most influential ministers of the King were induced to wait on his Majesty and entreat him to have the Mogulanee banished across the Ganges out of his territories. They had ascertained that she was a very powerful sorceress. She had been greatly attached to her mistress, and they had strong reasons to believe that it was her intention to send his Majesty's spirit after that of his late wife, that in the next world they might still enjoy the union which had been so happy in this. His Majesty, not caring to commence at once this era of endless connubial felicity—having perhaps, indeed, an Oriental prejudice against monogamy as an institution—was without much difficulty induced to banish the sorceress forthwith. The ministers of the King saw her safely over the Ganges in British territory. They pocketed their five lacs, and she went with the remaining fifteen to Cawnpoor.

'Exceptio probat regulam' is a maxim often misapplied, as if the existence of an exception to a rule founded on induction

prisoners quickly, or mitigate their sufferings. One calls to mind the terrible passage in Cicero's speech against Verres (2 Verr. v. 45, § 118). 'There was the lictor Sextius who drew a certain revenue from every groan, every pang. So much for admittance to the prisoner. So much for leave to bring him food. Come! how much for beheading your son with a single blow? How much to spare him prolonged agony? How much to save him multiplied blows? To secure his dissolution from the pains of torture? Even this was a source of revenue to the lictor. O, what an agonizing position! Parents forced to buy, not the life, but the speedy death of their offspring; children pleading with the lictor for a single stroke, or imploring their parents to purchase the mitigation of their pains.'

could possibly go to confirm the rule, instead of invalidating it in so far as it had any effect. The meaning of the aphorism, as was long ago pointed out by Whately and Mill, is that from the statement of a fact as an exception may be inferred a rule existing in the mind of him who adduces the fact as exceptional. For instance, the proposition 'No humane landlord should be assassinated,' implies in the mind of the propounder the existence of a principle that 'A landlord who is not humane ought to be assassinated.' By applying 'the exception proves the rule' to a passage in a somewhat recent book by a native Indian, we may see that incorruptibility is still broadly incomprehensible, save as a most exceptional phenomenon, to even a cultured native intelligence. In a memoir of the Hon. Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee, who attained the position of a Judgeship in the High Court and died in 1871, his nephew, a teacher of history in the higher grade English school, thus eulogizes his deceased uncle :—

'Such was the integrity of this remarkable man, that having taken a brief from one party in a case and read it, he invariably refused a fee from the other side.'

The habitual practice of a native pleader was to take a brief from one side, and, having carefully studied it, to use his knowledge against his client, if the other side were willing to make it worth his while. It would be interesting to construct a kind of moral map of the world, in which the incidence of particular virtues at particular epochs of the world's history should be marked. Thus integrity in the observance of contracts would now be marked as a crime in Ireland; and political assassination would figure as a virtue in the last century of the Roman Republic. Even the gentle Cicero tells his friend Atticus * in B.C. 57 how he had been attacked by the bravoes of Clodius on the *Via Sacra*, but his own gang of attendant roughs was far stronger, and easily repelled the Clodian assault: he adds, 'Clodius might easily have been put to death, but I am tired of surgery, I am beginning to try *régime*.' He thinks it necessary to explain why, in violation of all precedent, he refrained from assassinating his political opponent, when the opportunity offered itself.

To turn from the East to the West is to feel that one has taken a leap over a thousand years or so. One feels glad to meet the Sovereign People again, and it is pleasant even to find

* Att. iv. 3, 3.

Smartness

Smartness sitting in the seat from which Violence is deposed. It thrills one to picture to the imagination a government 'of the people, by the people, for the people,' until one begins to find out that it is 'of the people, by the people, for the politician.' The area of the electorate in the United States is far too wide for direct bribery, and bribery is further counteracted by the caucus. But indirect solicitation by means of the misuse of political influence has its very shrine in the American Democracy. This is the kind of corruption which was openly practised by the Whig Ministers of George I. and George II.—the open bestowal of places, and undisguised perpetration of jobs to secure political adhesion. The misuse of patronage became much less audacious in England under George III. Patronage now can hardly be said to enter into English party government, except in so far as is justifiable; each party rightly selecting from a number of pretty equally qualified candidates for office such among them as are adherents of its own policy. But in America, ever since President Andrew Jackson announced the doctrine 'to the victors the spoils,' this kind of corruption has found its way into every *stratum* of society. Mr. Lowell, in his 'Biglow Papers,' has given it characteristic expression:—

> 'Ef you git me inside the White House,
> Your head with oil I'll kind o' 'noint,
> By gittin' you inside the Lighthouse,
> Down to the eend o' Jaalam Point.'

Foreign missions and consulates, department bureaus, custom house and revenue offices, army and navy contracts, postmasterships, agencies, places of all sorts down to the letter-carrier's, are the spoils of the victors. The last President has been elected on the cry of Civil Service Reform; but so far he has not conspicuously carried it out, and he is opposed by a very powerful party who distinctly repudiate it. It is a characteristic of all new Presidents to be honest. 'Princes,' says Horace Walpole, 'ought not to be judged at their coronations, but at their burials.'

An American senator represents a sovereign state, and holds a very high position in society. But with few exceptions politics do not attract the best men under the American or under the French democracy. It remains to be seen whether under the English democracy that inordinate admiration for all kinds of superiority, which is so characteristic of the English mind, will continue to draw her best type of intellect and character to the work of government. American men of letters are outspoken in their denunciation of politics as dirty work.

'Wealth,

'Wealth, office, power at auction,' writes the author of 'Democracy.' 'Who bids highest? Who hates with most venom? Who intrigues with most skill? Who has done the dirtiest, the meanest, the darkest, the most political work? He shall have his reward.'

An acute observer of Boston society, Mr. Marion Crawford, in 'an American Politician,' makes one of his characters say—

'We live in a great institution, and we have a good right to flatter ourselves on its management: but in the long run this will not do for a nation.'

It is a great machine floundering about in the mire of politics. The weakest certainly go to the wall, and the fittest survive. But *weak* and *fit* are relative terms, and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest must always be eminently unsatisfactory to those who do not survive. American politics can hardly be called a china shop, but the Irish bull has managed to make himself very inconvenient therein. The proceedings of Mr. Patrick Ballymolloy in the novel just referred to are an instructive comment on the swelling phrase of the American historian Bancroft,

'The change which Divine wisdom ordained, and which no human policy or force could hold back, proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being, and was as certain as the decrees of eternity.'

So, we suppose, was the reign of nefarious peculation and corruption which has recently culminated in the arrest of sixteen out of the twenty-four members of the Board of New York Aldermen — nearly all countrymen of Mr. Patrick Ballymolloy.

'Irishmen,' said an American Senator * in 1866, 'have stolen more money in this country than would buy the fee simple of the Emerald Isle a dozen times over.'

In America the imposers of the taxes are not the payers of the taxes. The latter class have an interest in the economical and honest administration of public funds for public purposes. The former have a direct interest in dishonest and extravagant expenditure. It is thus that Demos is paid for his vote. Demos looks on the Government as his servant, whose duty it is to secure to him high wages, good employments, fat contracts; and these are the rewards promised by the demagogues

* Francis T. Blair, United States Senator from Missouri.

from

from whom he derives his political knowledge. The estimate of the amount necessary to carry on the government of the city of New York was nearly thirty millions of dollars in 1879, when the population was about a million. All past corruption sinks into insignificance when we read the history of the 'Credit Mobilier,' the purchase of Alaska, the subsidies to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, the loan of the Government bonds to the Pacific Railroad, and the crowning fraud of the Hayes election. Boss Tweed robbed the city of New York of about twenty million dollars. Yet New York returned him as Senator in the States Senate to Albany, the scene of some of his most daring operations. The Government of the United States was for years before the Black Friday in 1871 a kind of stock-jobbing transaction, wherein the Government gambled with loaded dice. The currency of the United States has for years been bank-notes, but nothing but gold would be taken at the Custom House in payment of duties. As every one who imported foreign goods needed gold to pay the duty, there sprung up a market for gold which fluctuated; sometimes it took more paper money, sometimes less, to buy gold. When he wanted money, the secretary of the Treasury would put some millions of dollars in gold into the market, and pay the current expenses of the Government with the paper which he got in exchange for it. None but those in the secret of the ebb and flow in the Gold Room of New York, could tell what would be the fluctuations in the value of paper money. How much went to the Treasury and how much to individuals it would be hard to say.

In nearly all the States the judges are elected for short terms, and at very low salaries. 'Ibit, ibit eo quo vis qui zonam perdidit.' Needy lawyers, second and third-rate practitioners, are raised to a position which men of eminence refuse; and there is a general distrust of the law courts. If a man is rich or has powerful friends, most juries will acquit him. Acquittals are often due to bribery in every form, and often are a tribute to the advocate's 'smartness.' But the result is that the law courts do not command the confidence of the people. Hence it is an undoubted fact that the number of criminals lynched every year exceeds the number of those who die by the hands of the public executioner—and that through the whole of the United States, not merely in the outlying regions of the West.

The author of 'Democracy' has put into the mouth of a German baron his views about the future course of politics in the United States:—

'"But

'"But is reform really so impossible as you describe it? Is it quite hopeless?"

'"Reform such as he wants is utterly hopeless, and not even desirable."

'Mrs. Lee, with much earnestness of manner, still pressed her question: "Surely something can be done to check corruption. Are we for ever to be at the mercy of thieves and ruffians? Is a respectable government impossible in a democracy?"

'Her warmth attracted Baron Jacobi's attention, and he spoke across the room. "What is that you say, Mrs. Lee? What is it about corruption?"

'All the gentlemen began to listen and gather about them.

'"I am asking Senator Ratcliffe," said she, "what is to become of us if corruption is allowed to go unchecked."

'"And may I venture to ask permission to hear Mr. Ratcliffe's reply?" asked the Baron.

'"My reply," said Ratcliffe, "is that no representative government can long be much better or much worse than the society it represents. Purify society and you purify the government. But try to purify the government artificially and you only aggravate failure."

'"A very statesmanlike reply," said Baron Jacobi, with a formal bow, but his tone had a shade of mockery. Carrington, who had listened with a darkening face, suddenly turned to the Baron and asked him what conclusion he drew from the reply.

'"Ah!" exclaimed the Baron, with his wickedest leer, "what for is my conclusion good? You Americans believe yourselves to be excepted from the operation of general laws. You care not for experience. I have lived seventy-five years, and all that time in the midst of corruption. I am corrupt myself, only I do have courage to proclaim it, and you others have it not. Rome, Paris, Vienna, Petersburg, London, all are corrupt; only Washington is pure! Well, I declare to you that in all my experience I have found no society which has had elements of corruption like the United States. The children in the street are corrupt, and know how to cheat me. The cities are all corrupt, and also the towns and the counties and the States' legislatures and the judges. Everywhere men betray trusts both public and private, steal money, run away with public funds. Only in the Senate men take no money. And you gentlemen in the Senate very well declare that your great United States, which is the head of the civilized world, can never learn anything from the example of corrupt Europe. You are right—quite right! The great United States needs not an example. I do much regret that I have not yet one hundred years to live. If I could then come back to this city, I should find myself very content—much more than now. I am always content where there is much corruption, and *ma parole d'honneur!*" broke out the old man with fire and gesture, "the United States will then be more corrupt

corrupt than Rome under Caligula; more corrupt than the Church under Leo X.; more corrupt than France under the Regent!" '*

In a quite Aristophanic passage Mr. Lowell glorifies Humbug as the great god of the American Democracy:

'In short, I firmly do believe
In Humbug generally,
For it's a thing that I perceive
To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd been,
The pastures sweet heth led me,
And this 'll keep the people green
To feed as they have fed me.'

Such a political *credo* the Athenian satirist might well have put into the mouth of some impersonation of Radicalism, such as the Ἄδικος Λόγος in 'the Clouds,' where we find the very same deification of Humbug as παμβασίλει' Ἀπαιόλη.

France, it is much to be regretted, has thoroughly accepted the maxim of Andrew Jackson, 'To the victors the spoils.' As in Greece, so in France, direct tampering with the electorate hardly exists. As in Greek, there is no word for bribing except the rare δεκάζειν, δεκασμός, so in France there is no word meaning 'to bribe.' *La brigue* is *ambitio*, but there is no term for *ambitus*.† This form of corruption is not to be expected in a broad democracy or under a despotism; and it is only under Louis Philippe that it appears at all. But indirect bribery of the masses, the professions, has been rife ever since the foundation of the Second Empire. Votes are bartered for the innumerable places which the French administration has in its gift. Even the judicial bench is now the reward of political allegiance. And this is often secured at the expense of the budget of public works. There is always a bridge to be built, or a Lycée to be instituted, especially in the *arrondissement* which shows itself faithful to the Government.

* There is a prevailing 'spread-eagleism' about formal dissertations on politics by American writers, which makes it hard to gain from them any real insight into the working of the political machine in the United States. But their novelists are quite ready to admit us behind the scenes. Two other American stories—'The Moneymakers' and 'Solid for Mulhooly'—give very vivid pictures of political jobbery in America, and the operation of the Boss system in the work of electioneering.

† 'Nous n'avons pas en français de mot équivalent au verbe anglais *to bribe*, nous sommes obligés d'employer des périphrases, comme "séduire avec de l'argent," "corrompre avec de l'argent," "payer quelqu'un pour en faire un traître." En un mot, nous ne pouvons pas rendre littéralement cette opération à laquelle s'est livré, jusqu'à nos jours, tout gouvernement anglais qui ne se sent plus assez fort pour lutter autrement.'—'Le Rêve de Paddy,' by H. Saint-Thomas. Paris, 1886.

Corruption

Corruption in each of its forms has existed in England at different periods of her history. Tampering with judges and juries was once common. A statute of the reign of Henry VII. in the year 1494 recites, that 'perjury is much and customarily used within the city of London among such persons as passen and been impanelled upon issues joined between party and party.' 'The Dance of Death,' translated from the French in the same reign by John Lydgate, with new incidents, adapted to the England of his day, mentions a juror who had given a false verdict for money. Stow tells us that in 1468 many London jurors were punished by having papers fastened to their heads, setting forth how they had been tampered with in such and such a suit. A letter from the Bishop of London to Cardinal Wolsey, given by Grafton in his 'Chronicles,' says that a London jury would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain.

Jardine* remarks that the 'proceedings against persons accused of State offences in the early periods of our history do not deserve the name of trials: they were a mockery of justice.' The purification of the Bench was probably due in large measure to the fate of Bacon. However that may be, England can now boast of a long line of incorruptible judges and immaculate juries.

That form of bribery which is often a concomitant of Party Government—the bestowal of offices and valuable consideration of various kinds to secure allegiance to the party in power—was very common during the eighteenth century in England. Walpole, writing in 1775, says of Lord Lyttelton, 'This hopeful young man, who, on being refused a place, spoke *for* the Americans, and in two days, on getting one, *against* them, being reproached with such precipitate changes, said that with his fortune nobody could suppose that he thought of the value of the salary.'

During the reign of George III., 388 peers were created,† nearly all for political jobbery, which generally took the form of the manufacture of constituencies to return adherents of the Government. It was a common practice to carry an election by splitting up one freehold into ten, thus multiplying tenfold the influence of the local magnate. Lord Melville, during the first quarter of this century, was able to return thirty-nine out of the forty-five members for Scotland. Horace Walpole, in commenting on the death of Lord Clive in 1774, writes with the utmost *naïveté*, 'He had just named ten members for the new Parliament.'

* 'Criminal Trials,' Introd., p. 8.

† 'Constitutional History of England,' Sir Erskine May, vol. i. p. 282.

The

The admission of honorary freemen just before the election was a common way of manufacturing voters. In the little village of Maldon, in Essex, during the fifteen days of polling, 2000 honorary freemen were added to the electorate; and on the occasion of a contest in Carlisle, 1400 freemen, most of them from the collieries of Lord Lonsdale, were admitted by the Mayor the night before the election, though they had not any of the qualifications which the charter of the city required. In the government of Ireland corruption reached its high-water mark. Lord Cornwallis, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, wrote to the Duke of Portland on December 12, 1798, these oft-quoted words, which have now an added significance:—

'I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court. My occupation is to negociate and job with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection, that without a Union the British Empire must be dissolved.'

As in the history of the Roman Republic, so in the history of England, the form of corruption which meets us oftenest is the direct bribery of the electorate. This first became an organized system under Charles II. It reached its climax under George III., who recognized and recommended it. Writing to Lord North, October 16th, 1779, he said, 'If the Duke of Northumberland requires some gold pills for the election, it would be wrong not to satisfy him.' These expenses were paid out of the King's Civil List, and were a heavy burden on his resources.* The Secret Service money seems at present to be spent in electioneering. Reform and Corrupt Practices Acts, together with the Ballot, have nearly killed the humours of an English election; but there is still room for strategy and knowledge of the world in the business of an electioneering agent. Mr. Grimes, in Trollope's 'Can You Forgive Her?' was 'as round as your hat and as square as your elbow'; but we can see there was still a place for finesse in his operations. He who turns over the pages of the Journals of the House of Commons, and reads the evidence in the various election petitions which have come before Committees of the House of Commons, or, since 1868, before Her Majesty's Judges, will have ample proof that, in England at least, 'man is an aurivorous animal.' In sums of money spent as direct payment for votes, England is not behind Rome at her corruptest epoch. If the struggle for the consulate in the seven hun-

* 'Constitutional History of England,' Sir Erskine May, vol. i. p. 341.

dredth

dredth year of the Roman Republic produced an offer of nearly 100,000*l.* for the vote of the *prærogativa*, in the year of grace 1807, when Wilberforce contested Yorkshire against Lord Milton and the Hon. Henry Lascelles, the latter are said to have spent 100,000*l.* each on the election, while Wilberforce's expenses, which were raised by the contributions of Whigs and Dissenters far and near, amounted to nearly 60,000*l.** In the same year the contest was so close at Wootton Bassett in Wiltshire, that a single vote rose to forty-five guineas from twenty guineas, which had been the regular price for years. The county of Cornwall was a Crown domain, and therefore the most convenient sphere for Ministerial operations. It returned forty-four members to the unreformed Parliament, while the whole of Scotland returned forty-five.† At East Looe, in this county, there were forty-two electors, and the sum regularly received by each for his vote was three hundred guineas. Boroughs in difficulties sometimes advertised their representation for sale. This was one of the audacious acts of dishonesty which brought about the disfranchisement of Sudbury. In 1764 we find Lord Chesterfield advising his son to try to secure 1000*l.* for the surrender of his seat, which had cost him 5000*l.* at the opening of Parliament. In 1812 Lord Vernon bequeathed by will to his son-in-law a sum of 5000*l.*, that being the recognized price of a seat in Parliament. Yet while all these malpractices prevailed, there were in existence stringent statutes against corruption, and every voter was obliged to take the bribery oath. To evade these statutes, or salve the consciences of punctilious electors, it was the habit of some constituencies to appoint a committee of their number, who, not voting themselves, should receive the money offered by the highest bidder, and divide it among all the holders of the franchise.

The Beverley Bribery Commission reported that, out of a constituency of somewhat more than 1100 at the date of the

* 'Constitutional History of England,' Sir Erskine May, vol. i. p. 355, *note*.

† In several of the Scotch counties the electors numbered twelve or under. In no case were they so many as three hundred. The county of Bute, with a population of 14,000, had twenty-one electors, of whom no fewer than twenty retained no property whatever in Bute, so that the 14,000 inhabitants were represented by one voter. 'At an election not beyond the memory of man (actually during the present century), only one person attended the meeting, except the sheriff and the returning officer. That one person took the chair, constituted the meeting, called over the roll of freeholders, answered to his own name, took the vote as to the Præses, and elected himself. He then moved and seconded his own nomination, put the question to the vote, and was unanimously elected.'—Hansard, 3rd series, vii. 529.

Representation

Representation of the People Act, 1867, about 800 were open to bribery and other corrupt influences. There was in the constituency a body of about 300 electors without any political principles or political leanings, locally known as 'rolling stock'; and about 250 others on either side who, if money were going, expected to be paid, and would not vote except for money paid down or safely guaranteed. The usual money payment for a vote they seemed to claim as a right from a candidate of their own colour, regarding it as a bribe only when taken from a candidate of a different colour. In the Beverley elections of 1857, 1859, 1860, and 1865, not less than two-thirds of those who voted had either received or been promised money. In 1857 there was open traffic for the purchase and sale of votes. 'I went into the market-place,' deposed Richardson, a sub-agent, 'with the 50*l.* I had received from Kemplay; and I asked them what they would take. I got them as cheap as I could.' The tariff was three pounds or three pounds ten for a staunch Reformer, and two pounds for one of his own party. In 1860 a stranger, known as 'the man with the hairy cap,' was brought down from London, and was engaged till a late hour on the polling day in paying voters two pounds apiece in a room in the Packhorse Inn. The plan of electioneering was to open two channels of expenditure—one undisguised and pure, through which the regular and legal items of expense were made to pass; the other secret and impure, for the details of illegal and corrupt expenditure. The 'pasture masters' in Beverley were elected from and by the freemen. Not only did they administer the considerable revenues of the Beverley pastures, but they were the distributors (in fact the '*divisores*') of another charitable fund, called Walker's Gift. The pasture masters all owed their places to bribery exercised systematically in the interest of the sitting Member, and administered the income of the Beverley pastures and Walker's charity in the same interest. Hence Sir Henry Edwards was practically irresistible. In the election of 1865 Mr. Keane polled against him only 495 votes. His agents had given money to 417. Out of these 417, 39 voted Edwards and Sykes, 2 plumped for Sykes, 1 for Edwards, and 10 abstained from voting. 'We do not,' said Mr. Hind in evidence before the Commission, 'call it bribery; it is the old customary payment.' He mentioned in his evidence that 43 persons had received one pound *more than they had any right to receive*, and 15 persons two pounds in excess over their just rights.

At the election for Cashel in 1868 a suggestion was made in a letter,

a letter, which came before the Commission in evidence, that Mr. Munster, a candidate from England, personally unknown to the constituency, should, 'to gain a good character at the outset,' give 400*l.* or 500*l.* to establish Christian Brothers' schools in Cashel, 'the money to be given back to him by the trustees if not elected.' The letter went on to say, 'There is no doubt this would be a judicious investment'; and, though Mr. Munster gave the donation unconditionally, and rejected the proposal that the money should be returned in case of non-election, yet the Commission held that the donation was an 'investment,' and that the transaction was corrupt. On the Monday before the election, Mr. Munster took what he called 'a step in the direction of purity of election.' He retained as his agents, at the fee of five guineas each, such voters as—being capable of the duties of agents—were notoriously venal in the exercise of the franchise, making it a condition that they should not vote on either side. Mr. Munster had, he said, given directions that no enquiry should be made as to the political leanings of these persons. But his agents, it seems, found in the voters who were believed to be hostile to Mr. Munster altogether superior aptitude for the duties of agents.

Norwich was most famous for the 'setting on' system. It assumed the form of organized corruption at the General Election of 1874, 'the most blazing election of modern times.' An intelligent witness deposed before a Norwich Election Commission: 'The moment the trumpet is sounded for a General Election, there seems to spring from the ground, as it were, a host of employment-seekers.' This form of corruption, the bribing of voters by offering good wages for the discharge of nominal functions during the period of election, is now the subtlest form of bribery, except perhaps the bribery which takes the form of munificent donations to local charities.

In 1857, voters resident in Hull were asked to breakfast on the morning of the following day, and each found thirty shillings under his cup. Bribes have often been administered in this way. Sometimes the treat itself forms a sufficient inducement. It was a common practice to provide free board and lodging for supporters. During a contested election in Meath, Sir Mark Somerville gave orders to the proprietors of the hotel in Trim to provide board and lodging for all who should vote for him. He received the following bill, which he framed, and which, we believe, still hangs in Somerville House, Co. Meath. A copy of the bill was among the papers of the late Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Connell, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Meath:—

'April

'April 16th, 1826.

'My Bill.	£	s.	d.
'To Tenting 16 Freeholders above stairs for Sir Mark, at 3/3 a head, is to me	2	12	0
To Eating 16 more below stairs, and two Priests after Supper, is to me	2	15	9
To 18 Horses and 5 Mules about my Yard all night at 13/- every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night, is to me	5	5	0
To 6 Beds in one Room, and 4 in another, at 2 Guineas every Bed, and not more than 4 in any Bed, at any time, cheap enough, God knows, is to me	22	15	0
For Breakfast on Tay in the morning, for every one of them, and as many more as they brought in, as near as I can guess, is to me	4	12	0
To Raw Whisky and Punch, without talking of Pipes and Tobacco, as well as for breaking other Glasses and Delph for the first day and night, I am not very sure, but for the 3 days and a half of the Election as little as I can call it, and to be very exact, it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess, and not to be two particular, is to me at least	79	15	9
For Shaving and Cropping off the heads of 49 Freeholders for Sir Mark at 13d for every head of them, by my brother, who has a vote, is to me	2	13	1
For Nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night, when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs, I don't talk of the piper for keeping him sober as long as he was sober, is to me			
	£110	18	7

'Signed in the place of Jemmy Cars wife, his Mark X
Bryan & Geraghty's Mark X

'You may say £111, so your honour Sir Mark, send me this Eleven Hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in Trim, so no more at present.'

Under the present state of the law the humours of elections in Great Britain are portion and parcel of the dreadful—but not unpicturesque—past. The times are gone in which a quiet country town held for a month or more a carnival, in which brickbats took the place of *bonbons;* in which the hostilities or pleasantries of the blue and buff made the day, and much of the night, hideous or festive; in which the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire could buy a butcher's vote with a kiss, or the genial Dick Steele could win over the women with an apple (stuffed with guineas) as a prize for the best wife; when smart young gentlemen from London might be seen dandling dirty babies, or countering

countering with dirtier bargees. The humours of old election days are gone, or have but a pale reflection in the 'heckling' of candidates at nomination—a source of pleasantry which comes—*quod minime reris*—from the Scotch constituencies. For the candidate it would seem that a golden era had dawned. But for him, too, modern legislation has brought its bane with its antidote. Modern legislation makes bribery very difficult, and consequently makes contests cheap. But who can be sure that he has escaped an election petition? Who can tell how oft he offendeth? What Proteus can keep himself unmeshed by the toils of the minute and countless provisions of the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act of 1883?

Thus we have seen that corruption in its worst form, whereby a person invested by the public with power is induced by money to use it wrongly, has left but little mark on any period of English history, and has long since ceased to exist in England at all; that bribery, by the bestowal of place and emolument on party adherents, is not carried further than the system itself of government by party demands; and that against the form of corruption most prevalent in Great Britain—the direct administration of money to the electors—we have fenced ourselves round with a triple wall of statutes and penalties. What, then, will be in the future the motive which will actuate the enormously increased electorate in the giving of their votes? The kind of corruption which under these new conditions is likely to flourish in England is, to some extent, indicated by the course of recent politics. It is thus forecast by Sir H. Maine: *—

'Perhaps we are not at liberty to forget that there are two kinds of bribery. It can be carried on by promising or giving to expectant partisans places paid out of the taxes, or it may consist in the directer process of legislating away the property of one class and transferring it to another. It is this last which is likely to be the corruption of these latter days.'

History teaches that corruption has almost invariably been found in connection with free institutions. Where it has been absent, it has been superseded by some other strong, and for the most part temporary, motive, which has often been far more pernicious in its effects. At present in Ireland it may be fairly said that there is no such thing as electoral corruption, if we speak of the corruption of the individual voter. The corruption appeals to classes. The farmer is bribed with the anticipation of a prairie rent; the labourer, with the hope of a share in the

* 'Popular Government,' p. 105 (2nd edition).

spoil

spoil of the landlords; the Catholic priesthood are caught by the bait of increased influence in public appointments, and of the transfer to them of Protestant or secularist educational endowments. Lastly, the artisans are bribed by the prospect of protective legislation. A prohibitive duty on British manufactures seems to them to mean high wages, abundant (and therefore scamped) work, and unrestricted observance of the festival of 'Saint Monday.' These are the bribes which the 'Nationalist' candidate distributes broadcast; and with an electorate, multitudinous and absolutely ignorant, yet possessed by all the 'chimeras dire' that a vicious political economy can create, these bribes are far more effective than money payments. These indeed the Ballot Act alone wellnigh suppressed in Ireland. There is no use in making a payment to a man for a prospective service, when his most cherished principle is that contracts of all kinds are entered into only to be broken.

We have spoken above of the corruption by which the Union was carried. Are the baits now held out to whole classes by those who seek the repeal of the Union less really bribes than were those payments, pensions, places, and peerages, by which the Union was brought about? To the Irish Nationalists are offered some twenty thousand Civil Service appointments to be divided amongst themselves, and some 2,000,000*l.* per annum; to the Irish landlords, 50,000,000*l.* sterling; to the Irish tenants the freehold of the land they occupy, on payment of a terminable annuity; to the members of the Government, office; while every member of Parliament who wished to vote against Mr. Gladstone's Bill was intimidated by the prospect of a Dissolution; in other words, by the threat of a large pecuniary fine if the Bill should not be allowed to pass.

In England it is seriously to be apprehended, that the doctrine of ransom, so loudly proclaimed by some politicians, may have taken the place of the coarser, but less dangerous, cupidity, which has for its object the receipt of a money bribe. If we are to be saved from bribery only by the fostering of political and economic delusion, and the fanning of religious animosity, we take leave to doubt whether we shall have much reason to congratulate ourselves on our immaculate electors; whether we are not destined to find that we have only got for all our pains a house 'swept and garnished,' like the demoniac in the Gospel, who went and took to himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself: and they entered in, and dwelt there: and the last state of that man was worse than the first.

ART. II.—1. *Robinson Crusoe.* By Daniel Defoe, 1719.
2. *Clarissa Harlowe.* By Samuel Richardson, 1749.
3. *Tom Jones.* By Henry Fielding, 1749.
4. *Roderick Random.* By Tobias Smollett, 1748.
5. *Tristram Shandy.* By Lawrence Sterne, 1759–67.
6. *The Vicar of Wakefield.* By Oliver Goldsmith, 1766.
7. *Evelina.* By Francisca Burney, 1778.
8. *Castle of Otranto.* By Horace Walpole, 1764.
9. *The Old English Baron.* By Clara Reeve, 1777.
10. *The Mysteries of Udolpho.* By Ann Radcliffe, 1794.
11. *Thaddeus of Warsaw.* By Jane Porter, 1803.
12. *Caleb Williams.* By William Godwin, 1794.
13. *A Simple Story.* By Elizabeth Inchbald, 1791.

IN a field so wide as that of the English Novel, sport is spoiled both when too much and too little game is on foot. On every side the scent lies so fresh, that the morning might be wasted in choosing which to pursue. After sketching in bare outline the growth of the English Novel out of its ancient, medieval, and Renaissance elements, we shall restrict ourselves to its development in the eighteenth century, before the Wizard of the North laid his spell on a listening world. 'Après lui le déluge.' The leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa fell not more thickly than modern novels fall from the press. To those who write for fame, or bread, or both, must now be added those who write from boredom. The world is the novelist's oyster; he has but to open it with his pen.

Nothing is new under the sun, not even the Novel. The claim to its modern invention might be retorted by the assertion that Joe Miller himself was born at Athens, and educated at Bagdad by a Scandinavian Skald. One enquirer traces the origin of the novel to classic writers, another to the Norseman, a third to the Arabs; a fourth attempts to reconcile the conflicting theories. Prose fiction, if followed to its source through modern novels, ideal romances, medieval tales of chivalry, and the ballads of ruder ages, will prove to be history told in metre. It is in truth an accommodation of the epic poem to the average capacity of numerous readers. Medieval and Ideal Romances passed from fact to fiction; modern novels approximated from fiction to fact. In the eighteenth century novels were narrowed by the reaction against ideal romance into the realism of Defoe, then expanded into the real life of Fielding, and finally luxuriated in the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe. But they still retained the characteristic by which they are distinguished

distinguished from their romantic predecessors. Modern novels continue to be fictions founded on fact.

Classic Greece and Rome had no novels in the strict sense of the term. Among the ancients, the bard became a dramatist; among the moderns a romancer. The audience of the Greek bard was the concentrated intelligence of a city; the medieval minstrel addressed the less cultivated inmates of scattered baronial halls. It was once conjectured that slavery and the Oriental separation of the sexes robbed classic communities of the novelist's material. But slavery produced its Dromios, and the subordination of women a Xantippe. The complicated *causes célèbres* which exercised the minds of Roman jurists; the life at fashionable health-resorts like Baiæ or Sinuessa; the diary of a physician like Musa; the swarm of Jews, Chaldeans, Greeks, and cutthroats, that fringed the borders of great cities, offered material enough in rich abundance for social satirists or painters of manners and morals. In the baggage of Roscius, a Roman officer serving in Parthia under Crassus, was found a version of the Milesian tales of Aristides. But, speaking generally, no novelists existed at Athens or at Rome, because there was no demand for that form of composition: the delight of the Greek was in the stage; the diversion of the Roman consisted in spectacular shows.

In another sense it is true that novels, considered as pictures of actual society, are a product of modern civilization. Down to the close of the seventeenth century works of fiction dealt almost exclusively with ideal life; they depended for their interest on the wilful extravagance of their incidents. The real world is the field of the modern novel; the events of which it treats are such as might occur in ordinary experience. Novelists, as distinct from Romancers, 'hold the mirror up to nature, and show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.'

The Ideal Romances which flourished after the Renaissance owed their origin to various sources, but chiefly to medieval tales of chivalry and the Legends of the Saints. It would be impossible to trace to their historical origin the 'Chansons de Gestes' which Taillefer sang

> 'De Karlemaigne e de Rollant
> E d'Oliver e des vassals
> Qi morurent en Rencevals.'

In these tales facts were overlaid by fiction; tradition buried under imaginative accumulations. Epic undergrowths clustered round parent stems. The legends that gathered about the

 names

names of Arthur, Charlemagne, and Amadis of Gaul, are embellished with classic decorations. Magic cups, enchanted rings, bleeding or talking trees, are common to Ovid and Ariosto. As Daphne was turned into a laurel, so Astolfo was transformed into a myrtle: Achilles was the father of the invulnerable Orlando, Circe, the mother of the sorceress Alcina; Perseus bequeathed to Rinaldo the invisible properties of Mambrino's helmet; Pegasus begot the hippogriff, the Centaur the 'dreadful Sagittary'; Bucephalus was the sire of Bayard. In his sympathy with the Trojans Shakspeare represented the Latin tradition; by honouring Hector, he honoured an ancestor. Medieval romancers recognized their parent stock. Was not Durindana the very sword which Hector wielded, the King of France descended from Marcomeris the son of Hector, and the lineage of the Frankish nation commemorated in the city of Paris? The older tales of chivalry are long, rambling stories, without unity of design or variety of incident; but they praise knightly virtues of religious zeal, of generosity, bravery, and devotion to women. It is of the later and more degraded versions that Ascham spoke when he said, 'their whole pleasure standeth in open manslaughter and bolde bawdrie.' Besides aiding the minstrels in the composition of chivalrous tales, the monks put forward tales in which the Devil competed for popularity with the enchanters. In the wild legends of the Saints, which were gathered in collections like the 'Legenda Aurea,' serfs escaped the monotony of medieval life. Monastic tales were more popular in hovels than in halls. Magic was always overcome by valour; but the conclusion of a saintly legend was less flattering to the feudal baron. To these two main sources of Ideal Romances must be added late Greek and Latin fictions, like 'Theagenes and Chariclea;' or 'The Golden Ass,' French *fabliaux* and Italian tales of ingenious gallantry, such as those collected in the 'Cento Nouvelle Antiche' or popularized by Boccaccio; and, lastly, Oriental fiction which not only added an Eastern richness and profusion of colouring to the legends of Western Europe, but contributed many of the details and incidents that ultimately became the common property of all romancers and dramatists.

Out of these different elements, as the influence of chivalry declined, were developed the various forms of Ideal Romances. In the prolific family of ideal fiction must be included Pastoral romances like the 'Astræa' of D'Urfé; Political romances like Fénelon's 'Telemachus;' the 'Gusto picaresco' of Spain, or romances of roguery, which stimulated the imagination of Scarron, Le Sage, and Defoe; Comic romances like the masterpieces of Rabelais

Rabelais or Cervantes, which bristle with satirical allusions to the rhodomontade of knight-errantry, or veil under feigned names their derision of the men, manners, and morals of the day. Pantagruel and Dulcinea overthrew the empire of Amadis and Oriana, of Rogero and Bradamant. Later scions of the same stock were the Heroic romances of the seventeenth century. In these fictions, royal heroes all generosity, and royal ladies all chastity, maintain their imaginary virtues through endless folios of high-flown sentiment and complicated intrigue. Heroic romance borrowed from late Greek and Latin fictions its incidents and perhaps its amatory tone; from pastoral romance its insipid dialogues and tedious episodes; from tales of chivalry the magical embellishments of dwarfs, enchanters, and giants. From these last it differed mainly in the fact that love, rather than the spirit of adventure, forms the principal motive, and takes that form of sentimentality which affects to adore women as goddesses. It stands midway between the medieval romance and the modern novel, without the vigour of the former or the views of real life and analysis of character that characterize the latter. Heroic romances, like the 'Polexandre' of Gomberville, the 'Cassandre' and 'Cléopâtre' of Calprenède, are of portentous length, crowded with tedious dialogues, inflated compliments, and wearisome digressions. The most famous writer of the Heroic school was Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the Sappho of the seventeenth century, round whom, in spite of her ugliness, gathered the wit and beauty of the day to dress dolls, read riddles of gallantry, write madrigals, explore the 'Pays de Tendre,' and discuss the metaphysics of the heart. She published the 'Grand Cyrus' in 1635. Artamenes is the assumed name of Cyrus, who makes wars to rescue Mandane. Even men like Major Bellenden, who knew the prowess of Corporal Raddlebanes, found it hard to believe that 'Artamines, or what d'ye call him? fought single-handed with a whole battalion.' M. Cousin has recovered the lost key to this allegorical work which contains sketches of contemporary celebrities. Mandane is Madame de Longueville; Cyrus is the great Condé, whose exploits at the siege of Dunkirk and the battles of Lens and Rocroy are commemorated in the siege of Cumæ, the battle of Thybarra, and the campaign against the Messagetæ. Calprenède's 'Cléopâtre' was published in twelve octavo volumes; Scudéry's 'Clélie' in ten octavo volumes of 800 pages each. These 'ponderous folios,' as Scott says in a note to 'Old Mortality,' 'combine the dulness of the metaphysical courtship with all the improbabilities of the ancient Romance of Chivalry.' The society which gathered in the Marais, the Rue de la Beauce, and

and the Quartier St. Honoré, was composed of the last knight-errants of an antiquated chivalry. They have written their own epitaph in these heroic unreal romances. But to their honour it will be remembered that the early *précieuses*, whom Molière and Boileau satirized, upheld the praise of knightly virtues against the depraved examples of the Court of the Louvre.

Hitherto works of fiction told protracted tales of ideal princes and princesses, without any attempt to paint mankind or reproduce the actual conditions of existence. But at the close of the seventeenth century arose a new form of fiction dealing with real life, with man and his ordinary emotions. Heroic and medieval romances were valued in proportion to their extravagance; all that was common was regarded as commonplace. The time was rapidly approaching when novels would be esteemed for their truth to nature, and falsehood in fiction regarded as intolerable. The first in point of date of Realistic novels was the 'Princesse de Clèves' of Madame de la Fayette, which was published in 1677. It was followed by the 'Gil Blas' of Le Sage, 'Manon Lescaut' of the Abbé Prévost, afterwards the translator and expurgator of Richardson; the 'Marianne' and unfinished 'Paysan Inconnu' of Marivaux. Crébillon's tales are full of allusions to the Court of the Regency and of Louis XV. They are profligate and licentious even for the time, and as such are condemned by Smollett. Marivaux, as Voltaire said of him, knew all the bypaths but not the high road to the human heart. He introduced that over-subtle analysis of emotions which led the same caustic critic to say of him, that he weighed fly's eggs in scales of cobweb. His elaborate style, with its fantastic turns of thought, attracted Gray. It was this, rather than truth to real life, that elicited his famous exclamation, contained in a letter to West, 'mine be it to read eternal new romances by Marivaux and Crébillon.'

But though France seemed prepared to meet Gray's demand for novels of real life, England, from the eighteenth century onwards, ceased to depend for fiction on foreign production. England, like other European nations, had her own legends of the Saints, her own tales and ballads. But the greater part of her romances of chivalry, whether in metre or in prose, were borrowed from, or founded on, French and Spanish originals. Milton was a student of all that—

> 'Resounds
> In fable or romance of Uther's son
> Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
> And all who since, baptized or infidel,
> Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
> Damasco,

Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.'

These legends, with tales imitated or translated from the Italian, were the stock-in-trade of the wandering bands of minstrels against whom Elizabeth's legislation was directed. Metrical versions of tales of chivalry passed out of fashion in the reign of Henry VIII.; but the prose romances of Arthur and other knightly heroes, collected by Sir Thomas Malory and Lord Berners, held their ground for a longer period. In England of the sixteenth century existed pastoral romances like 'Arcadia,' political romances such as 'Utopia' or 'Argenis,' and tales like Green's 'Pandosto and the Triumph of Time,' told in that euphuistic language which more or less corresponded in date or character with 'gongorism' in Spain, 'marinism' in Italy, and 'l'esprit précieux' in France. Here, as elsewhere on the Continent, the decay of chivalric romance synchronized with the rise of the drama. At a single leap the chasm was traversed which separates barbarous farces, burlesque interludes, monkish mysteries and moralities, from the masterpieces of Shakspeare, Lope de Vega, Corneille and Molière. Occupied in dramatic literature, and distracted by civil war, England had neither leisure nor inclination for the production of heroic romances. Lord Orrery wrote 'Parthenissa' in the style of Calprenède; Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Heywood catered for the prurient tastes of post-Restoration society. But, speaking generally, England borrowed her romances from France. As with novelists, so with painters. Hitherto England had imported from abroad her art as well as her fiction. A Holbein immortalized the reign of Henry VIII.: a Vandyke preserved the melancholy features of the patron of Rubens: Lely and Kneller carried on the foreign traditions into the extremes of frigid mannerism. But from the eighteenth century onwards England produced her own artists and her own writers of fiction. Side by side sprang up a native school of painters and novelists, which included Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Romney, and Morland, as well as Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith. The modern novel, with its delineations of character, its views of real life, its studies after nature, is reached at last.

Four realistic novelists of genius, two of our greatest painters of lower life, and several of our best writers in middle-class comedy, flourished almost contemporaneously. The coincidence is sufficiently striking to suggest an interesting topic of discussion.

sion. But, so far as the modern novel is concerned, a remarkable combination of circumstances favoured its growth. Civilization was descending, and, as facilities of communication increased, spread from the town to the country; the middle-classes, who since the Revolution had become social factors, were eager to hear about themselves; in a peaceful country, where wealth rapidly accumulated, there grew up a miscellaneous reading public; a new mode of expression was required for a changed form of society: prose was most congenial to the taste of the age, and a good prose style had been lately perfected. Ill-success in other directions turned the attention of two men of genius to the novel; Fielding and Smollett, like Cervantes and Le Sage, failed as dramatists, before they explored the fresh field which was opened for the display of their powers. As the new weapon was perfected, its width of range became more and more apparent. Life everywhere at every period, human nature in its most varied aspects, fell within its sphere. With extraordinary rapidity novelists annexed field after field; to Defoe's realism of fact was laid Richardson's realism of character; to the rich and varied pictures of real life which Fielding and Smollett painted, were added Sterne's subtle analysis of lighter shades of feeling, and Goldsmith's domestic idylls; by her sketches of society Miss Burney opened out a sphere in which women writers have peculiarly excelled: lastly, the Romantic school spread out before the eyes of their readers an ever-widening range of historical fiction and novels of incident or of passion. As painters of the manners, satirists of the follies, or censors of the morals of mankind, novelists usurped the functions of the Addisonian essayist and the Johnsonian moralist. Except during the brilliant reign of Foote, they encroached upon the domain of the drama. More technical skill is required for the stage, while dramatists are excluded from many sources of interest which novelists may employ.

Eighteenth-century realism hastened the disappearance of Ideal Romances, fostered the growth, and determined the character of contemporary fiction. Nothing was read which was obviously imaginative: the very name of Romance died out till the time of Horace Walpole. In one important respect the true province and scope of light literature was better understood by writers of the first half of the century than by their successors. Early novels were playthings, designed for mental recreation; the writers had no moral or social thesis to maintain. In the hands of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, or Godwin, they became party manifestoes written to inculcate particular views of life or to create sympathy with some special course of action. When once

once the use of the novel as a polemical weapon was demonstrated, its character was changed. Instead of reflecting the face of Nature, novelists looked on the world through tinted glasses. Artistically this use of the novel was a retrogression; but it obviously imparted a powerful stimulus to its growth. Every subsequent social change has tended to render the novel not so much a luxury as a necessity of life. Ascham denounced the follies of the old romances as unworthy the attention of wise or good men. In his boyhood Montaigne knew nothing of the 'Lancelot of the Lake,' 'Huon of Bordeaux,' 'Amadis of Gaul,' or any other of the 'worthless books,' which, in his maturer age, amused degenerate youth. Major Bellenden would have had 'the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picquet for leasing-making.' Though Olivia Primrose confessed to the study of logic from the arguments of Thwackum and Square, and Robinson Crusoe and Friday, it was not the Quakers only who forbade the reading of novels, or Sir Anthony Absolute alone who regarded 'a circulating library as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge.' The rural aristocracy discarded works of fiction. In their moments of enforced leisure Gwillim lulled to slumber the Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistones of the day: their wives and daughters were busied among the linen and the preserves. Novel-reading was treated as something between a moral frailty and a waste of time. For many years it was a stolen pleasure, bread eaten in secret. It was not only in the boudoir of Lydia Languish or the hymnal of Thomas Trumbull, that 'Peregrine Pickle,' or books of looser character, were ambushed behind works of graver import. Acting on Olivia's hint, writers at first combined instruction with amusement, lured readers on false pretences from the chair to the sofa, offered the didactic powder in the sweetmeat of a love-tale. Such shifts and disguises are now antiquated and unnecessary. A novel is a novel, as a play is a play. Its use in life is recognized. Everybody reads; women have more leisure and fewer occupations than formerly; men cannot always, as was said of Sir Roger de Coverley, have their roast-beef stomachs; exhausted in brain, nerve, and muscle by the struggle for existence, and crowded together in cities, they cannot, if they would, live the outdoor lives of their ancestors. Plays, operas, concerts, require money or an effort. Novels supply the easiest and cheapest form of relaxation.

The modern novel, though not necessarily 'a smooth tale,' is 'generally of love.' In the hands of Fielding and Smollett its sphere was not so limited; it presented a more miscellaneous and diversified picture of human life. At the present day the romantic

romantic element predominates. Novels deal almost exclusively with the passion of love: the sentimental aspect of life is throughout prominent. Other interests and aims may be used to heighten or diminish the colouring; but the principal object is to narrate the feelings and fortunes of the hero and heroine. With Walter Scott love is not necessarily the chief topic of interest; yet even he is compelled by the taste of his readers to interweave a thread of love-making. Dickens's genius inclined to the wider range which Fielding and Smollett occupied; but his novels are marred by the necessity, fancied or real, which compelled him to hang his disjointed and detached episodes on the thread of a romantic plot. The eighteenth-century novel, in its first stage of development, may be defined as a continuous prose narrative, intentionally fictitious but consistent with nature, designed to develop character by means of a series of incidents in the life of an imaginary hero or heroine. Such a definition does not necessarily exclude the supernatural world, since to most men the domain of the unseen and miraculous is sufficiently real and inexplicable to afford a legitimate field for the novelist of ordinary life. But it excludes Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' or Johnson's 'Rasselas,' because such works are not primarily biographical, but allegorical or didactic, intended to inculcate religious or moral teaching. It also excludes 'Gulliver's Travels' because many of its incidents, like those of 'Pantagruel' or Bergerac's 'Voyage de la Lune,' are wholly inconsistent with nature.

The essays in the 'Spectator' do not, if taken one with the other, comply with the definition. On the other hand, the biographical portion, which develops the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, is an exquisite study of real life which, but for its form, ranks not only as the first, but as one of the greatest, of modern English novels. It gives a fresh and charming picture of old English manners with sufficient story to impress it on the mind of the reader. No characters of eighteenth-century fiction are better known than its *dramatis personæ*. It is the direct ancestor of 'Bracebridge Hall,' which, as a triumphant specimen of humorous portraiture, falls but little below the masterpiece of Steele and Addison. It is the work of a Spectator from the banks of the Hudson. Though the family likeness is sufficiently apparent, Washington Irving displays the independence of genius. Master Simon, who acts as equerry to the Squire's hobby-horses, is no copy of Will Wimble. Most of the works of fiction, which appeared subsequently to the 'Spectator,' were powerfully, though less directly, influenced by its keen and genial humour, its manly moral feeling, its indescribable

describable art of mingling grave and gay, the pensive with the whimsical. Yet it cannot be legitimately classed among modern novels.

Daniel Defoe is the first of modern novelists, or, to speak more correctly, he is the connecting link between the Ideal Romance and the novel of real life. He was fifty-eight when he wrote 'Robinson Crusoe.' As Richardson all his life wrote letters, so 'unabashed Defoe' throughout his career practised the art to which his novel owed its success. Realism was demanded by the age and was congenial to the character of the writer; an appearance of veracity was necessary to remove the prejudice to works of imagination. Taste had swung completely round in the violence of its recoil from Heroic Romance. Instead of choosing princes and princesses for heroes and heroines, Defoe, in his secondary novels, seeks his characters among the dregs of the population. He writes without fire or poetry; makes little or no effort to analyse or develop character; rarely appeals to passion; creates no plot which his actors work out, and which by its evolution displays their motives and feelings. His greatest novel combines intense originality with the existence of commonplace. His power lies in producing illusion, in giving an air of authenticity to fictitious narration. The effect is produced by the frankness with which he takes the reader into his apparent confidence, the accuracy and superfluity of his details, his judicious silences, and the seeming carelessness with which he drops his unimportant stitches. Infinite pains are taken to divert the attention of the reader from the psychological and moral impossibilities of his stories, the mind of Robinson Crusoe or of the man Friday. A literary opportunist as well as a literary trader, he took a business-like view of his art. All his best compositions are *pièces de circonstance* based on recent or contemporary events. The 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' and the 'Journal of the Plague Year' were suggested by facts which fell almost within his own recollection, and which were fresh in the memory of the public. 'Robinson Crusoe' was, of course, founded on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who was rescued from the island of Juan Fernandez in 1709. Defoe's talent is that of circumstantial invention. In his own limited field he is unsurpassed; but the true novel could not thrive in soil which was barren of sentiment or of character. It was necessary to destroy before it was possible to build. In his object, and in his choice and treatment of subjects, Defoe stands in the baldest contrast to the writers of the Heroic Romance. The fantastic fabric of the old ideal tales of chivalry and sentiment was levelled to the ground; the foundations

foundations of the new construction were laid in the barest possible realism.

The first great group of English novelists includes Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. 'Pamela' appeared in 1740, 'Joseph Andrews' in 1742, 'Roderick Random' in 1748, 'Clarissa Harlowe' and 'Tom Jones' in 1749; 'Tristram Shandy' was published from 1759 to 1767. Probably no one now reads Richardson; few know much of Smollett or of Sterne; even Fielding finds scanty admirers. These classics of our novel literature belong to those *biblia-abiblia*, which Lamb said 'no gentleman's library should be without.' A coarseness characterizes all four writers, which goes far to explain and justify the neglect with which they are treated by a society that has grown externally decorous. Lamb said that the world of fiction is exempt from the nuisance of moral laws; experience shows that it cannot always neglect the laws of decency. All four novelists deal with the material side of love: but they do not touch upon it, as did Miss Brontë, with the unconscious purity of a delicate woman. In this respect Fielding, in our opinion, sins least offensively. There is a mawkishness about Richardson's sentiment which would be prurient but for his simplicity, and in Sterne a love of indecency for indecency's sake, the leer of a satyr from behind the vine leaves. Neither of these faults can be laid to the charge of the full-blooded animalism of Fielding and Smollett. It is no adequate defence of the coarseness of 'Tom Jones' or 'Peregrine Pickle' to urge that the writers are moralists: offences need not be stripped so bare even for the lash. Like the Dutch school, they honestly depict in matter-of-fact style the coarse, boozy figures which moved before their eyes; they do not perversely seek out disagreeable subjects or uncouth models; they are not reticent, but they do not idealise vice or introduce details which are unnecessary to develop their story or their views of life. Their best and only justification is to be found in the facts, that the realistic truth with which they paint was characteristic of the period, that the material of their pictures is the society of their day, and that novels were written mainly for men, and not, as at the present day, *virginibus puerisque*.

Richardson works in the same manner as Defoe, but on different materials. His aim is to give an air of authenticity, not to fictitious incident, but to fictitious character. If Defoe copied his pictures of vagabond life from Le Sage or Scarron, Richardson has been called the 'English Marivaux.' Marianne and M. de Climal reappear as 'Pamela' and Mr. B. Past fifty when

when he wrote 'Pamela,' he was more impregnated than either of his younger rivals with the atmosphere of the realistic reaction; on the other hand, his boyhood was passed under the influence of the old Ideal fiction. Thus in his novels an air of minute reality is curiously blended with the interminable love intrigues of the Heroic romance. The language of gallantry remains; but in place of the incidents of combat there is analysis of character; instead of magical embellishments appear the accessories of ordinary life painted in the style of Mieris or Van Ostade. It is said that 'Sir Charles Grandison' was originally written in twenty-eight volumes; if so, Calprenède or Scudéry were brief in comparison with Richardson. A gentleman at heart, Richardson possessed a nature which is almost childish in its simplicity. His *naïveté* carries the reader through scenes that that would be repulsive if treated by a man of vulgar sensuality. 'Clarissa Harlowe' is one of the marvels of literature. Every one knows that at the age of fifty a plodding, humdrum, methodical printer, the self-satisfied idol of the domestic hearth, proved himself an original genius. Not only did he discover a new world of literature, but he created a new tragic ideal. Prudent Pamela's most enduring monument is Fielding's parody: Sir Charles Grandison is a rose-water hero. Both are in keeping with the age and with the character of their author. But their existence only obscures the problem, how the most prosaic of writers in the prosiest of periods conceived the figure of Clarissa Harlowe. Nothing more commonplace can be imagined than the literary and domestic life of the elderly citizen. Richardson elaborated his story in the early morning in his grot at Hammersmith; in the evening, between tea and supper, he read aloud what he had composed to a critical party of young ladies, who sate round a table flowering muslin, drawing, or making ruffles and borders. The central feature of the story which he has to tell is disgusting; the details are wearisome, and the length portentous. Perhaps at first sight the figure of Clarissa in her pale primrose-coloured paduasoy, her flowered apron, her cap of Brussels lace, seems to modern eyes somewhat faded and old fashioned. Yet, as the laboured minute touches throw upon the canvas the picture of the tender maidenly girl, whose heart had barely begun to unfold with the spring-like warmth of an unacknowledged fancy, before it was numbed, withered, and frozen to death, we slowly recognize that Clarissa is no conventional heroine, but the highest imaginative effort of the eighteenth century.

Richardson's great achievement is that he has painted a true woman. The portrait is none the less valuable because it is drawn

drawn with that genuine admiration of his heroine, which female novelists rarely display towards their own sex. In all its surrounding circumstances the feat is not so wonderful as that of Charlotte Brontë, who penetrated and depicted the deep, ironical, inarticulate passion of a man: but it belongs to the same class. In one sense it is even greater. Women, in their more delicate shades of colouring, their retirement from action, and self-effacement in suffering, are more difficult to draw than men. Without a peculiar training and temperament Richardson must inevitably have failed. From his childhood Richardson had been the confidant of women: the silent bashful boy of thirteen was the writer of the love-letters and the depositary of the love-secrets of the neighbourhood. His conception of Lovelace and of Clarissa shows how habituated he was to regard human nature with a feminine eye. The points, on which his descriptions of either sex dwell with most particularity, are those which women naturally select. He has the female delicacy of perception, as well as that interest in small details which prompts him to 'tell us *all* about it.' His characters fail as the theories of closet-philosophers fail. No allowance is made for impulse or passion; his actors are developed with machine-like regularity from well-reasoned principles.

Johnson confessed that to read Richardson for his story would fret a man to suicide. But few persons now read him even for his sentiment. His amplitude of detail is not inartistic; it is a means to an end; it establishes the dominion of fancy. But the broader, more vigorous touch of Fielding is the style of a greater master; the one gives a minute inventory, the other a striking epitome, of nature; a microscope is needed for the pictures of the one: those of the other are best seen at a distance. To impart to fiction the air of reality Defoe told his narrative in the first person, and Richardson adopted the device of letters. The true instinct of genius led Fielding to discard both methods. No one supposes a narrative told in the third person to be real: but it is infinitely more dramatic. Autobiographers become either offensive as egotists or uninteresting as secondary characters; except in books for boys, novels told in the first person are novels without a hero. Letters enable each actor to describe his own feelings for himself: but a story told in this form inevitably becomes tedious, disjointed, and crowded with superfluous matter. Both in form and style the novels of Fielding and Smollett approximate to the modern type far more closely than those of Defoe and Richardson.

To Cervantes and Le Sage belongs no inconsiderable share in the rapid development of the English novel. Fielding acknowledged

ledged his obligations to the former: Smollett avowedly imitated the latter. Cervantes makes the conduct of his actors follow from their dispositions; his creations are living illustrations of universal principles. Le Sage, on the other hand, takes men as they are moulded by circumstances, and insists less on their internal dispositions than on the effect of their external conditions. The one is a painter of the manners which result from surrounding circumstances; the other, of the deeper elements of character of which manners are the disguise or expression. Fielding has been often compared to Cervantes, Smollett to Le Sage. Speaking generally, the comparisons are just. In their delineations of character Richardson knows only the principles; Smollett insists on the practical results; Fielding, like Cervantes, knows the principles and observes the results; he not only notes eccentricities, but treats character as a living whole. Richardson draws men only from within, Smollett only from without, Fielding from both. Hence, while Richardson's creations are mechanical and Smollett's typical, Fielding's have the reality of flesh and blood.

Walpole was bored by Richardson; he called for an ounce of civet when jostled by Fielding. In taste and artistic skill Fielding is vastly superior both to Richardson and to Smollett. His grave irony and quiet satire are peculiar to himself. His novels inculcate no philanthropic reforms, no social crotchets; they are truly classic, distinguished by excellence of composition and power of giving vigorous expression to broad average sentiments. Everything in 'Tom Jones' is durable and substantial, as good now as in the day on which it was written. On the other hand, he has none of the sympathy of Richardson, or the rude pathos or sombre power of Smollett. His more subtle and delicate humour does not vie with that of Smollett in farcical breadth and force. Nor, with all his variety of active outdoor scenes, can he equal his northern rival in inexhaustible fertility of comic resource. But he has brought together a richer gallery of distinctly individualized figures. His knowledge of human nature, his wide experience of life, and close observation of men, gave him an accuracy in portraiture which equals that of Hogarth. Yet his characters are not servile copies, but original creations. They pass out of the mint of his mind into general currency, stamped with the superscription of their author. More than any of his contemporaries, he is a painter of essential nature. His women are less successful: they are matter-of-fact, commonplace, healthy young women, with nothing characteristically feminine in their composition. His robust, vigorous imagination was admirably adapted to reproduce the rough outlines

outlines of life, but it was too blunt in its sagacity to stoop to small details or the evanescent lights and shades of female character. He has none of the delicacy of Richardson; Sophia Western is a far less subtle study than Clarissa Harlowe. Richardson had in this respect an advantage over him both in training and temperament. The boyish imagination of Fielding luxuriated, we should suppose, in horses and hounds, and the delights of sport. Till his marriage he formed no conception of the inner mind of women. Richardson, on the other hand, was, as we have seen, peculiarly fitted to portray female character. His idea of the inmost nature of women was a primitive ingredient, an essential element of his mental constitution. He conceived it before his faculties were fully conscious. It was not pieced together from the results of experience, but it was a constituent part of his mind, supplemented, corrected, and enlarged by fifty years' association and experience. Fielding drew from observation, Richardson from intuition. It is the difference between the first and subsequent proofs of an engraving. Richardson's are first impressions; Fielding's pictures were taken when the plate, blunted and worn, was no longer capable of producing delicate lights and shades. Johnson contended that Richardson knew more of human character than Fielding. In abstract knowledge Richardson may have been the greater: but in drawing men as they exist in ordinary life Fielding had no rival near his throne.

In the construction of his plots Fielding was infinitely superior to his contemporaries. Coleridge classed the plot of 'Tom Jones' among the three best that were ever constructed. The praise is extravagant: the episode of the 'Man of the Hill' is justly condemned as unwarrantable. Yet, with rare exceptions, every detail has a sufficient cause, every incident contributes to the catastrophe and develops character. The adventures form not the groundwork of the story, but, as in real life, the ornament. Compared with Fielding, Smollett is a literary mechanic, a builder not an architect, rather a joiner than a designer.

Fielding's genius is limited to the commonplace, and restrained by the common-sense of the day. His mind is prosaic. He is not sympathetic enough to attempt pathos; he is dull to the more enthusiastic side of human nature; scenery exercised no spell over his feelings. But his views of life are healthy and vigorous; his morality sturdy and unaffected. Tom Jones could never have become a Lovelace, in spite of all his faults. He would have worshipped Clarissa Harlowe with a manly devotion which Richardson could not understand. Fielding repudiated

repudiated the sentimentalism of Richardson as Johnson scorned that of Rousseau. 'Joseph Andrews' is a protest against the tendency to subordinate principles to sentiment. Hypocrisy is his detestation: in the excess of his zeal against moral affectations, he is led, if not to excuse, at least to abstain from condemning, the vices of Tom Jones. In his hatred of shams he closely resembles Thackeray. But Thackeray's admiration of 'handsome Harry Fielding' was elicited by the hearty buoyant nature of the man rather than by affinity of genius. Fielding's joyous energy had little in common with the anxious temperament of his nineteenth-century successor.

Smollett's weakness in comparison with Fielding appears in other points besides the delineation of character. Fielding writes a real history, based on fictitious facts; Smollett, like Dickens, strings together a collection of comic episodes. Fielding keeps his characters well in view from the first, and groups them with classic art. Smollett picks up his actors on his travels, and carries them through a medley of adventures and mishaps. His great merits consist in the irresistible force of his broad humour, his endless inventions of burlesque incidents and eccentric characters, his vigour and fertility of resource, the variety of forms of life which he depicts, and the rapidity with which his events succeed one another. The world, as he describes it, resembles the close of a pantomime. No such hurly burly of horseplay and boisterous roar of laughter could have arisen from any other society except that of the days of George II. Even at that period the accumulation of comic disasters is exaggerated. Like Dickens, Smollett has a keen perception of eccentricities, and disguises autobiography under the form of fiction. About both there is the same tone of vulgarity, the same tendency to lay on their colour too thickly, to caricature rather than to paint portraits. Both largely depend for their humour on the comicality of external appearances; both incarnate particular traits and convert them into characters; both individualize their actors by their oddities. Smollett combines the coarseness of Rubens with that painter's large flowing style and force of colouring. Where he employs his own recollections, he has drawn characters which deserve to be 'everlasting possessions.' As a picture of a Scotch compatriot, Lismahago, with a remote resemblance to Don Quixote, deserves to stand by the side of Dugald Dalgetty or Richie Moniplies; he uses his medical knowledge to draw the admirable sketch of Morgan, the Welsh apothecary: his nautical experience enabled him to paint inimitable, though somewhat caricatured, sailors like Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes, and Bowling.

ling. Between Le Sage and Smollett there are some instructive points of resemblance and of difference. Smollett travelled, like Smelfungus, with a jaundiced eye, and the testiness of a Scotchman: Le Sage carries with him the gaiety of a Frenchman who regards the world as a theatre which offers him diversion. Both paint life, but Smollett is most dependent on his reminiscences. With the exception of Triaquero, Sangrado, and the Marquise de Chaves, Le Sage has few personal allusions, while Smollett's figures are almost all caricatures of living persons. Le Sage's great novel is a comedy; Smollett's a farce. Both are moralists; but Le Sage preaches virtue by laughing at Vice, Smollett by painting her in all her naked coarseness.

Fielding and Smollett belong to the same class among novelists. Both are vigorous painters of real life; and both increased the resources of their act. Their broad effective touches are in strong contrast with Defoe's minute realism of incident, or Richardson's equally minute realism of character. In humour and style Smollett shares the honours with Fielding. But, while Fielding enriched the treasury of the novelist with irony, skilfully constructed plots, accurate and varied delineations of character; Smollett's peculiar contributions are of a less important nature. They are confined to the rude pathos of the death of Trunnion, the sombre power of the robber's cave in Count Fathom, the employment as a ludicrous effect of bad spelling, and the use of natural description as a background to his human figures.

Sterne is more difficult to classify than any of his predecessors. He applies old methods to modern life. But the special gift, with which he enriched the modern novel, is the subtle analysis of character, not in its more permanent or strongly marked outlines, but in the faint and almost imperceptible shadows which play upon its surface. It follows that Sterne resembled Richardson rather than Fielding or Smollett. In the presentation of character his execution is more skilful and less apparently laboured than that of Richardson; but, like him, he appeals to the sentiments. He was, however, no imitator of his contemporaries. His mind was stored with reminiscences of Rabelais and the old amatory romances. Acutely sensitive to the lightest impressions, his nature was not retentive of a lasting stamp. No one was so quick to catch, or more dexterous in preserving, the evanescent scent of every passing fancy or transient emotion; but he was incapable of that strong and deep feeling which imparts its own peculiar form to everything by which it is stirred. This combination of a soft, sensitive, shallow nature constitutes his peculiar gift. He represents

represents that simple, elemental impression which events make upon the feelings without the slightest distortion of the intellect or the imagination. 'Tristram Shandy' is a pure picture of the natural effect of the affairs of life as they act directly and immediately on the human heart. Sterne makes no attempt to rival Fielding in the construction of a plot. The only unity of 'Tristram Shandy' is its continual advertisement of its author's sensitive nature. It is a loosely-strung chain of brilliant *morceaux*. Without plan or order, it is best read in selections. As a work of art the 'Sentimental Journey' is superior. From the nature of its subject it is less open to the criticism of incoherency. Full of Sterne's rapid observation and brilliant presentation of idyllic scenes, it resembles a series of exquisitely finished pictures on the delicate paste of old Sèvres.

Like Smollett, Sterne paints the eccentricities of mankind. It might be urged as a fault against the group of characters in 'Tristram Shandy' that, like the original plan of 'Pickwick,' it forms a 'Club of Oddities,' a collection of grotesque persons who could never have existed without the intermixture of more commonplace characters. But, so far as each individual figure is concerned, his skill in using the points which he notices is infinitely more artistic than that of Smollett. In a whimsical method he traces the relation of peculiarities to the universal principles from which they have diverged. He follows his anomalous characters to the border line where they imperceptibly shade off into common humanity, and shows how accident distorts natural types into abnormal exceptions, how every man is a potential oddity. Mr. Shandy's philosophy is based on a perception of these relations, and of the interference of trivial circumstances with the formation of monstrosities. It is thus that infinitesimal causes govern the world. Had Cleopatra's nose been longer, the destiny of the world had been different. But Sterne characteristically entrusts his view of character to a philosopher who, from a solitary life and antediluvian studies, has converted his theories into paradoxes, which, like a moral astrologer, he has made the basis of an occult science.

Like Smollett again, Sterne derives his best work from his recollections. The quick, knowing boy, who with open eyes and ears haunted the mess-room, picked up a store of comic incident, traits of military character, adventures of garrison life. Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, who confer upon him his title to immortality, are painted from his boyish reminiscences. Though he makes a plaything of his affection, he retained a tender feeling for his father. Everything else about Sterne seems unreal, his indecency, his learning, his eccentricity, his pathos.

 He

He has none of the robust and hearty power of Rabelais, but, monkey-like, apes with prurient gestures the constitutional coarseness of his master. He imitates and plagiarizes freely. We bow to old acquaintances on every page. Passages are taken verbally from the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' suggestions from Martinus Scriblerus, digressions and philosophical burlesques from Rabelais, the irony of cross-purposes and the effective opposition of his principal characters from Cervantes. He entertains his company in the dressing-gown and slippers of intimacy, with his grammar in disarray, his constructions slipshod, his sentences down at heel. But this eccentricity of style is assumed, to heighten the effect he wishes to produce. His touches, though bold, are singularly definite; nothing is left general. Thus his pages have the sparkle and the colour of bright and lively conversation. He goes out of his way, like Dickens, to seek lachrymose effects, to dwell ostentatiously on the tenderness of his sympathy. Even the death of Lefevre is only used to heighten the impression of Uncle Toby's generosity. His changes are as capricious as those of April: sun, rain, and mud do not alternate more rapidly than do Sterne's laughter, tears, and dirt. He outrages the sympathy which he has elicited by an indecent gesture; he shoots his scholastic or irrelevant rubbish in a spot which he has a moment before consecrated. He is never unconscious. Like a mannered coquette, he invites the reader to play perpetual hide-and-seek with his meaning.

'Et fugit ad salices et se cupit esse videri.'

Yet the result of all is a book which is not only unique in its delineation of character, but fascinating from its oddity. Sterne offered the ass at Lyons, not a bundle of hay or a thistle, but a macaroon. So he offers the reading public something it has never tasted either before or since.

One side of social life yet remained untouched. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, had painted no fireside pictures. In March 1766 was published the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' It is a prose idyll, the first domestic novel. It is also the first novel which contains no indecent expression. To critical eyes it appears full of absurdities, inconsistencies, and improbabilities. The maxims seem sententious, the villain a stage ruffian, the incognito of Burchell a theatrical mystery. Yet results only prove the truth of Goldsmith's advertisement, that a book 'may be amusing with numerous errors.' The 'Vicar of Wakefield' is better known than many works of a more perfect character. Few books have furnished so many literary allusions. Full of practical

practical wisdom, cheerful contentment, humorous observation, and without a touch of malice, it has the added charm of the unconscious ease of perfect simplicity. Dr. Primrose is one of those characters which posterity never allows to die. Sir Roger de Coverley, Parson Adams, Uncle Toby, and Dr. Primrose, bear a strong family likeness, though each are distinct and individual, to their ancestor Don Quixote. The humour, at once ludicrous and pathetic, which each of the five creates, arises from the intrusion of rough realities into their imaginary world. In his simplicity and pedantry Doctor Primrose resembles Parson Adams. But Fielding's hero is without the dignity of the Vicar. So natural are the whole Primrose family, that had Mr. Shandy lived in that part of Yorkshire, he would have illustrated his theory of names by the instance of Olivia, and we catch ourselves wondering what would have been her fate had the Doctor had his way and called her 'Grissel.' No greater praise can be bestowed upon a book than Goethe's testimony, that it exercised a soothing influence over his mind at a crisis in his mental history, and inspired him with a new ideal of life and letters.

The great masters whose works we have discussed had their imitators. Of these, Cumberland, Johnstone, and Mackenzie, are the least obscure. Cumberland, though he wrote three novels, is best known as a dramatist, memoir-writer, and the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary. Johnstone belongs to the school of Smollett. He published 'Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea,' in 1761. The idea is taken from Le Sage's 'Diable Boiteux;' Chrysal plays the part of Asmodeus. It is a satire, in the form of a novel, on men of the day. It severely handles Whitefield, exposes the abuses of the army, the navy, and the law; the peculations of politicians, the horrors of the Havannah Expedition, and contains an account of the monks of Medmenham, and caricatured sketches of Wilkes, Dashwood, Kidgell, Martin, Garrick, Henry Fox, Churchill, the Duke of Cumberland, and other celebrities. Mackenzie's contributions to the 'Lounger' and the 'Mirror' gained him the title of the Addison of the North. As a novelist he resembles Sterne in style. But he also imitates Goldsmith. Sir Thomas Sindall, 'The Man of the World,' who ruins the son and seduces the daughter of the curate, is a second Squire Thornhill. 'The Man of Feeling' is Mackenzie's best known work; it formed part of the illicit library of Lydia Languish. Harley is a bashful, sentimental, sensitive hero, such as Richardson might have painted, and Fielding would have parodied. The novel is a purposely disjointed story, imitating in its disconnected and

and fragmentary chapters the style of Sterne. The author, who professes to be the editor, explains this incoherency in his preface by the fact, that the curate who was first entrusted with the manuscript had found it 'excellent wadding.' The anonymous publication of the 'Man of Feeling,' in 1771, was the occasion of a literary fraud like that which accompanied the appearance of George Eliot in literature.

Miss Burney's novels are valuable as pictures of fashionable society at the close of the eighteenth century. In her day she enjoyed an extraordinary popularity. 'Evelina,' which was published in 1778, and 'Cecilia,' which four years later Dr. Johnson sate up half the night to finish, are now unknown. 'Evelina,' unlike 'Cecilia,' has no plot; it is a fresh spontaneous story, which displays a considerable power of broad comedy: but the dialogue, with some pointed and lively exceptions, is tedious, the characters insipid, the sentiments artificial, and the contrivances for the introduction of the actors clumsy. Miss Burney has a woman's eye for peculiarities and unconventionalities, though she shows little perception of deeper shades of character; she rather describes single features than faces. She notes manners, not as they represent the sum total of our habits and pursuits, but only as they are displayed by behaviour in company. Her conventional standard of propriety is false in its delicacy, and insipid in its conventionality. Her actors, though distinct, are uniform. They preserve their identity through superficial differences. Without real depth of observation Miss Burney inevitably became a mannerist, and copied from herself. Like the famous picture of the Flamborough family in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' her types of fashionable frivolity, vulgarity, or family pride, are painted, each holding an orange in the hand. Her lovers are love-making machines, created to sigh, sentimentalize, propose, and disappear. Her powers hardly pass beyond those of mimicry. If she attempts to paint feelings, she exaggerates. She is altogether deficient in that keenness of perception which stimulated Miss Austen or Charlotte Brontë to find in blankness of expression only a starting-point for investigation, a demand for more penetrating observation. Miss Burney's head was turned by her success. Though she was 'royally gagged and promoted to fold muslin,' light literature sustained no very serious loss. Yet it would be unjust not to bear in mind that to her, after Goldsmith, belongs the credit of raising the moral tone of light literature. Heroic Romancers professed to idolize women as goddesses; Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, treated them as beasts of chase, whom it is the pleasure of civilized man to hunt

hunt down; Goldsmith and Miss Burney regarded them from the point of view of family life. Miss Burney's best title to fame is that she led the way for Miss Austen and the long line of female novelists who have excelled in novels of society.

In the violence of their recoil from ideal extravagance, novelists of real life made truth the only province of fiction. Imagination, poetry, passion, were banished. Their excess in turn produced reaction. The Romantic School disregarded both truth and probability; they reproduced in different form the wilful exaggerations of the old Ideal romances. Heroic tales had fallen into disrepute; yet even after

> 'The talisman and magic wand were broke,
> 'Knights, dwarfs and genii vanish'd into smoke,'

it may be doubted whether they entirely lost their influence. Realism was but half-hearted. If heroes no longer clove giants to the chine, they passed in a single year through perils that scarcely environ the lives of twenty ordinary men; with all their permitted license, they remained knights of love who never broke a vow. Though the bounds of possibility were no longer over-passed, probability was frequently transcended. Nor was it only the accumulation of the incidents that betrayed the influence of the proscribed Heroic Romance. The insipid sentiment of 'tender tales' which recounted the fortunes of

> 'The Fair one from the first-born sigh,
> 'When Harry past and gaz'd in passing by,'

recalled the protracted gallantries of the older school. The Romantic revival is therefore a less remarkable feature than it appears to the casual observer. If the mannerisms of sentimental novelists suggest the portraits of the Flamborough family, the improbabilities of the Minerva Press recal by their incongruities the companion picture of the Primrose group. The wild tales of Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve, Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and Maturin, and the still greater exaggerations of their imitators, revive the extravagances of romantic mythology; banditti and ghosts supplanted the giants and enchanters. Novelists of real life appealed too exclusively to the senses; the new school acted on Cabanis's paradox, 'les nerfs, voilà tout l'homme.' The disordered period with which the eighteenth century closed, and the introduction of German literature multiplied the pictures, to quote Crabbe once more, of the Chateau

> '... the western tower decay'd,
> The peasants shun it ... they are all afraid;
> For there was done a deed! Could walls reveal,
> Or timber tell it, how the heart would feel!'

Yet

Yet out of these wild fantastic tales sprang the historical novel of Scott, as well as the novel of passion and incident of Lord Lytton and Charlotte Brontë.

Romantic fiction began, like novels of real life, in a burlesque. 'The Castle of Otranto' is a piece of serious trifling which suited the taste of Horace Walpole. The difference between the two schools is, as it were, epitomized in the contrast between the coarse-grained vigour of Fielding and the affected dilettanteism of the founder of romantic fiction. Architect, antiquary, genealogist, traveller, Walpole had acquired a vast store of miscellaneous knowledge. He retired from prosaic realism to his Gothic castle on Strawberry Hill, where he could 'gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass.' The 'Castle of Otranto' was published in 1764, under the pseudonym of W. Marshall, as a translation from the Italian of 'Onuphrio Muralto.' It is a Gothic Arabian Nights, which fails to stimulate the latent sense of supernatural awe, a half-serious attempt to combine a picture of medieval life with delineation of character. Walpole's success is limited to the reproduction of the external details of society in the Middle Ages. He does not transform his knights into living men. At the period he describes, a belief in the supernatural was universal; its use as a motive is therefore in itself appropriate enough. But his machinery is, whether from design or accident, injudiciously employed. It is so paraded and obtruded, that all the vagueness and mystery which encourages faith is replaced by an undue familiarity, and at the same time the gigantic sword, helmet, and figure of Alphonso are not only supernatural but unnatural.

Miss Reeve fails where Walpole is most successful. The scene of the 'Old English Baron,' which appeared in 1777, is laid at the time of the minority of Henry VI. All the details and accessories of medieval life are wholly false. Lord Lovel's sons apologize to Sir Philip Harclay for continuing their exercises with the hope that they may meet him at dinner: they retire with their tutor after the cloth is removed, leaving the two gentlemen over their wine. Edmund Twyford is called by a servant in the morning with the intimation that breakfast will be served in an hour. Sir Philip sups on poached eggs and a rasher, and goes to a comfortable bed in the house of his peasant host. It might almost seem that Mr. Jesse Collings ambushed the 'Old English Baron' behind the pages of his ledger. On the other hand, Miss Reeve anticipated the reforms which Coleridge and Wordsworth projected in the 'Lyrical Ballads.' If ghosts are to form part of the romantic machinery, the verge of

of the possible must not be passed: their conduct and their stature must be that of mortals. She herself adheres strictly to her own rule: in the treatment of the supernatural the 'Old English Baron' is infinitely superior to the 'Castle of Otranto.'

Neither Walpole nor Miss Reeve possessed a tithe of that infinite resource and exuberant imagination which characterized the 'Romance of the Forest,' the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' and 'The Italians,' of Mrs. Radcliffe. These novels appeared respectively in 1791, 1793, and 1797. In them the rudeness, which had marked previous efforts to arouse superstitious feelings, is replaced by the most consummate art. Mrs. Radcliffe is a mistress of hints, suggestions, minute details, breathless pauses, and the hush of suspense. Every agency that can work up the imagination and intensify the impression is carefully utilized. Her stories are essentially melodramatic; their only appeal is to the senses; the sole passion which she paints is Fear; in Love she wholly fails. She does not pretend to character. No human portraiture was needed; it is to the excitement of the incidents alone that she trusts. To this limited purpose her materials are skilfully adapted. Her plots, if monotonous, are firmly constructed; her language, though stilted and paraphrastic, occasionally rises to eloquence and poetry. Her landscape-painting is carried to excess, but it is carefully studied as an effect. It serves to attune the mind to the coming event. The atmosphere is charged with appropriate and well-contrasted colouring; the clouds are judiciously dropped; the thunder is always ominous; storms and sunshine are invariably opportune. Scenery in her hands, in fact, becomes a business character. On the other side, the human element is altogether wanting. All that Mrs. Radcliffe requires is that the outlines of her conventional actors should be vigorously drawn, the figures appropriately grouped, the scowl of the monk or the bandit marked with sufficient emphasis. Her villains, with the possible exception of La Motte, are mere stage ruffians. Nothing compensates for such unreal heroines as her Ellenas or her Adelines; it is impossible for the second time to follow their adventures with any degree of interest. Whatever chance her novels possessed of reperusal, she herself destroyed by attempted explanations of her machinery of terror. Her object was to bring her stories within the range of ordinary life, to adapt the magical embellishments of heroic romance to the realism of the modern novel. But such compromises proved an artistic defect. The reader is more irritated to find that the object of his terror is a trick, than to feel his curiosity baffled and unsatisfied.

Mrs.

Mrs. Radcliffe had many imitators. But for the most part they were contented, like Shelley in his boyish novels of 'Zastrozzi' or 'St. Irvyne,' to pile horror upon horror or extravagance upon extravagance. The fat good-natured Lewis, who patronized Scott, and of whom Byron wrote

> 'I would give many a sugar-cane
> Monk Lewis were alive again,'

published 'The Monk' in 1795. With far less originality than Mrs. Radcliffe, he drew largely for his incidents on the horrors of German fiction. Abler than Monk Lewis was Maturin, an Irish popular preacher, novelist, and dramatist. His plots are incoherent, his characters unreal, his incidents improbable. But he has passages of wild eloquence, a power of invention, and a command of turbulent passions which at times approach irregular genius. His best known work is 'Bertram,' a play which owed its success to its Satanic character and Byron's patronage. None of his novels reached a second edition. The most powerful is 'Montorio,' which appeared in 1804, and was 'misnomed (*sic*) by the bookseller,' as he tells the reader in the preface to one of his later novels, 'The Fatal Revenge.'

To the keen observant eye of Miss Austen Mrs. Radcliffe's melodramatic marvels appeared ridiculous. Catherine Morland, the heroine of 'Northanger Abbey,' is not an early riser, artist, skilled musician, and sonnetteer. Consequently she found in the mysterious chest only the lists of linen sent to the wash, and a farrier's bill, beginning 'To poultice chestnut mare,' which had belonged to the previous occupant of the room. The weak features of the romantic novels are their neglect of character and the improbability of their incidents. Yet with all their extravagances they added to the resources of their Art. They gave to the tone of novelists the eloquence and impressiveness of poetic language; they developed the advantages of natural description; they raised fiction out of the dull circle of realistic pictures of everyday life; they showed that poetic feeling was essential to success in the highest forms of the modern novel.

Romantic fiction contained the germs of historical novels, and of novels of passion and incident which select as their themes unusual rather than ordinary aspects of life. Before Walter Scott, the historical novel hardly existed. But the mine from which he drew his wealth had been discovered by previous explorers. Walpole and Miss Reeve have been already mentioned. Godwin achieved no success in historical romance. Among Scott's predecessors in the field, Sophia Lee, and Jane and Anna Maria Porter are perhaps the most important.

Sophia

Sophia Lee, sister of Harriet Lee, the author of the 'Canterbury Tales,' wrote the 'Recess' in 1784. In 1793, at the age of thirteen, the younger Miss Porter wrote stories, which were published under the title of 'Artless Tales.' Except 'Barony,' all her numerous novels are as completely forgotten as her infantine productions. Jane Porter's 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' (1803) and 'Scottish Chiefs' (1810) still hold their own. Thaddeus, a Polish refugee, once the brother-in-arms of Kosciusko, now a teacher of languages, is described by Sophia Egerton as 'a soldier by his dress, a man of rank from his manners, an Apollo from his person, and a hero from his prowess.' The influence of the extravagant Romantic school was still strong. Shelley, after his expulsion from Oxford, took lodgings in Poland Street, where he consoled himself by thinking of Thaddeus of Warsaw. A greater and more enduring distinction belongs to Miss Porter, if Scott was serious when he told her that her writings first suggested to him his own historical novels. He paid a somewhat similar compliment to Miss Edgeworth, and admirers of Lady Morgan have claimed for the 'Wild Irish Girl' the parentage of Die Vernon.

Scott's predecessors either neglected the appropriate accessories of the period they professed to describe, or crippled their creative energies by slavish adherence to authenticated details. The material of the historical novelist is presented to him in a disjointed form; talent may piece together a mosaic, genius alone can fuse the elements into a harmonious whole. Mere study of detail often leads, like Mrs. Radcliffe's passages—nowhere. The spirit of the combat evaporates in the description of the trappings, till we exclaim with Trim, 'Good God! one home-thrust with a bayonet was worth it all.' If the novel is crowded with antiquities, it becomes a didactic game; if it gives a bold sketch of facts, it is condemned as history assuming the license of fiction. Historical Romance is a field in which none have wholly succeeded. The historical novelist attempts a Herculean task. He has to reproduce to himself a past age so vividly, that it becomes the atmosphere of his mental life, and at the same time to throw this unreal self into the characters he creates, that they may live and move as real beings. Scott succeeded better than any other writer in the task. Shakspeare neglects one side of it altogether. He made no attempt to reproduce the manners, customs, or beliefs of past ages. A Greek father determines to send his daughter to a nunnery; Demetrius and Lysander go out to fight a duel: the fairies of the Middle Ages held their revels in classic Greece. Whether the

the novelist chooses some well-defined epoch, or some conspicuous personage, his treatment is necessarily conventional; he must follow the received view. In other words, he must deepen the colours with which popular imagination has exaggerated the features of the period or the hero. Looking to the superhuman difficulty of the twofold task, the relative success which has been attained, the repeated failures, and the necessary unreality of the presentation, it may be doubted whether, from an artistic point of view, the historical novel is a legitimate branch of fiction. Does 'Woodstock' rank with 'The Antiquary,' 'Esmond' with 'The Newcomes,' or 'The Last Days of Pompeii' with 'My Novel'?

From the Romantic school was developed the novel of incident or passion, in which truth was shown to be stranger than fiction. Partridge saw no merit in a man who behaved on the stage like any one else; he greatly preferred the 'robustious perriwig-pated fellow,' who threw his arms about like a windmill. In the 'Storm and Stress' period which closed the eighteenth century, a considerable section of society agreed with Partridge. Of this feeling Mrs. Radcliffe had taken advantage in one direction. For the wild extravagances of the 'Minerva Press' were now substituted the no less strange possibilities of real life. The new field of fiction was almost exclusively occupied by writers who sympathized with the doctrines of the French Revolutionists, and were inspired by the prevailing spirit of restlessness and discontent. Novelists like Holcroft, Bage, Godwin, and Mrs. Inchbald, laboured by mental problems, moral paradoxes, or harrowing instances of the cruel operation of social laws to prove that whatever is, is wrong, that sympathy is never at fault, and hard cases cannot be right. It is impossible that novels written with such a purpose, however interesting as records of a passing phase of thought, can ever become classics of literature. 'Hermsprong,' the hero of Bage's best novel, is a young man, educated without the influence of the nurse or the priest, who enters upon life with reason for his guide. He inflicts his principles of social equality on Lord Grondale, and on Doctor Blick his views of religious liberty. By a marvellous display of presence of mind and courage he saves the life of Lord Grondale's daughter, and eventually proves to be the rightful heir to the Grondale estates and a baronetcy.

Incomparably the greatest of the new school of writers were Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald. 'Caleb Williams' is a tale of sombre, dreary power, which stamped its harsh severe features indelibly on the mind of society. 'Hic jacet' was the title that critics suggested for a work which they foretold would be the sepulchre of

of Godwin's literary reputation. Yet 'Caleb Williams' probably contributed more than all his other works to save his name from oblivion. The interest is excited by a striking contrast between the workings of the minds of Caleb Williams and Falkland. Godwin wrote the novel when the fire of 'Political Justice' burned fiercely within him. Its principal element of success is the morbid skill with which the elements of the human mind are analysed. It is a novel of crime: but it does not belong to the same class as those works of fiction which merely reproduce a page from the 'Newgate Calendar.' Like 'Eugene Aram,' it states a moral problem, and is a close study of the human mind. There is no attempt to attract by the factitious interest of ghastly details. Its faults and its merits are characteristic of the author of 'Political Justice.' As in 'Caleb Williams,' so in his political and social theories, Godwin arrived at a conclusion first, and subsequently reasoned back step by step with remorseless logic to the necessary premises. The strength of both lies in the firmness with which he grasps his point, the logical pertinacity and uncompromising precision with which he works out his central idea. The weakness of both consists in his want of experience and disregard of the actual conditions of life. His characters are impersonations of the acute mental guesses of a closet philosopher: their conversations are stiff, unnatural, pompous. 'Caleb Williams' is written with a twofold purpose. Godwin's first object is to prove that crime ought not to be punished by law; like 'Les Misérables,' the novel preaches the natural capacity of man for self-reformation. His second aim is to show that the law, as administered in England, favours real criminals, if men of rank and influence, to escape justice. Godwin took no pains to familiarize himself with the system he attacked, and throughout betrays his ignorance of legal rules and procedure. 'Mandeville,' 'St. Leon,' 'Cloudsley,' though in style they are perhaps superior to 'Caleb Williams,' are weaker in substance. In the character of Henrietta in 'Mandeville,' Godwin drew the portrait of his celebrated wife. Shelley considered her speech to Mandeville the finest that was ever penned, with the possible exception of that of Agathon in the 'Symposium' of Plato.

In spite of his cold passionless temperament, Godwin was the friend of 'Perdita' Robinson, Harriet Lee, Mrs. Opie—then Miss Alderson—and Mrs. Inchbald. Mrs. Inchbald was one of the most attractive women of the day. The daughter of a Suffolk farmer, she married an actor, and remained on the stage till her husband's death in 1779. A slight impediment in her speech disqualified her from high success as an actress, and turned

turned her thoughts to literature. A coquette, winning in manner, sprightly in conversation, quick in repartee, an admirable teller of stories, Mrs. Inchbald in society gathered all the men round her chair. 'It was vain,' said Mrs. Shelley, 'for any other woman to attempt to gain attention.' Her praise of 'The Giaour' delighted Lord Byron more than any other criticism; Miss Edgeworth wished to see her first among living celebrities: her charm fascinated Sheridan and overcame the prejudice of Lamb; Leigh Hunt was at her feet; Peter Pindar wrote verses in praise of 'Eliza.' From the age of eighteen she was wooed on and off the stage, but no breath of scandal ever tarnished her name. Had John Kemble proposed himself, she probably would have married him. He is the hero of her first novel. Mrs. Butler records that her uncle John once asked the actress, when matrimony was the subject of green-room conversation, 'Well, Mrs. Inchbald, would you have had me?' 'Dear heart,' said the stammering beauty, turning her sweet sunny face up to him, 'I'd have j-j-j-jumped at you.' With some irregular lapses into scepticism, she lived and died a zealous Roman Catholic.

Mrs. Inchbald wrote two novels—'A Simple Story' (1791) and 'Nature and Art' (1796). 'A Simple Story' wears the most modern air of any previously written novel. She curtails the conventional length, and her style is easy and unaffected. There runs through the book the charm of a true woman. Her dramatic experience stood her in good stead; she writes briskly and briefly; her conversations are lively and natural. Dorriforth, the priest, educated like Kemble at Douay, who is released from his vows of celibacy on succeeding to a peerage and marries Miss Milner, impressed himself upon Macaulay's mind as the real type of the Roman Catholic peer. The weak feature of the story is the disappearance of the heroine of the first portion of the novel, and the period of seventeen years which elapses between the two parts of the same story. On the other hand, it is creditable to Mrs. Inchbald's taste that she only devotes a sentence to the circumstances that had soured Dorriforth with life, and inspired him with hatred of his daughter. 'Nature and Art' (1796) was written when Mrs. Inchbald was most under the influence of the doctrines of the French Revolutionists. It is a propagandist novel in praise of natural instincts as opposed to artificial character. It recounts the adventures of two boys who come up to London to make their fortunes. Nature makes one a musician; Art raises the other into a Dean. All real virtue is on the side of the former. The contrasts grow sharper in their respective children. The Dean's son becomes a Judge. In a very powerful

powerful scene he condemns Agnes, the woman he had ruined and betrayed, for the murder of his child. At the time, the novel succeeded by appealing dramatically to the spirit which permeated a large section of society. But as a whole it is inferior to 'A Simple Story.'

The novels both of Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald are pitched in a higher key than those of their predecessors. They appeal less to sentiment than to passion; they deal with wild scenes of strong emotion; paint dark pictures of sin and remorse, portray life not on its every-day side, but in its romantic aspect. They led the way for Lord Lytton and Charlotte Brontë. The obligations which the former owed both to Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald were considerable. 'A Strange Story' resembles in some of its outlines 'St. Leon;' Godwin at one time meditated writing a novel on 'Eugene Aram,' and possibly suggested the subject to Lytton, who was an intimate friend of the then aged novelist. If this be so, it is more than a coincidence that the name of the murdered man in 'Caleb Williams' is given to Sir James Tyrrel, whose murder on Newmarket Heath is described with such graphic force in 'Pelham.' The trial and condemnation of Agnes in 'Nature and Art' so strikingly resembles the impressive scene in 'Paul Clifford,' where Brandon condemns his son, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that Lytton owed the suggestion to Mrs. Inchbald.

The growth of the English novel in the eighteenth century epitomizes the characteristics of the period. It follows the change from the prose of its commencement to the poetry of its conclusion. In the realism of Defoe is represented the extreme of its reaction against the enthusiasm of religion, literature, and politics, whether chivalrous or republican. From the fatal effects of that sentimental disease which infected Richardson, England was saved by the sturdy common-sense of men like Fielding, and the domestic virtues that are painted by Goldsmith. As the century drew to its close, the pent-up imagination, which here and there had trickled off in Della-Cruscan dilettanteism, finally burst its bonds, and flowed into new channels of historical romance, or moral, social, and political idealisms. If in its general outlines the novel represented the age, with still closer fidelity did it reflect its minute details. Life is presented in every aspect; vivid side-lights fall upon manners and morals: from the thieves' quarter to Almacks no class is omitted. Never before was society so dramatically presented; of no previous age do we possess a knowledge at once so detailed and so general; in none exists so rich a gallery of contemporary portraits.

As

As the century advanced to its close, novels increased in power and in compass. To bare realism of facts were added the minute, concrete, or analytical presentation of character; graces of style, careful construction of plots, humour—whether of the broad, farcical, or subtle kind—pathos both rude and tender, imagination, natural description, the fiery poetry and the glow of passion. Men brought to bear their masculine vigour, women their penetrating observation, upon the elaboration of the novel. Yet the instrument was not perfected. Even the novel of social and real life, on which the best intellects were concentrated, was incomplete. The real life of Fielding was real enough, but it was not the every-day world of Miss Austen; Sterne's group of oddities had still to be shaded off, as in nature, by more common-place characters; the mimicry of Miss Burney overlooked the minute details of society by which women discriminate their own sex. New strings remained to be added. The full power of the novel of passion and of incident was undeveloped; the historical novel was untried; polemical romance was yet to be pushed in many and opposite directions.

What an influence for good and evil have novelists become! Keen, sarcastic critics of life, genial partakers of its interests, observant students of its hopes and failures, they have imagined stories that strike a chord which vibrates for a lifetime, painted pictures of life-struggles and their issues which indelibly brand themselves on the memory, or, with an insight that is born of intuition or experience, laid bare the inmost secrets of the human heart. They have formed conceptions so lofty as to be everlasting possessions, and created characters that are compliments to human nature. As the keen scimitar and nervous arm of Saladin accomplished a feat which the giant strength and ponderous blade of Richard could not perform, so novelists have enforced moral lessons more powerful than a wilderness of homilists, and taught effectively by parables where other teaching has produced only slumber.

ART. III.—1. *Wanderings in China.* By C. F. Gordon Cumming. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1886.
2. *The Sacred Books of China.* Translated by James Legge. 4 vols. Oxford, 1879, 1882, 1885.
3. *Papers relating to Indo-China.* 2 vols. London, 1886.
4. *Chinese Buddhism.* By the Rev. Joseph Edkins. London, 1886.

IT is difficult now to take up a newspaper without finding in it some remark, or some piece of information with regard to the great Empire of Eastern Asia, which even ten years ago would have startled any one familiar with the Far East. China, with its vast extent of territory, stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Tropics, from Siberia to Tonquin, and from the sea of Japan to the Indus, with its enormous population, its unbroken history of about three thousand years, its ancient and stereotyped civilization, its apparent contempt for all the boasted discoveries and improvements of the nineteenth century, its dislike of contact with nations outside its own borders,—has been popularly regarded as the most striking example of the changeless character of the East. And it must be confessed, that there are abundant incidents in the history of European intercourse with China to support this view. Contact with the West since the seventeenth century, and especially since the war with England in 1841, appeared to have made no impression whatever on the Chinese rulers and people; the effect of several wars seemed to be that they shrank more within themselves and away from us, and that, while reluctantly suffering us to enjoy those rights or privileges which we had extorted at the cannon's mouth, they desired to have no further intercourse with us, and no part in our policy or civilization. Bigotry, obstinacy, and idiotic pride, were believed to be the main characteristics of the Chinese Government; the country, it was acknowledged, was populous and fertile, the people ingenious and interesting, their literature and philosophy of the highest type, but, as a nation, they were believed to be weak and timid, and as a fighting power to be beneath contempt. One high authority in 1860 said he would undertake to fight his way through the length and breadth of China with only fifty armed men; and Lord Elgin, one of the loftiest characters that ever served his country in the East, spoke in a public despatch on one occasion of being compelled to 'appeal again to that ignoble passion of fear which was unhappily the one *primum mobile* of human action in China.'

Yet when we look around us to-day, what attitude and what position do we find taken by this unwarlike, weak, bigoted, almost contemptible people towards the West, and amongst the nations of the world? China has her envoys in the capitals of Europe, her youth are studying in our schools, our ship-building yards and arsenals are busy supplying her demands. She is now felt to be a power in Asia which must be reckoned with, and whose interests and demands cannot be disregarded. She has just emerged with power and credit from a struggle with one of the principal military nations in the world; an English Prime Minister, on a public occasion, has congratulated his countrymen, that in an important work on which we are engaged we have the friendliness and goodwill of China. Telegraphs now extend for thousands of miles over the country where five years ago there were not ten miles of electric wire, and the representatives of several nations are contending at Pekin for the privilege of assisting the Chinese in constructing a network of railways where now there is not a single mile of line. The change, it will be perceived, is not confined to the position of China in the eyes of the world: that has been very great, for she is now regarded as powerful where formerly she was thought weak and contemptible; it also extends to the attitude of the Chinese themselves towards us. They no longer proudly and timidly hold aloof from other nations; they have recognized to some extent their place in the world, and have taken it. Hereupon arises the question: Whence this revolution? How comes it that China has suddenly, in the course of a few years,—ten years at the outside,—thrown aside her ancient policy, and in a measure ranged herself in line with the nations of the earth? It is proposed in the present article to answer this question, to describe the causes, course, and results, so far as they have been developed up to the present, of this change. The enquiry is one of special interest to Englishmen, on political as well as commercial grounds. China is our nearest neighbour in Asia; her frontier almost adjoins our own from Burma to Cashmere. She is one of our principal customers, and our trade with her is greater than that of all the rest of the world put together. There is also a special, and more personal, reason why the present is a suitable time for this survey. We are just about to lose the high official who has represented China in this country for seven years, and to whom perhaps more than to any other person is due the new policy which China has adopted. The period of service of the Marquis Tsêng in Europe is coincident with the breaking up of the policy of isolation and distrust; largely by his advice, and under

under his guidance, China has emerged from her seclusion, and he has played a leading part in most of the events upon which we shall have to comment. He has been the principal exponent and representative of what may be called the new spirit in China; a spirit which recognizes, that persistence in the policy of seclusion means disaster, and that, in the modern struggle for territorial integrity and national existence, China must come forward and maintain her position in the world by the diplomatic and other methods by which Western nations protect themselves.

In the preface to his brilliant and instructive work, 'Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan,' Mr. Laurence Oliphant refers to the case of the lorcha 'Arrow' as mainly owing its importance to the accidental circumstance, that it was the remote and insignificant cause which led to a total revolution in the foreign policy of the Celestial Empire. It is undoubtedly true that the seizure of the 'Arrow' at Canton in 1856, leading as it ultimately did to two wars, to the treaties of Tientsin with Great Britain and France in 1858, to the extension of facilities for trade with China, and to the residence of foreign envoys in Pekin, was an event of the first importance in the history of European intercourse with China. But it is scarcely correct to say that it led to a revolution in the foreign policy of China. It brought about a vast change in the position in which China stood to the West; but the old policy of exclusion, of diminishing as far as possible the points of contact with Europeans, of jealousy, hostility and distrust, remained as active and powerful as ever. By the occupation of Pekin and the destruction of the Summer Palace, the Chinese had been taught that they were not yet able to cope in material power with Western nations, and that breaches of the treaties which had been made would be punished with a heavy hand; but these occurrences did not teach them the lesson, that foreign intercourse, or the entry of China into the family of nations, was a wise or desirable policy to pursue. By a fortunate *coup d'état* towards the close of 1861, the reins of power in China fell for more than twenty years into the hands of Prince Kung, a cautious and moderate statesman, who recognized that the best policy was to observe the provisions of the treaties, not because he thought this good in itself for the country, but because he knew that China was not able to resist the force that could and would be applied in case of necessity. He was, no doubt, a safe guide in the stormy and transition period through which his country was passing. He understood the strength of his opponents, but he did not love them any the more on that

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account; his policy was obstruction and resistance to the latest possible moment that obstruction and resistance were safe, but when he found that the resources of diplomacy were becoming exhausted, and that more material forces were being brought into action, he invariably gave way. Everything, no matter how unreasonable, was yielded to the envoy who threatened sufficiently loudly, and who showed that his threats were not empty; the minister, who had nothing but sound arguments and a good case, got nothing. Diplomacy in China, as one distinguished foreign envoy expressed it in a famous phrase, rested on a solid substratum of force. The 'inevitable gunboat' was always seen cruising in the distance. Foreign enterprise was thwarted in every direction; the complaints of merchants and their representatives were endless. Telegraphs were not allowed, because they disturbed the geomantic influences; the wires cast their baleful shadows over ancestral graves, and brought disaster in consequence to the living. The only railway ever constructed in China was torn up and destroyed notwithstanding diplomatic protests, and the distinct warning of an English Secretary of State, that it would be regarded as an unfriendly act. Here and there attempts were made by intelligent provincial viceroys to improve their military and naval forces by the introduction of Western arms and methods of drill, but these were unsystematic, and were merely regarded as the whims of particular individuals.

In these circumstances, the difficulty with Russia respecting the retrocession of Kuldja took place. The Kuldja question was fully discussed in these pages at the time,* and it is only necessary now to recollect that Russia, having occupied certain Chinese districts during a rebellion as a temporary expedient for maintaining order within her own borders, was called upon in 1879 by China to restore them. The negociations connected with the question were conducted in St. Petersburg by Chung How, and resulted in a treaty which the Chinese Government refused to ratify. The unfortunate ambassador was sentenced to degradation and then to 'decapitation after incarceration,' and the Marquis Tsêng was sent to Russia to endeavour to conclude a treaty which would be more acceptable to the Chinese people. But while these second negociations were pending, preparations for war were made with much activity on both sides. During the height of the excitement Colonel Gordon arrived in China on the invitation of Li Hung Chang, who desired to consult this old and tried friend of the country

* 'Quarterly Review,' Vol. 149, No. 298. April 1880.

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at this juncture. In a memorandum on the military condition of China at the time, Gordon opened the eyes of the Chinese to their real weakness. He told them that in entering on a foreign conflict in the then state of their forces, they were courting certain defeat; 'potentially,' he said, 'you are perhaps invincible, but the outcome of this premature war will show you to be vulnerable at a thousand points.'

The precise extent of Gordon's influence in bringing the Chinese to accept the settlement they did with Russia is of no importance for our present purpose, but, like everything else connected with that illustrious man, it is a matter of general interest. Gordon was certainly under the impression, that his strong and straightforward representations to the Chinese Government of their military weakness, and of the disastrous results of a war with Russia, brought the Chinese into a frame of mind which favoured the work of the negociators at St. Petersburg, and therefore that to his visit at that moment to China was due the preservation of peace. And unquestionably Gordon's visit was conducive to peace, and his advice on the military state of the Empire was taken seriously to heart; but it must not be forgotten that China got all she wanted by the Treaty of St. Petersburg, and that whether she were in a fit state to fight with a fair chance of success or not, she had no ground for fighting with such concessions as were made to her. We believe it is correct to say, that the original demands of the Chinese envoy were steadily adhered to up to the end, and that they are embodied in the Treaty of St. Petersburg, with only such trifling modifications as were required by the give-and-take spirit of these and all other negociations, whatever they may be, undertaken with a desire to reach a peaceful conclusion. In this point of view Gordon's direct influence on the solution of the difficulty between Russia and China, and perhaps on other important matters in North China at the same time, was not so great as he supposed. Interesting as the subject of this digression is, we may leave it now, as we are promised an account of the events in Pekin of 1880, with which Gordon was in some measure associated, from the pen of the high official who of all others was in a position to know the facts, and to be able to look all round the subject. But whatever Gordon's influence may have been, from this critical period, 1880–81, when the issue of peace or war was in the balance, and when everything depended on the tact and skill of the Chinese Ambassador at St. Petersburg, we may date the awakening of the new spirit in China. It was then that the Government and the ruling classes began to appreciate the dangerous

dangerous situation in which they were placed in the event of foreign complications. As one striking example of the effect of this crisis, we may take the case of telegraphs. Up to that date, as has been already mentioned, the Chinese would have nothing to do with the telegraph; it was with the utmost difficulty that the foreign mercantile community of Shanghai could preserve a line a few miles in length, running down to Woosung on the Yangtsze, and connecting the submarine cables with the town. But during the winter of 1880–81, when the Peiho river was closed by ice, and the only mode of obtaining news of events of vital importance to China passing in Europe was by means of an overland courier from Shanghai, the Chinese Government were taught the value of the telegraph by that best of all teachers, experience. It was then that the decision was taken, that telegraphs should be introduced at once into the country. By the following spring, arrangements for constructing the first line from Shanghai to Tientsin, and thence to Pekin, were made, and soon afterwards the work was completed, and the capital of the Celestial Empire was in direct telegraphic communication with Europe and America. This first line has been followed by many others, so that now many of the principal towns in the country are thus connected with the outside world. A few weeks since, the 'Pekin Gazette' contained a memorial from the Viceroy of far-off Yunnan respecting the recent British operations in Burma, in which that high official remarked that his colleague, the Viceroy of Canton, had kept him informed on the subject by means of the telegraph, and we find constant reference now in the same venerable print to the employment of the telegraph for official purposes, where a few years ago it was never referred to, except to be denounced as an invention of the devil, which should never be permitted to bring the wrath of the gods on China. It is possible at this moment, notwithstanding geomantic influences and ancestral graves, to telegraph from Pekin in the north to the borders of Tonquin in the south, and apparently to Yunnan in the south-west—and this in a country where in the beginning of 1881 there was not a mile of telegraph wire.

Although the particular instance of the telegraphs is quoted here to show the rapidity with which the Chinese Government, like the people, act upon the lessons of their own experience, it is useful also as showing one of the directions from which administrative regeneration in China is coming. The vast extent of the Empire, the remoteness of the capital from its physical centre, and the system of administering one or more large and populous provinces by means of viceroys appointed

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from Pekin, have given these satraps a power which probably it was never intended they should possess. They are now the all but absolute rulers of many millions of people, with the command of taxes collected over areas which elsewhere would form kingdoms, and with certain checks which, though powerful enough sometimes and under peculiar circumstances, are put in motion either with great difficulty or not at all. The only standard, by which the rule of a Viceroy was tried, was its results. So long as his province was free from internal disorder or foreign attack, from famine, inundation, or other vast calamities, the cry of which would reach the throne, the Viceroy was safe, and could govern as he pleased, always provided the regulated contribution to the Imperial Exchequer were punctually paid. Thus it is that we find one Viceroy with a taste for Western methods of warfare, spending his spare revenue in purchasing gunboats, rifled cannon, and machine guns, while his neighbour to the north or south arms his troops with the old bows, arrows, and matchlocks, but spends millions in embanking the rivers or in repairing canals. Either can pursue his hobby with safety so long as no inundation comes over the territory of the first, or there is no attack on the second which he is unable to repel. The power given is so large and unchecked, that the Chinese believe the man, who cannot use it in such a way as to meet dangers of this kind, is unfit to rule, and he is accordingly dismissed in disgrace, if the failure is a sufficiently conspicuous one. But apart from the authority which is constitutionally theirs, many Chinese Viceroys have acquired by force of circumstances a power that enables them almost to defy their own Government. The long distances between the capital and the provinces have made the Viceroys practically independent, or, at the least, have placed it in their power to obstruct the Imperial policy in a critical place and at a critical moment. Between Pekin and Yunnan, for instance, an interchange of letters by the Imperial couriers took from eight months to a year. It was obviously quite impossible for the Emperor to dictate a definite line of action to one of his officers across this distance of time and space. The Viceroy, who wrote from Yunnan for instructions, knew that he could not get them for many months, when the circumstances would have greatly altered, or the need for orders would have passed away altogether. What has been said here with regard to Yunnan applies in a much greater degree to the dependencies lying beyond the eighteen provinces, to Tibet, Kashgaria, and the like. China, for practical purposes, in fact was a congeries of states, rather than a single homogeneous empire. Foreign nations through their

their diplomatists applied their power, perhaps with much effect, on the ministers at Pekin, but by the time the force was transmitted as far as Sze-chu'an or Yunnan, over some thousands of miles, and after several months, it was dissipated. Thus, to refer to a very recent instance, after China had signed the terms of peace with France last year, and had ordered the Viceroys of the provinces adjoining Tonquin to withdraw their troops, we find the Viceroy of Yunnan doing so with the utmost hesitation and deliberation. He passionately protested in a memorial to the throne, that his troops had over and over again defeated the French; that he was now in a position to annihilate the latter; that life was no longer any pleasure to him since he was not allowed to spend it in this service to his country, and so on. Fortunately, the Yunnan troops had advanced down the Red River Valley, a region which the French were at the time in no hurry to occupy, and which they have not completely occupied yet, so that a collision was averted. Now, the telegraph will change all this. The various parts of the Empire will be welded together, and the policy of the Imperial Government can be immediately made known in every part of the country. An obstructive satrap will no longer be able to thwart or evade the instructions of his sovereign, nor, on the other hand, will the Government at Pekin be able to take refuge behind the shortcomings of its agents. From the Western point of view, this is one of the most beneficent changes that could come over the Chinese Empire; for the effects of Western diplomacy, either directly at Pekin, or through the Chinese diplomatic agents in Europe, will be instantly felt wherever necessary throughout the country.

The great importance of the subject, with which we have just been dealing, has led us to treat it at some length; and we now return to the origin of what we have called the new spirit in China, in other words, the changed attitude which the Chinese Government has taken towards Western nations. After the settlement of the dispute with Russia came the difference with France with regard to Tonquin. We cannot treat this important and interesting question now, and it interests us here only indirectly by its bearing on our subject; its effect was to accentuate the impression made by the Russian difficulty. Admiral Courbet destroyed at Foochow in a few minutes the naval work of years, and proved to the Chinese that, if they wanted to be able and ready to defend themselves, by sea or land, from aggression, they must set to work on a wholly different system from that on which they had hitherto proceeded. As has been said, the Chinese learn as rapidly

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any people on earth the lessons of experience; but it must be their own experience, not that of others, and the poor figure cut by their fleets during the French naval operations showed them at once that a radical change had to be made in their naval organization. Hitherto the fleets belonged to the different provinces, in accordance with the principle, that every province should provide for its own defence. Hence there were the Canton, Fokhien, Nankin, and other fleets, frequently called by the names of the Viceroys instead of the provinces. After the peace with France the great soldier and administrator, Tso Tsung Tang, was instructed to enquire into the whole subject of coast defence. As a consequence of two remarkable memorials from him on the subject,* a change which the average Chinese official must regard as little less than revolutionary, has been made in the stereotyped official system of China. The Navy is to be withdrawn wholly from the Viceroys, and placed under the control of the Imperial Governments, another being added to the ancient Six Boards by which the affairs of the Empire are administered. This, which will be presided over by the Marquis Tsêng, the Minister to England and Russia, has control of the Navy, which the Chinese are now straining every nerve to create. The vessels, which have recently been or are now being built, form only a small item in the great scheme of a Chinese Navy which the Pekin Government has formed, and to the completion of which almost every other project will be subordinated. The whole question of railways in China, for example, which is now making so great a stir in the financial and manufacturing world in Europe, is, in the Chinese opinion, not worth a moment's thought by the side of national defence. 'Of what use,' Chinese statesmen ask, 'are all your railways to us except to convey invading troops more rapidly and conveniently to attack and conquer us, unless we are first assured that we are able to defend our railways and prevent their seizure and employment by our enemies?' and accordingly, though the day of the railway is not far off, there will for the present in all probability be no large and costly undertaking of this nature in China. All the energy and money that can be spared are to be employed in the one supreme purpose of the Government, namely, the safeguarding of the territorial integrity of the Empire.

At the same time, the attitude of English financiers and merchants, who already hold a commanding position in Chinese

* These memorials were quoted and explained in some detail in the 'Times' of February 1, under the title 'The Political Legacy of Tso Tsung Tang.'

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commerce, should be one of care and vigilance. The vigorous attempts which have lately been made, with powerful assistance from quarters where failure even in trifling matters is never accepted, to oust English commercial supremacy in China, have for the present been defeated, partly because they were conducted with an eagerness and a want of caution which led to premature exposure and consequent preparation in China to meet them. They have indeed failed completely, but the lesson to be derived from them remains for our instruction. They teach us that we are no longer unassailable or unassailed in China, and that the position which we have gained in that country at so much cost must be maintained by the same qualities as those by which it was acquired—by energy, enterprise, and unsleeping vigilance. The rivals of to-day are the allies of a quarter of a century ago; the enemy is no longer Chinese obstructiveness and hostility, but the competition of other nations supported by governments and statesmen, by methods as strange as they are repulsive to English diplomacy and commerce. A high position and a glorious past may well animate our merchants in the struggle for supremacy which is on them, but these alone will not be sufficient. Few institutions, and least of all such a colossal and world-embracing fabric as British trade has become, can safely rest now-a-days on great traditions alone.

But the most important result of the difficulty with France was the overthrow of Prince Kung, after nearly twenty-five years of power. His conduct during the French negociations had been such as grievously to wound the dignity and self-respect of China. He had negligently permitted the Treaty of 1874 between France and the King of Annam, on which the former based all its rights of subsequent interference, to pass without protest, although it was brought to his knowledge. When the Tonquin Question was re-opened in 1882 he was warned that it would prove a troublesome and perhaps dangerous one for China, and that it behoved the Government to make up its mind clearly as to the policy it was going to pursue. It would be necessary, it was urged on Prince Kung, for China to lay down precisely the rights and interests in the Peninsula which she intended maintaining by force of arms, if compelled to do so; it was also essential that a declaration to this effect should be made to France, so that the latter might know how far she could go without interfering with China; and, finally, the Chinese Government, in order that its warnings might be attended to, and its position in the negociations, which were inevitable, be made weighty, should arm and prepare for contingencies.

tingencies. This was the policy—a policy of watchfulness and preparation—which was urged on the Chinese Prime Minister by his representatives in Europe in the early days of the Tonquin Question. But it was urged in vain. No declarations were made until too late, and when made they were not adhered to; no military preparations were undertaken, and finally China had to enter into a long war which entailed much loss and suffering on her. Prince Kung, in short, pursued the old, old Chinese policy in dealing with the West. He never faced the question outright; time after time it was put aside as an unpleasant matter that could wait, and meantime the French troops were advancing from point to point in the Delta of the Red River. Then, when a decision could no longer be deferred, and when the whole Chinese nation cried out for some sign from its rulers, the Prince and Ministers rushed in a panic to the determination of presenting an ultimatum to the Government at Paris. An attack on Sontay, it was formally declared by the Imperial Government to the French representative * in Pekin, would be regarded as a *casus belli*. Sontay was attacked, and, after a gallant defence by the Black Flags, captured; but the Chinese Government appeared to have forgotten its threat, for it uttered no sound. A month later the more important centre, Bacninh, fell, and still China made no move. It is little wonder that European politicians began to look askance at the Chinese representatives who, by the orders of their Government, had spoken so bravely a short time before. Statesmen and journalists spoke of China as *une quantité négligeable*, of a campaign against her as a military promenade, of her soldiers as theatrical, and the like, with much apparent reason. The policy of hesitation, timidity, and vacillation, of which Prince Kung may be said to have been the incarnation, was not fitted for the crisis which was then coming upon China, and the Prince and his colleagues had to give way to more determined and abler men. Prince Chün, the father of the Emperor and the brother of Prince Kung, a man of resolute and ambitious character, was appointed Premier, and preparations for the contest with France began in earnest, and were maintained, with varying fortunes, but with dogged tenacity and an evident determination to go on. The result of

* It is essential to notice that this important declaration was made directly by the Chinese Government to the Vicomte de Semallé, the French *Chargé d'Affaires* in Pekin, and not, as was generally believed at the time, by the Chinese Minister in Paris, who was in consequence censured by the European press for what was erroneously assumed to be eagerness and excessive zeal. As a matter of fact, the Marquis Tsêng had nothing to do with the original declaration.

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that war is known to everyone. China came out of it feared and respected as she had never been before, and, what was of even more importance to the stability and welfare of the Empire, the Dynasty and the Government obtained the respect of the people for having maintained the rights of the country against Western aggression. The new Ministers, far from shrinking from contact with Western nations, soon felt that the best policy for China was to increase that contact politically and commercially. The unintelligent, ostrich-like removal of China as far as possible from all connection with other nations, and the perpetual *non possumus* of her Ministers, were dangers none the less real because not immediately apparent. Under Prince Chün, China is coming out of her shell, and is taking her place amongst nations. The duties, which her physical and political position cast upon her, are better appreciated and met; Chinese statesmen are looking out on the game of politics going on in the world, and are making their first tentative moves in it. It is, they now know, a game in which they must take a hand, or it will be played without them and at the expense of their interests.

We shall now proceed to describe the principal effects of this new policy in the very brief period during which it has been at work, and let us first take these very curious negociations with the Vatican, of which so much is heard from time to time in the newspapers, without any clear comprehension apparently of their meaning.

When the French concluded their Treaty of Tientsin with China, in 1858, Napoleon III. was a good son of the Church, and posed as the defender of the faith *in partibus infidelium* as well as in Europe. Accordingly he obtained from the Chinese Government the right to extend French protection to Roman Catholic priests of all nationalities and to their converts in China. The practical result of the protection thus given has been that Chinese officials and people have come to look on the missionaries as political agents of the French Government. A convert who breaks the law of his country and is punished for his offence, if he can enlist, as he generally does, the assistance of his French pastor, can move the French representative to complain to the Chinese Government on his behalf. Chinese who embrace Roman Catholicism are thus in a great measure withdrawn from the authority of their own officials and laws, and placed under the missionary and the French Ambassador —a state of affairs which is subversive of all the dignity and authority which are as the breath of his nostrils to the ordinary Chinese mandarin. Hence a timid official, in an outlying town

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or district, looks on a missionary coming into his jurisdiction as he would upon a pestilence, for he brings in his train disorder, disregard for authority, and, it may be, ruin for the official himself. Under the present system every Roman Catholic missionary, and especially every one of French birth, is a possible source of trouble to the Chinese Government. Hence we perpetually hear of outbreaks in which dreadful outrages are committed on missionaries and their flocks by an infuriated populace. These are not due to religious hostility, for the Chinese are not a persecuting people. Without strong religious convictions themselves, they do not molest others on account of their beliefs; these shocking disturbances are due to the outraged feelings of the *literati* and gentry acting upon and inciting the ignorant mob. There was a time when the Jesuits who visited China were treated with distinction, and even obtained high official honours, and when they could count their proselytes by thousands. But this was before the trail of French political influence was over them and their works. Even worse to the Chinese mind, however, than the disturbance caused by their presence, are the political intrigues with which they are credited. Those of French nationality are accused of being mere tools of French officials, and of being political agents first and missionaries of the Gospel afterwards. And unfortunately but too much colour is lent to this charge by the writings and conduct of some of the missionaries themselves. Some of them, like Bishop Peruginier, of Tonquin, are mere political firebrands. This prelate's letters, published periodically in 'Les Missions Catholiques,' prior to and during the late war, were violent manifestoes, set off with Biblical phraseology, many of which were hardly decent in the counsels they gave the French people. Père Louvet, who has recently published under ecclesiastical authority, a history of the Church in Cochin China, glories in the fact that, besides saving the souls of men, the missionaries endeavour everywhere to spread the French influence, and to make the natives look up to France as their great protector and deliverer. If space admitted, scores of other examples might be adduced to show how their political connection has rendered the Roman Catholic missionaries hateful in China. The individuals themselves are scarcely to be blamed for this; they are forced to work under a system by which they look up to the French representative as their sole protector, the only channel by which they can obtain common justice, and it is only natural that they should consider themselves bound to him. The Tonquin war first made the Chinese aware of the grave political danger which the missionaries may become under this system,

system, and they promptly set to work to devise a remedy. They approached the Pope, and pointed out to him that in past times they showed no hostility to the reception of Christian doctrine or to its teachers, and that if they did so at present it was mainly because of the attitude forced on the missionaries by their political connection. They proposed therefore that the Pope should accredit to Pekin a Legate who would represent the interests of the Church to the Government of China. They offered to treat the Legate with all the respect and consideration due to a diplomatic representative, to give him the same right of audience with Ministers, and to receive his complaints or proposals with every attention. If this were done, and if the political taint were thereby removed from the Roman Catholic missionaries, the Chinese promised that no effort should be spared to protect the latter throughout the country, and to remove from the popular mind the present evil impressions with regard to them. The proposition has been received favourably, and the negociations with regard to it are now practically finished so far as China is concerned; it remains only for the Vatican to settle if it can with France, or to go on, as the Chinese are willing to do, in spite of the French opposition. There is every reason to believe that the Pope has decided, notwithstanding the pretexts of the French Government, to carry out this plan, and it is probable that in a short time we shall witness the curious spectacle of a representative of the greatest pagan nation of the world accredited to the Vatican, and of an envoy of the Pope at Pekin.

It may be well to remark before leaving this subject, that no special blame is sought to be attached here to the Roman Catholic missionaries. Their painful position in China arises from the conditions under which they are forced to labour. They did not create these conditions; they were forced upon them. And certainly nothing is farther from our intention than to utter a single word inimical or unfriendly to the efforts of that noble army of men and women of many nationalities and of various creeds, who are toiling throughout the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire in the interests of Christianity and of civilization. There is scarcely a subject which is so obscured by ignorant and pernicious prejudice as this missionary question, and if we were disposed for a moment (as we certainly are not) to say harsh things of missionaries, we have before us at the head of this article the names of books by Dr. Legge and Dr. Edkins, which would remind us of some of the highest civilizing work which it is in the power of man to accomplish. Dr. Legge, the veteran missionary and scholar, who

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has devoted his life to the elucidation of the so-called sacred writings of the Chinese, has lately published three of the most ancient works in Chinese literature, in that splendid series of the 'Sacred Books of the East,' to which we have called attention in another article in our present number. Of these works, or of the manner of their translation, we have nothing to say here; we desire merely to point out, that if we in this country know anything of the works which have moulded Chinese thought and had so great an influence on Chinese destinies for more than twenty centuries, we owe it to a missionary. Similarly in other departments of knowledge: the greatest Anglo-Chinese dictionary is the work of a missionary, so are the two or three principal works on China in the English language those of missionaries. In every department of Chinese knowledge, in small matters as well as great, our principal and our safest guides are members of the missionary body. Nor is this all, for if we look at the other side we find that the Chinese people are deriving their knowledge of Western history and the Western sciences and arts from the missionaries. The latter have translated or prepared scores of works, gathering together the results of the best thought and work of the West, and placing them within reach of all classes of Chinese. Omitting here all reference to the religious side of their labours, which in their view is of course the most important and that to which all else is subordinate, surely this is a very noble work for any man or body of men to accomplish. Missionaries stand now, as they stood in the last and preceding centuries, as the interpreters between the thought of the East and that of the West. China with its ancient and apparently stagnant civilization, Europe with its never resting progress, are brought to understand each other better—knowledge which is essential for the interests of both—by the labours of these missionaries. Hence it is that we are glad to see a writer like Miss Gordon Cumming, in those charming and truthful volumes which she has just published on China, lending her high literary powers and her great popularity as a writer to the task of dissipating the cloud of ignorance and prejudice which exists in England and elsewhere on this subject. The estimate of the life-work of scores of educated men and women, toiling for the most part with singleness of purpose and abnegation of self, is not exhausted by an epigram or a sneer; in our judgment the missionary body, including in this term the members of all nations and creeds now labouring to propagate Christianity in China, i regarded on its purely secular side, one of the most pow and most beneficent civilizing forces now at wor

country. We may add too that Miss Gordon Cumming describes in a clear way some difficulties, which are somewhat obscure without explanation to ordinary Europeans even in China, which obstruct the path of the social and religious reformer, but with these we have nothing to do here. For what may be called the social situation we cannot refer to a better or more interesting guide than Miss Gordon Cumming.

We come now to another example of the effect of the new spirit in China, which is of even more importance to us than the relation between that country and the Vatican; we refer to the new policy towards England in Central Asia, or rather all along the frontier of our Indian Empire, from the Irrawaddy to the Indus. The old policy was seclusion, absolute rigid seclusion—whether in Eastern Turkestan, Thibet or Yunnan. English travellers and missions succeeded in reaching Kashgaria by way of Cashmere during the usurpation of Yakoob Beg, who was ever on the watch for support for the throne which he succeeded in establishing. But neither during Yakoob Beg's reign, nor since his death, was any British official permitted to reside in Eastern Turkestan. Russians reside at Kashgar and Yarkhand by treaty, but this important province on our borders contained no official of ours. Last year, however, the Chinese were approached with a view to obtaining their consent to the residence of British Consuls there, and it was given with a cordiality and alacrity which surprised those who made the request. The truth is, the Chinese now understand perfectly the state of the political game in Asia. They feel all along their vast frontier the pressure from without, which every Asiatic nation bordering on Russia feels. Kashgaria is a distant province, and Chinese provincial officials have but little knowledge of the currents and forces of foreign politics. The Government of Pekin, accordingly, knowing that they had to fear no intrigues or dangers from us, were glad to have in this province Indian officials, whose experience and knowledge of Russia and her movements in remote quarters of Central Asia would enable them at once to detect and appreciate indications, which would be lost on officials such as China can alone send to these distant regions. In other words if, as it has been expressed, Kashgar and Yarkhand were outlying watch-towers of the Indian Empire, so they were also, in a measure, of the Chinese Empire, while British officers were there. Mr. Ney Elias, a gentleman of great experience, was sent to Kashgar, but unfortunately he does not appear to have remained there, for late telegrams inform us that he has accomplished an adventurous journey across the Pamir to the Afghan Front

Frontier Commission. It is permissible to ask, and it would be worth while asking in Parliament, why this officer, who is thoroughly acquainted with Chinese Turkestan, and who knows nothing of the Afghan frontier, should be removed from the important post to which he had just been appointed, and for which he was especially fitted, and should be despatched across to a region of which he has no knowledge, and to a Commission which is already well provided with specially qualified members. No explanation or suggestion of an explanation has appeared of this curious incident, and we are therefore thrown back on surmise. Can it be that the presence of British officers at Kashgar and Yarkhand was unpleasant to Russia, and that they were withdrawn because it was desirable to conciliate the latter in connection with the Afghan frontier delimitation? If Mr. Ney Elias be withdrawn for any prolonged period, the Chinese will probably regret the readiness with which they granted a request to which so little value appears now to be attached.

Turning now from Eastern Turkestan, to which we have at last obtained formal access, we come to Tibet, the mysterious country which is at this moment receiving so much attention in India. No country in the globe has been so completely isolated from intercourse with the outside as this. More than a hundred years ago, Warren Hastings made several attempts to open trade between Tibet and India, but his emissaries were told that the Grand Lama, or ruler of the country, was subject to China, and without her permission could make no arrangement with regard to external matters.* Last year an adventurous Indian officer reached the frontier of Tibet, near Shigatze, and there received precisely the same message as Hastings's envoy had done a hundred and ten years previously. The Tibetans said they were quite willing to carry on trade with India, but they could not do so without the permission of their suzerain, China. Happily, our relations with that country had entered on a new era, new counsels governed at Pekin, and it was thought safe to send Mr. Macaulay to the Chinese capital to ask of Chinese friendship and good sense the permission without which trade was an impossibility. This confidence was justified by the event, for the Chinese Government not only readily gave the required consent, but supplied Mr. Macaulay with letters to their officers at Lhasa, the

* The history of the steps taken by Hastings to open Tibet to Indian trade will be found recorded in Mr. Clements Markham's 'Thibet: Bogle and Manning' (London, 1879), a work which is full of interest from more than one point of view.

 capital,

capital, intended to smooth his negociations for a commercial arrangement. Here, in two striking instances on our own frontier, we find no trace of Chinese exclusiveness or isolation. The Government might in each case have evaded the request by suitable excuses, but they did nothing of the kind.

Travelling eastward along our Indian frontier we come to the great question of Upper Burma, which still troubles the air not a little. The causes which led to the annexation of this kingdom were well understood in China. But neither the misconduct of Theebaw, nor the commercial advantages of an open route to the sea from Yunnan along the Irrawaddy, appealed to the Government of that country so much as the imminent danger of French intrigues at Mandalay. It is not impossible that had England taken no step to prevent Upper Burma being converted into another Annam, China herself would have done so. As it was, our military operations in Burma, and the subsequent incorporation of the country into the Indian Empire, passed unquestioned by the Chinese. But when we were finally installed as the rulers of the country, they came forward and made certain demands which, although the details are now the subject of negociation, have never been questioned in principle. The advent of a great military power on their borders, they said, necessitated a strict delimitation of frontier which was not necessary while Burma was a weak power, incapable of aggression, and this delimitation should put China in such a strategic position that she might be able to defend her territory. Again, Burma owed certain duties to the Chinese sovereign as suzerain from time immemorial, and it was proposed that some arrangement should be made about these. Now both these demands have been acknowledged in principle; the points in discussion (dispute would perhaps be too strong an expression to employ) relate to details. On the one side China proposes the Shevely River, which flows into the Irrawaddy about fifty miles below Bhamo; on the other, the Government of India is understood to be willing to grant the Tapeng River, just above the Bhamo, as the boundary. In the case of 'suzerainty' the Chinese claim has been acknowledged, and the only question is how to meet it satisfactorily; the Chinese propose one method, the Calcutta Foreign Office another. In this instance, the negociations have been slightly complicated by the fact, that a bold and statesmanlike proposition of Lord Salisbury's to meet the difficulty, which was promptly accepted by the Chinese, was subsequently repudiated by Lord Salisbury's successor. But in all this there is nothing which care and moderation, and a conciliatory spirit on both sides, cannot readily

readily adjust. The conquest of Upper Burma opens to us the trade of south-western China, and there can be little doubt that when the British Government comes to discuss the arrangements under which this is to be conducted, it will be met by that of China in a liberal and accommodating spirit. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our sense of the impolicy of allowing these frontier and suzerainty questions with China to remain unsettled, especially in view of the present troubled state of Burma. The mere fact, that these are open questions with China, gives heart to those now in insurrection in Upper Burma. The 'Pretenders' and others, who are not mere dacoits, recollect the recent occurrences in Tonquin, where the Black Flags were allowed to bear the brunt of the fight for months before China came to their help; but they know that China did ultimately enter the field. Applying this knowledge to their own situation, the leaders of the present disturbances in Burma hope and believe that China will in like manner come to their assistance, for they know that there are still demands of China which Great Britain has not satisfied, and accordingly they continue the fight, looking forward to Chinese support sooner or later. The present state of suspense in these negociations is all the more to be deplored, that the differences are in mere points of detail, and even as such are understood to be very trifling. On the importance of our trade with Upper Burma, we have spoken at some length in another article in our present number.*

No survey of the relations between China and the West, and especially of those between Great Britain and the Celestial Empire, would be complete without a reference to the recent settlement of the most complicated and difficult questions connected with Indian trade in opium. This was essentially a problem which could not be solved by heroic methods. Whatever the morality of the trade, however discreditable many of the incidents of the history of its growth may have been to those concerned, vast interests, British, Indian, and, by no means least, Chinese, had grown up around it. If Indian finance depended largely on the revenue derived from the drug, so did that of the Chinese Government. Its sudden cessation meant fiscal disaster to the two Empires; nevertheless some arrangement of questions connected with it was demanded no less by the Chinese than by an active and pertinacious (using the word in no offensive sense) party in England. Of the settlement little need be said here beyond this, which is

* See Art. IV. 'New Markets for British Industry,' p. 158.

the heart and root of the whole matter, that it was a Chinese settlement. It was offered by the Chinese Government and practically accepted as it stood by Lord Granville. Whether it is a good or a bad settlement, whether it succeed or fail in the future, no blame can be cast upon us. After the failure of many proposals, and after years of fruitless effort to reach a satisfactory arrangement, the Chinese came forward themselves and tendered this settlement, which was at once accepted, and which they are now engaged in working out with such results as time alone can bring forth. The keystone of the system under which the trade is in future to be conducted is that the *likin*, or *octroi* duty, is to be levied at the same time as the customs duty. It is, moreover, fixed at a certain sum (eighty taels per chest), instead of being left as heretofore to the cupidity, the whims, or the necessities of local officers in the interior. This principle is valuable, as showing us one of the early reforms which must be carried out in China in order to remove the obstacles to the expansion of trade with that country. There is no reason why all foreign merchandise should not be freed, as opium has been, from the exactions of the officers at the transit barriers—exactions which are all the more galling and injurious that they are practically indefinite. No merchant can tell with certainty how much his goods will have to pay in their journey between any two places, while the constant stoppages, especially of boats on rivers and canals, for the purposes of examination and assessment, add seriously to the cost of transit. It may be hoped that when this question is raised in a formal and authoritative manner, the Chinese will settle it as definitely as they have the opium question.

Space will not permit us here to refer at length to the recent policy of China with regard to Corea. This is a question of great importance, in view of the attitude of Russia towards the peninsula, and of her military and naval necessities on the Pacific; it is also one of interest on other grounds, for here we find two Asiatic nations, China and Japan, acting on a common understanding, and partially sinking their own rivalries, in order to meet a common danger. But, important and interesting though it is, it could hardly be dealt with here without entering into considerable detail, which is at present impossible.

Several other examples of the manner in which China is throwing off her old seclusion, and beginning to take her place amongst the nations of the world, might have been described, but enough has been said to show that the present rulers of China, for the first time in her recent history, are beginning to show an intelligent appreciation of the position of the country

country, of the dangers to which it is exposed, and of the manner in which they are to be met. The Chinese never frankly accepted the situation in which their treaties with Western nations placed them, or the duties which they undertook thereby, until quite recently. They never regarded themselves as subject to the same conditions as other nations; it did not occur to them for many years (if it did, there was no sign of it), that their national existence was to be preserved and their national dignity secured by the same methods as were employed elsewhere for these purposes. They sent no representatives abroad, and treated the representatives sent to them with dislike and but scant courtesy. They refused to have anything to do with those inventions which are the most striking external marks of nineteenth-century civilization in the West. They granted redress not to argument and friendly representation, but at the cannon's mouth. How all this has changed we have endeavoured to show here. The impact of Russia on her borders has been the main instrument of the change. This has forced China to look around her for means to defend herself. If it be true that the two Asiatic Empires which are menaced by Russia have reached a common understanding, or a basis for an understanding, to meet future contingencies, so much the better for both. It is obvious from all that is now passing under our eyes in China, that in the political combinations of the future in Asia, she is going to play an active, an intelligent, and a leading part.

ART. IV.—1. *La Vérité sur la Fuite et l'Arrestation de Louis XVI à Varennes, d'après des documents inédits.* Par E. A. Ancelon, D.M. Paris, 1866.
2. *Revue des Questions Historiques.* Tome V. Paris, 1868.
3. *La fuite du Roi Louis XVI à Varennes.* Par Eugène Bimbenet. Paris, 1868.
4. *Louis XVI, le Marquis de Bouillé et Varennes.* Par L'Abbé Gabriel. Paris et Verdun, 1874.
5. *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Tourzel.* Publiés par le Duc des Cars. Paris, 1883. English Translation, London, 2 vols. 1886.

SIXTY-THREE years ago the late Mr. Croker published in this Review his well-known account of the journey of King Louis XVI. to Varennes, and of the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., to Brussels.* His narrative was founded mainly upon the 'Mémoires sur l'Affaire de Varennes,' then lately published in Brussels, which contained the relations of Comte Louis de Bouillé, of MM. de Raigecourt and de Damas, and of Captain Deslon, to which was added the evidence of the courier Valory. The apologies of the Marquis de Bouillé, and of the Duc de Choiseul, with the accompanying documents, had been printed the year before. Fourteen years later, Carlyle published his history of the French Revolution. The second volume of this work contains some chapters upon the Flight to Varennes, which are the most exciting portions of the whole work. Carlyle's narrative, which has been accepted as the standard English account of this momentous occurrence, is unfortunately both inaccurate and untrustworthy from beginning to end. Had Carlyle read Croker's article in the 'Quarterly Review,' he could not have possibly made the gross mistakes into which he falls. For instance, he reckons the distance from Varennes to Paris at sixty-nine miles, which Croker had already placed accurately at a hundred and fifty; he consequently makes the Royal travellers travel at a snail's pace instead of going as they actually did at a very reasonable rate. He relies implicitly upon the narrative of Choiseul, which Croker had already seen to be an apology for misbehaviour, and consequently untrustworthy. He applies no criticism to the narrative of Bouillé, who was equally anxious to excuse himself and to throw the blame on others, and he accepts without question the foolish gossip of Madame Campan. H-

* This article was reprinted, with additions, in Mr. Croker's 'Essays on the early period of the French Revolution,' pp. 105, foll. London, 1857.

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does not even take the pains to read with accuracy the authorities with which he was acquainted. It is not, however, our present purpose to criticize Carlyle, but to gather from the new authorities, which have been published since the appearance of his work, a trustworthy account of one of the most thrilling episodes in all history, whether it be regarded in its incidents or its results. This episode, which is fortunately known in all its details, is far more impressive in its naked truth than it ever could be in the most imaginative fiction.

After the capture of the Royal family, the chief actors in the flight were sent for trial to Orleans, where they underwent a searching examination. A full account of this evidence was published with facsimiles by M. Bimbenet in 1843, and re-published by him in 1868. In 1866 M. Ancelon published 'La Vérité sur la fuite et l'arrestation de Louis XVI à Varennes, d'après des documents inédits.' This work contains portions of the diary of Madame de Tourzel who accompanied the Royal family. In the fifth volume of 'Revue des Questions Historiques,' (1868) M. Victor Fournel submitted the evidence available at that time to a searching analysis. In 1874 the Abbé Gabriel published at Verdun, 'Louis XVI, le Marquis de Bouillé et Varennes,' the best narrative of the occurrences which had appeared up to that date. Before this, the 'Procès verbaux' of the principal towns concerned in the matter, of Châlons, Ste. Ménehould, Clermont, and Varennes, had been published either separately, or as appendices to other histories. These accounts, written at the very time of the occurrences, are of the highest value as irrefragable evidence. Lastly, the Memoirs of Madame de Tourzel were published in extenso in 1883, while the diary and letters of Count Fersen, published in 1877, although dealing but little with the subject, throw unexpected gleams of light on some of its darkest places. Almost every particular of the event is now discoverable, and it only remains for us to combine these scattered lights into a true and consistent narrative.

The flight to Varennes was not merely a picturesque and thrilling episode in the French Revolution, it was also a great crisis in European history. Europe at this time was trembling at the approach of Jacobinism. The *émigrés* were beseeching every court, not only to deliver their Sovereign from the durance in which he was placed, but to stamp out a fire which endangered their own security. The Comte d'Artois had formed a plan by which France was to be invaded from several sides, from the south by Spain, from the east by Savoy, from the north by the Austrians. The centre of this combination

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was the Emperor, Leopold II., who had recently succeeded after the death of his brother Joseph. His position was a difficult one. He had found himself on coming to the throne in alliance with Russia, and at war with Turkey. His Belgian provinces were in revolt, his Hungarian provinces were disturbed. Prussia had concluded an alliance with Turkey, and was threatening war against the Emperor, in which she was not unlikely to have the assistance of England and Holland. To move prematurely in defence of France, or to risk a defeat, might have led to the breaking up of the Austrian dominions. Leopold was uncertain of the attitude of the maritime powers towards the Revolution. If Austria exposed her flank, they might assist Prussia in the attack which she was always ready to make upon her rival. But the King once out of Paris and at the head of an army, the situation would be changed. Louis would then become a nucleus round which the forces of order might rally. By his successful escape from Paris he would have won the sympathies of Europe. To espouse his cause warmly would be the path both of honour and of safety. A false report reached Leopold at Padua that the King had been rescued by Bouillé, and was safe at Luxemburg. He wrote immediately to his sister, 'the King, the country, France and all other monarchies will owe their deliverance to your courage, your firmness and prudence. Everything that I have is yours, money, troops, everything, dispose of it freely.' He sent the necessary orders to the Low Countries, he called upon Sardinia, Spain, Switzerland, Prussia, to take measures for assisting the King of France. Five days afterwards the terrible truth was known.

Thus, on the success or failure of the flight, the action of Austria, and through her of Europe, depended.* The King was to go to Montmédy, but he was not to stop there. A camp was to be formed round the old chateau of Thonelle in the neighbourhood. Bouillé's faithful German regiments were to be joined by a number of *émigrés*, but above all 10,000 Austrian troops were to be massed upon the frontier near Virton, a few miles off. This was the kernel of the plan. Unless the Emperor sent his troops, Bouillé could not be certain of the fidelity of his soldiers, and he could have no excuse for moving the regiments which were to serve as a guard to the King's flight. Once out of Paris the King was a free agent, he would dissolve the assembly, restore the clergy to their possessions, and, by thus destroying the basis on which the value of assignats

* Albert Sorel in 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' May 15, 1886.

rested

rested, would cause a bankruptcy in France, and deprive his rebellious subjects of their sources of credit.* Escape would be the potent engine of a counter revolution.

The flight of the King from Paris had long been planned and discussed, but it did not assume a definite shape until after April 18th, 1791. On that day the King and his family, precisely the same party who started for Varennes, determined to go to St. Cloud, in order that they might perform their Easter devotions with a nonjuring priest. The Royal carriages were not allowed to enter the Cour des Princes, the berline, in which the Royal family were seated, was detained two hours and a quarter in the inner court by the national guard. When the Royal family came back to the palace, and the soldiers pressed round, declaring their fidelity, the Queen answered them haughtily, 'Yes, we trust you, but you must allow at present that we are not free.' The King wished at first to go away in the latter part of May. He could not start before, because he was waiting for a fuller assurance of assistance from Spain, who had not as yet joined the other Powers. Money, however, was urgently necessary. The Emperor had been asked, not only to send his troops to the frontier, but to advance 15 millions of francs for the enterprise. This last demand he refused, and it became necessary to obtain supplies from every available source. The King was allowed by the Assembly 25 millions of francs, paid by monthly instalments. Two millions of this was due in the first week in June; and, considering the constant demands of Bouillé for supplies, they could not be dispensed with. So, on May 29th, the date of departure was fixed for June 12th; the two millions would be paid on the 7th or the 8th, but a democratic waiting-maid of the Dauphin did not leave her service till the 11th. Before this proposal could have reached Bouillé, he had already begged that the journey might be put off till the 15th or 20th, in order to give time for the arrival of the Austrian troops at Luxemburg.† Sunday evening, June 19th, was then agreed upon, but, at the last moment, another waiting-maid of the Dauphin, who could not be trusted, caused the delay of another day. There is no reason for supposing that this change of plan made any difference. Bouillé was still at Metz;‡ he had only to alter the orders already given to the troops, and the sole effect produced was, that

* Klinckowström's 'Comte de Fersen,' i. 128. Fersen à Breteuil [wrongly headed Breteuil à Fersen], and Breteuil's Answer, i. 130.

† Fersen, i. 132.

‡ Bouillé says in his Memoirs that the news of the delay reached him at Longwy, but the facsimile of his order making the necessary change is given by Bimbenet, and is dated Metz, June 15. He did not leave Metz till June 16.

Choiseul's

Choiseul's horses remained two days at Varennes instead of one.

The most active agent in the preparation for the flight was Count Axel Fersen, commander of the Royal Swedish regiment in the King's service, and an intimate friend of the King and Queen. On the afternoon of Monday, he paid a last visit to the Royal family in the Tuileries. He found them resolved on departure, notwithstanding the prevalent rumour that their plans for flight had been discovered. They were both deeply affected. The King said, in taking leave of him, that he could never forget all that he had done for him. The Queen wept bitterly. To avoid suspicion, she drove out with her children to the gardens called Tivoli, and told her daughter while there that she must practise discretion, and not be surprised at anything she might see or hear.* Fersen then returned to his own house to make his final preparations: he visited the hotel of Mr. Quentin Craufurd in the Rue de Clichy, then occupied by his mistress, Mrs. Sullivan, to see whether the new coach built for the King's journey had arrived from the coach-makers. At eight o'clock, having come home again, he wrote to the Queen to alter the arrangements he had made for meeting the two servants who were to accompany the flight. As he took the letter to the Tuileries he found everything quiet. At a quarter to nine, the three body-guards, who were to act as outriders to the Royal party, came to Fersen for instructions. Once more he came back to his house, sent off a chaise which was to convey the two waiting-maids to Claye, gave his last orders to his coachman, Balthasar Sapel, and then mounted the box of the hackney-coach which was to convey the Royal family to the barrier.†

The Queen returned from her drive at seven o'clock. She then submitted herself to one of those elaborate feats of hairdressing which excite our wonder in the portraits of the time. This process lasted more than an hour, and she then had an interview with the three body-guards, who were to accompany her flight. Passing to her drawing-room, she found the Comte de Provence, who had just taken an affecting leave of his sister Elizabeth. He had come with his wife to supper, according to his custom every evening, from his residence in the Palace of the Luxembourg. The supper was served at nine, and lasted nearly two hours. Monsieur and his wife were to leave Paris that night by different roads. They did not know whether they should join the King at Montmédy, or should ever see him again. The brother

* Relation de la Duchesse d'Angoulême, p. 4.
† See Fersen's diary in his Life, i. 2.

indeed, then met for the last time. Monsieur left the Tuileries never again to enter it, except as Louis XVIII., in 1814. After supper the Queen dismissed her servants as soon as possible. She went to bed, or appeared to do so, and the attendant shut the door of the passage leading to her room. The Dauphin, on returning from Tivoli, had eaten his supper and had been put to bed at nine o'clock. Madame retired an hour later, after having given orders to be called at eight the next morning. About eleven o'clock the Queen knocked at the door of her son's room. He was fast asleep, but when she told him he was to go to a fortress, where he would command his regiment, he threw himself out of bed, and cried, 'Quick! quick! give me a sword and my boots, and let me be off.' He was dressed like a little girl, in a costume which Madame de Tourzel had already provided. His sister, who had been awakened earlier, wore a cheap dress of muslin, which had been bought a few days before for about three-and-sixpence. A piece of it still exists at Orleans, and M. Bimbenet has given a coloured drawing of it. The two children, with their governess and the two waiting-maids, who were to accompany the Royal party, met in one of the Queen's apartments. The Queen looked out into the court-yard, and saw that everything was quiet. The hackney coach was standing close by the door, in the farthest corner, by which it had been arranged that the Royal family should escape. Fersen, who had made every preparation with skill and rapidity, sat dressed like a coachman on the box. This door led to the apartments of the Duc de Villequier; since he had emigrated to Brussels, it was but little used, and had been left unguarded. The Queen solemnly entrusted her children to Madame de Tourzel. They passed through unknown passages to the unlocked door, and then out into the court. Fersen lifted the children into the coach, gave his hand to Madame de Tourzel, and drove off. A short time afterwards, the two waiting-maids were told by the Queen that they were to drive to Claye. They passed down another staircase, left the court-yard of the Tuileries by the passage Marignan, and found a cabriolet waiting for them at the other end of the Pont Royal. There their unknown guide left them. They entered the carriage and drove off to Claye. Fersen, knowing that the rest of his party could not arrive immediately, took a turn round the quays, and returned by the Rue St. Honoré to the Petit Carrousel, where he waited near the house formerly occupied by the Duchesse de Vallière.* For at least three-

* Madame de Tourzel, i. 300, and Journal and Correspondence of Lord Auckland, iii. 542.

quarters

quarters of an hour no one came. Lafayette's carriage, guarded by dragoons, drove by with flashing lights. The Dauphin, alarmed, hid himself in his governess's dress. Lafayette was on his way to the *coucher* of the King. He held him for a long time in conversation, for grave suspicions had been aroused. On that very afternoon the Royal family had doubted whether it was wise to undertake the enterprise, as the news of their intention had got abroad. The guards had been doubled; everybody was on the alert. About half-past eleven Lafayette at last drove away. The King was seen to bed by the servant who had charge of his rooms. The doors of the great gallery were locked by the porter in attendance, and the keys were placed in his mattress, where they were found the next morning undisturbed. As soon as he was alone, the King got up and dressed himself for the flight.

The hackney coach had been waiting in the Petit Carrousel three-quarters of an hour. At last a lady was seen approaching it. It was Madame Elizabeth alone. Her attendant had left her as soon as she was in sight of the carriage. Not long after came the King. Madame de Tourzel tells us, that the King said, that he had left the Tuileries alone by the great gate, and that his shoe-buckle having become loose, he had stopped to arrange it with all the coolness in the world.* The party were now all assembled except the Queen. They waited for her some little time, perhaps a quarter of an hour, but probably not more than five minutes, and it may have been during this period of suspense, that Lafayette's carriage passed a second time, and that the King recognising him called out, 'you wretch,' loud enough for Fersen to hear.† The story of the Queen losing herself in the Rue du Bac is quite apocryphal, but there are two credible reasons given for a short delay. One, that leaving the palace last, she had unexpectedly found a sentinel at the top of the staircase, by which she was to descend, and the other, which she told Fersen on his visit to Paris in February 1792, that passing the Great Carrousel her conductor did not know where the Little Carrousel was, and at her suggestion, asked a horse-guard who was posted near. When she got into the carriage, the King embraced her, and cried, 'How glad I am to see you here.'

For some reason, Fersen did not drive straight to the barrier of St. Martin. He went down the Rue St. Honoré till he reached the external boulevard, drove along it to the Rue de Clichy, and so on to the barrier. The guard-house was lighte-

* Madame de Tourzel, i. 307. The well-informed narrator in Auckland, iii. 4[illegible] (perhaps Quentin Craufurd), says that the king was 'followed at some distan[illegible] by one of the *gardes des corps*.'

† Auckland, iii. 453.

up. Everyone was *en fête.* A marriage was being celebrated, with dancing and drinking, but the Royal party were not recognized. Just beyond the gate they found the berline, a large travelling carriage, made to hold six people, which had been specially built for them. It was drawn by four strong Norman horses. Fersen's coachman, Balthasar Sapel, was riding one of the horses, M. de Moustier, a tall body-guard, was on the box. M. de Malden, a second body-guard, had already conducted the King or Queen, or both of them, from the Tuileries to the Petit Carrousel, and had ridden in a dicky behind the hackney coach. M. de Valory, a third body-guard, was spurring on one of Fersen's horses towards Bondy, in order that the relays might be ready when the travellers arrived. The hackney coach was driven up close to the travelling carriage. The doors of both were open, so that it was possible to step from one to the other. The whole party was transferred, and the hackney coach having served its purpose, was tumbled into a ditch. Fersen mounted the box, and sat by the side of Moustier. He called out to his coachman, 'get along quick, drive as fast as possible.' It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the dawn was already breaking in the east. The carriage had been waiting at the barrier for two hours, and valuable time had been lost. Fersen appeared conscious of this. He cracked his whip and called out, 'Quick, Balthasar, your horses are out of breath, go faster,' and the coachman urged his roadsters, thinking that his master might kill his own horses if he pleased. Sapel says that they reached Bondy in half an hour, 3 leagues or 7½ miles distant. At any rate they went a good pace. Here they found Valory with a new relay of six horses standing ready in the road. Fersen, after begging earnestly to be allowed to accompany the Royal party, took an affectionate farewell. Happy would it have been if the King had granted his request! He leaped upon his horse, from which Valory had just dismounted, and rode by a cross-road to Le Bourget. He left that morning for Mons, where he arrived in safety.*

It has been commonly said, that the carriage in which the Royal family travelled was a lumbering coach conspicuous by its form and splendour. This is quite erroneous. It was a solid well-built travelling carriage We possess a full description of it in the bill of Louis, the coachmaker who made it, and with little difficulty every detail of its construction, could be recovered.† The body was painted black and green, the perch

* Fersen, i. 2. † Bimbenet, 'Pièces justificatives,' 144.

under

under the carriage and the wheels the customary yellow. Madame de Tourzel tells us that there was nothing remarkable about it,* and the minutes of the town council of Ste. Ménehould, which give an account of Drouet's exploit, make precisely the same remark. It attracted no attention in itself, and an older carriage would probably have broken down several times on the road. At Claye, the next post, the waiting-maids were overtaken, and the whole party proceeded in the full daylight to Meaux. The King was full of spirits. At last he said, 'I have escaped from that town of Paris where I have drunk so much bitterness; be assured that once in the saddle I shall be very different from what you have seen me up to the present moment.' He read out loud the long Memoir which he had left behind him to be presented to the assembly. He anticipated the happiness with which he would endow France, the return of his brothers and of his faithful servants, and the possibility of re-establishing the Catholic religion, and repairing the evils of which he had been the unwilling cause. At about eight o'clock he looked at his watch and said, 'Lafayette is now in a terrible fix.'† It has been said that the King walked up the hills, 'enjoying the blessed sunshine,' and generally conducting himself imprudently. As a fact there was very little sunshine to be enjoyed, for the day, although the longest in the year, was a dull one.‡ The King only left the carriage once during the journey, and then spoke to no one. The travellers were amply supplied with provisions, and took all they needed in the carriage. The children walked up one or two of the long hills,

* Tourzel, i. 311.

† Tourzel, i. 312. We give in a table the approximate distances between Paris and Varennes, and the probable time at which the Royal family arrived at each place.

Paris to Bondy	6 miles,	arrive at	3 A.M.	
Bondy to Claye	10	,,	,,	4.30 A.M.
Claye to Meaux	10	,,	,,	6 A.M.
Meaux to La Ferté sous Jouarre	12	,,	,,	7.30 A.M.
La Ferté to Montmirail	20	,,	,,	10 A.M.
Montmirail to Étoges	17	,,	,,	noon.
Étoges to Chaintrix	13	,,	,,	2 P.M.
Chaintrix to Châlons	13	,,	,,	5 P.M. { allowing for the break down.
Châlons to Pont-Sommevesle	14	,,	,,	6.30 P.M.
Pont-Sommevesle to Ste Ménehould	15	,,	,,	8 P.M.
Ste Ménehould to Clermont	10	,,	,,	9.30 P.M.
Clermont to Varennes	10	,,	,,	11 P.M.
Total	150 miles			21 hours.

‡ Comte de Provence's Narrative, p. 70. 'The sun, which had not before appeared during the whole day, now displayed himself.' This was quite towards evening.

but

but caused no delay.* Between Chaintrix and Châlons the horses twice fell down, and broke the harness. This took an hour to repair, but, as far as we know, the carriage stood well. Châlons was reached at about five o'clock in the afternoon, at least two hours late. But an hour or more had been lost in leaving Paris, and an hour by the accident. As it was, the Royal party had travelled more than seven miles an hour including stoppages, and that was a very good pace.

Nothing has been more misrepresented than the slowness of the Royal journey. Carlyle says that they travelled sixty-nine miles in twenty-two hours, "slower than the slowest dray rate." From Paris to Châlons is at least one hundred and fifty miles, and twenty-three hours is the very utmost that can be allowed for the journey, including all accidents and all stoppages. Twenty-one hours would be nearer the mark. This gives the rate of over seven miles an hour for the whole journey, whereas travellers of those days often did not exceed three or four miles, and did not consider themselves aggrieved if they were detained several hours by an accident.†

At last the town of Châlons-sur-Marne was safely reached. The King believed that this point once passed all danger was at an end. At the first post along the road a detachment of Bouillé's army would be met, the precursor of many others, who would envelop the King and protect him safely to his frontier fortress. The horses were changed at the Châlons post-house, at the end of the town near the Eastern gate; and tradition says that, as they were starting off, the team fell badly and again broke the harness; a presage of evil omen for their success. On they fared, past the triumphal arch which had greeted Marie Antoinette on her arrival as Dauphine, past the Pilgrimage Church of our Lady of the Thorn with its miraculous well, past the road from Rheims, the city of the coronation, till in a deep and solitary valley they reached the lone post-house of Pont-Sommevesle, where the promised succour was to be met. Not a soldier was to be seen. Where was Choiseul? Where were the Lauzun hussars? The King felt as if an abyss had opened beneath his feet. The horses were quickly changed, and the berline rattled on; but a heavy weight was on the travellers' hearts, which foreboded a coming calamity.

In the correspondence between Bouillé and the King there had always been talk of an escort. One reason why Bouillé had been acquainted so early of the King's plans was because his command extended over so large a part of France, and he had

* Tourzel, 310. † Fersen, i. 130.

so wide a discretion over the movements of troops. Lately, however, his command had been curtailed, and the Minister of War had intimated that troops were not to be moved without his authority. It is a mistake to place the fault of having an escort to the account of the King. Just before the flight we find Bouillé writing to Fersen, that he is to take great care about the security of the road as far as Châlons. Fersen replies, that it is not necessary to take any precautions between Paris and Châlons, that the best course is to take none, and that Bouillé would be wise to place soldiers nowhere on the Paris side of Varennes unless he can thoroughly trust them, for soldiers will create suspicion, which it is their first object to avoid.* Still Bouillé is to be credited with the masterly skill, with which he arranged that his troops should be passing through the towns on the King's line of journey, just at the time when they seemed to be preparing for military movements to repulse the Austrians who were approaching the frontier. The means by which this was effected, and the details of the military operations, will require a fuller explanation.

The regiment of Royal Allemand, on which Bouillé could count better than on any other, was posted at Stenay, a little town on the Meuse, ten miles from Montmédy, and about half-way between Sedan and Verdun. On the day of the King's flight about fifty troopers of the Royal Allemand were sent in advance to Mouzay, a village a short distance from Stenay on the road to Dun. At the beginning of June two squadrons of the Lauzun hussars, each 100 strong, were sent from Toul to the frontier of the Meuse. A squadron and a half (150 men) were to remain in barracks at Dun, where there was a bridge over the Meuse which the King must pass. The remaining half squadron, fifty strong, were sent to Varennes. But on the pretext of the barracks of Dun being too small, the numbers of soldiers at Varennes were increased to about one hundred. Two other regiments appeared to Bouillé to be trustworthy: the Royal dragoons, commanded by the Duc de Choiseul, and the Monsieur dragoons, commanded by the Comte de Damas. The bulk of these regiments had been sent by order of the Minister of War, against Bouillé's wish, into Alsace, but the depôts, consisting of some of the best troops, remained behind. These Bouillé ordered to march to Mouzon, a town on the Meuse between Stenay and Sedan. On the way they were to

* The diary of Essex, the architect, read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, March 15, 1886, says that he travelled between Calais and Dunkirk, August 20, 1773, with six horses, at the rate of nearly three miles and a half an hour, baiting the horses every six miles.

rest

rest two days at Clermont, and to despatch a squadron of forty men to Ste. Ménehould, on the pretext of escorting a treasure. Thus, with the specious appearance of guarding the Meuse fortresses, Bouillé contrived to collect troops in the various towns through which the King's flight was to take place.

The two squadrons of dragoons, 290 men and 250 horses, forming one column under the command of Monsieur de Damas, the contingent of Royal dragoons being under the command of Captain d'Andoins, arrived at Clermont on the morning of Monday, June 20th. They were quartered in the town, with the exception of forty men, under the command of Captain St. Didier, who were lodged at Auzéville, a village a mile and a half distant. Scarcely had the inhabitants of Clermont recovered from the excitement of their arrival, when forty Lauzun hussars, wearing bear-skins with red caps, halted in the square of the town. Monsieur de Goguelat, an officer possessing the confidence of the King and Queen, had been sent by them to Bouillé to help him in making the last arrangements. The choice was unfortunate, because of all the blunderers in this affair none was so bad as Goguelat. He disobeyed the most important orders that were given him, and everything left to his discretion was badly done.* Goguelat, starting from Montmédy, had reached Varennes on Sunday evening. On Monday morning he took with him forty out of the 100 Lauzun hussars who were quartered at Varennes. Their orders were to pass through Clermont to Ste. Ménehould, to proceed the next morning to Pont-Sommevesle, to await the King's arrival, or, as they were told, to escort an expected treasure. The officer in command of the detachment was Lieutenant Boudet, but they were under the general direction of Goguelat. On arriving at Clermont, Goguelat found Damas and the other dragoon officers breakfasting in the Hôtel St. Nicholas. He delivered the verbal order which he had received from Bouillé, that the dragoons were to be saddled the following day at five o'clock in the afternoon. After luncheon, Goguelat rode on to Ste. Ménehould, distant about ten miles. His soldiers were not to be billeted upon the population, but were to lodge in public-houses in the town. He therefore saw no need to inform the municipality of his arrival, or to sound his trumpets on entering as was the usual custom. This caused great irritation. Ste. Ménehould was strongly affected by the

* Yet the King and Queen trusted him and forgave him after the failure of the flight. Bouillé specially asked for him, and Fersen writes of him to Bouillé: 'C'est un homme sûr, il ne faut que le modérer.' Fersen, i. 129.

patriotic fever. A national guard had been formed there, but it had not been armed. The irregular entry of the troops was resented by the population, and when they left the next morning for Pont-Sommevesle they were hissed.

At daybreak on Tuesday morning Lagache, a quarter-master of the Royal dragoons, was sent by Damas to Ste. Ménehould to prepare a lodging for thirty-three men and horses, who were to escort the so-called treasure on its arrival from Pont-Sommevesle. He found quarters in an inn looking on the great square and on the magnificent Hôtel de Ville built in 1740, not far from the post-house established in 1788, and kept by Drouet.* At about nine o'clock, just after the departure of the hussars, a sound of trumpets was heard on the side of the forest road. Captain d'Andoins, who was in command of the troop, being warned by Lagache, took care to sound his trumpets, and to inform the municipality of his arrival. He drew up his soldiers in the great square, reported himself to the mayor, and was well received. This completed the chain of Bouillé's guard, which extended in unbroken series from Pont-Sommevesle to Montmédy. What had caused the desertion of the first link in the chain; how was it that the King on arriving at the post-house, where he felt certain of his escort, had found no one to meet him?

The Duke de Choiseul, commander of the Royal dragoons, had been sent by Bouillé from Metz, in order to give the King the last information about the preparations for the flight. Fersen expressed at the time a doubt as to whether he was the best instrument for the purpose.† Although devoted to the cause of the King, he was frivolous and hasty, and had not that spirit of calm patience and decision which was needed in the difficult crisis. However, he was very rich and of high rank, was colonel of a distinguished regiment, and was able to furnish from his own stables relays which were needed for the Royal party at Varennes. It was arranged that Choiseul should leave Paris ten hours before the King. At two in the afternoon the Queen sent to him her private hairdresser, Léonard. Choiseul took him with him in his carriage without telling him where he was going. They slept at Montmirail, left that town at four the next morning, and arrived at the post-house of Pont-Sommevesle soon after eleven. Choiseul found

* There is a plan of Ste. Ménehould in M. Ancelon's book.

† Fersen writes to Bouillé: 'Tâchez, s'il est possible, de ne pas envoyer le Duc de Choiseul ici; personne n'est sans doute plus attaché, mais c'est un jeune homme, un brouillon, je crains quelque indiscrétion . . . Renvoyez plutôt Goguelat.'—Fersen, i. 136.

his

his orderly there with two horses. He went upstairs to put on his uniform. The hussars had not arrived, but they appeared an hour later. Monsieur de Goguelat found Choiseul still dressing, and delivered to him a large packet of orders, which he had received two days before from Bouillé. Choiseul picketed his horses, and gave bread and wine to the hussars. The orders given by Goguelat to Choiseul were very precise. He was placed in command of all the troops posted along the road, having full liberty to employ force, if he thought best to do so. If he should hear that the King had been arrested at Châlons, he was to attack the town and to attempt a rescue. In this case he was to dispatch orders along the line, so that he might be supported. When the King arrived at Pont-Sommevesle, Choiseul was to await his orders. If the King desired to be recognized, the hussars were to escort him with drawn swords to Ste. Ménehould. If the King wished to remain incognito, he was to allow him to pass quietly, but half-an-hour afterwards was to follow him along the road, and was to post a body of hussars between Ste. Ménehould and Clermont, who were to remain there for fifteen hours, and intercept every one who came either on horseback or in carriage from the direction of Paris. This would effectually prevent the King being pursued. Further, as soon as he became aware that the King was at hand, he was to send M. Goguelat to inform the several detachments, or, if this was impossible, he was to carry the news himself. Choiseul did none of the things that were expected of him. By some strange miscalculation, it had been said that the berline was expected to arrive at Pont-Sommevesle at half-past two in the afternoon at latest, supposing that the Royal family left Paris punctually at midnight. This would allow a pace of eight miles an hour, including all stoppages, and without any accidents. A courier, Choiseul says in his defence, was to precede the Royal carriage by an hour; therefore, when three o'clock and four o'clock arrived, and neither courier nor carriage was to be seen, Choiseul began to be very anxious. He tells us that the peasants of a neighbouring village, which are believed to be those of Courtisols, were assembling in a threatening attitude, thinking that the hussars were come to make them pay their rents. At four o'clock, therefore, he sends off Léonard, the hairdresser, in his own post-chaise, telling him to inform the detachments, that he feared the travellers would not pass that day, in short that the whole scheme had probably collapsed. He asserts that after this he waited another hour, and finally, at about half-past five or a quarter to six, retreated with his hussars slowly on the road to Orbeval. Unfortunately, the

the account of the Duc de Choiseul, which has been so often followed, is of the nature of a personal exculpation, and cannot be received as evidence. Two things we know for certain—that the Royal travellers found the road between Châlons and Pont-Sommevesle absolutely quiet and deserted; they heard no news of any troops, or of any disturbance among the peasantry; and that if Choiseul had really remained at Pont-Sommevesle till a quarter to six, and then marched slowly towards Orbeval, the berline which arrived at Pont-Sommevesle between six and half-past must inevitably have caught him up. We do not know when Choiseul left Pont-Sommevesle, but we do know that he entirely lost his head.*

It is also certain that Choiseul ought in any case to have waited for the courier Valory. Valory had been ordered, in case the King should not reach Bondy before 3.30 A.M., to ride along the road to Montmédy, and to inform the detachments that the enterprise had failed. Choiseul's neglect to wait for Valory in any case, whether preceding the King or not, was quite inexcusable.

Valory, on arriving at Pont-Sommevesle, found the post deserted, and asked no questions of the postmaster. He left money to pay for a glass of brandy for each of the postboys, and had the new horses brought out into the road. He then mounted a fresh steed, and galloped towards Ste. Ménehould. What had happened in that town since the morning? D'Andoins had been there with his thirty-three dragoons since nine o'clock. They were ordered to remain saddled all day, ready to march at any moment. At five in the afternoon D'Andoins walked out on the road to Pont-Sommevesle, but saw nothing. Shortly afterwards Léonard, the hairdresser, arrived with Choiseul's message, that the treasure would probably not pass that day. The dragoons saw their Colonel's carriage pass with his servant, whom they recognized. Lagache, who was probably in the secret of the flight, thought it best to test the loyalty of the dragoons by sounding the assembly. Each trooper left his occupation at the call of duty, and stood in due obedience by his charger. D'Andoins, coming up directly afterwards, rebuked Lagache for the rashness of his conduct in collecting the troopers. He was evidently frightened by the responsibility of facing an irritated democracy, and his chief anxiety was to save his own skin at any cost. He ordered the horses to be unsaddled, in spite of Lagache's remonstrances. Scarcely half an hour after this had been done,

* We know that he was at Neuville-au-Pont at a little before eight.

Valory

Valory galloped up, and twenty minutes later the berline rolled towards the post-house.

The arrival of a large and luxurious travelling-coach would cause excitement at any time in a town like Ste. Ménehould; but the town was not in its ordinary condition. The passing of Goguelat's hussars had exasperated the citizens, and the arrival of the dragoons, an hour after the hussars had left, increased their excitement. At about half-past ten in the morning the inhabitants began to assemble in knots in the streets, and at mid-day a formal request was made to the mayor to deliver to the National Guards, who had been already enrolled, the 300 muskets which had been sent for their use from Châlons. This was immediately done, and it was arranged that the new force should mount guard every evening at eight o'clock. Valory tells us that Ste. Ménehould was the first town on the road where he saw the National Guards in uniform. When the large travelling-coach arrived with its outriders and post-chaise, although it was not specially remarkable in itself, it naturally attracted attention. The dragoons, unfortunately separated from their horses, drew up in front of the hostelry of the Golden Sun to gaze at it. Some of them saluted the travellers, as a mark of respect, not knowing who they were, and the Queen graciously returned their salutation. D'Andoins kept in the background as much as possible, but he had time to whisper to those in the carriage, 'Your plans are badly laid; I will go away to avoid suspicion.' He also made a sign to Valory to harness quickly, but Valory interpreted this as a wish to speak to him, and their conversation roused the attention of the crowd. Just as the fresh horses were being harnessed, J. B. Drouet, the postmaster, arrived from a field which he had been cultivating in the neighbourhood. The name of it, Malassise, still lives in local tradition. He was a young man of twenty-eight, but had served in the Condé dragoons, and had seen the Queen at Versailles. He now thought he recognized her. At this moment the King put his head out of the carriage to speak to Valory or to some one else,* and Drouet, by a sudden inspiration, compared the portrait on the assignat, with which Valory had just paid the relays, with the head of the traveller in the berline. He noticed the long aquiline nose, the short-sighted look, the spotted complexion; and when a message from the Town Council came to ask his opinion, he had no doubt that the berline contained the King

* At one time the King thought of taking M. de Saint-Priest with him. Fersen says, 'il lui faut en voiture quelqu'un qui puisse parler, si cela était nécessaire.'—Fersen, i. 128.

and

and his family. Indeed, the recognition of the King appears to have been made simultaneously by many of the loiterers. Dumas relates in his 'Route de Varennes' that an old inhabitant of Ste. Ménehould told him that, as a boy, whilst standing at the door of the 'Poste aux lettres,' the postmaster (not Drouet), cried at the sight of the berline, 'Voici le roi et sa famille.' The suspicion quickly ran from mouth to mouth; it was increased by the action of the brave Lagache, who, determining that one dragoon at least should do his duty and follow his Sovereign, clutched his reins in his teeth, and with a pistol in each hand broke through the opposing crowd, firing a shot as he passed. A man tried to stop him as he rode over the little bridge leading to the wood, but, on Lagache presenting his second pistol at him, he jumped into the river to save himself. Lagache followed the berline towards Clermont, but with the fatality which accompanied every incident in the flight, he went astray in the wood, and did not reach Clermont till eleven at night, when the King was already at Varennes.* After the berline had passed, D'Andoins tried to mount his dragoons; but they were detained by the townspeople, who showed so firm a countenance, that, when summoned to disarm, he was not sorry to surrender to the order of the mayor.

Drouet always claimed for himself the merit of having recognised the King, and having followed him at his own risk. The minutes of the Town Council of Ste. Ménehould leave no doubt that he was despatched, together with Guillaume, an officer of the municipality, by the orders of the town, and with the general knowledge and consent of the citizens. Drouet once on his road, D'Andoins and his dragoons disarmed. A message arrived from Neuville-au-Pont, a town about three miles from Ste. Ménehould, to say that eighty hussars from Pont-Sommevesle (fear had doubled their number) had passed through the town a little before eight o'clock: by so small a distance had Choiseul missed the berline. Fearing lest the hussars should intercept Drouet and Guillaume, three citizens, Legay, Lapointe, and Collet, volunteered to follow and protect them. However, as they galloped out of the Clermont Gate, the National Guard fired upon them. Collet was killed, and Legay was seriously wounded. A cry arose, 'To arms, to arms, we are betrayed.' All the muskets available at the town hall were distributed to the populace, even to women. The windows were lighted up, and the town was barricaded on the Clermont side. The tocsin

* Lagache afterwards became General Henri in Napoleon's service.

was sounded, and bread was baked all night for the National Guards, who were expected to come in.

In the meantime the King was posting through one of the most picturesque parts of France, towards Clermont. He passed high above the lovely valley of the Biesme, and through the gorge of les Islettes, one of the five defiles of the Argonne, unconscious of his fate. At Clermont, Damas did not do his duty much better than Choiseul or D'Andoins. His dragoons had been ordered to mount their horses at five o'clock in the afternoon. He conceived the idea of forming a special corps of thirty troopers to form a guard for the King. From five o'clock these thirty men were drawn up close to the post-house, ready to start at a moment's notice. With the rest of the troops he intended to follow the King's route, and to stop all travellers from Paris. Two hours passed, and the people began to be uneasy. At half-past seven Léonard, that ill-omened bird of passage, drove by with Choiseul's message, which, however, Damas at first disregarded. Night drew on, and Damas's officers begged him to allow the soldiers to retire to their quarters. At nine o'clock he fatally yielded, and, fearing that the enterprise was at an end, ordered the horses to be unsaddled. Half an hour later the berline arrived. Damas was obliged to excuse himself for not having the escort ready. In ten minutes the new horses were harnessed, and the berline rolled on towards the end of its journey. Unfortunately the courier, who rode on the box of the carriage, called out in a loud voice to the postillions, 'Route de Varennes.' This was overheard by the postillions of the previous stage, who were returning to Ste. Ménehould. On their way home they met Drouet and Guillaume just outside Clermont, and were able to inform them of the direction the berline had taken. Without this knowledge they would have ridden along the straight road to Verdun. It is painful to think of the number of petty incidents which caused the failure of this momentous enterprise. Damas, being prevented by the people of Clermont from following with his troops, sent one of his quartermasters, Remy, and a few soldiers to follow the King. They missed the turning to Varennes, and, after riding hard for two hours, found themselves close to Verdun, making the very mistake which Drouet was saved from making. Charles Bouillé, the second son of the Marquis, and young Raigecourt, who were awaiting the King's arrival at Varennes, being impatient at his delay, sent an orderly for news. He passed the berline and its outriders at a short distance from the town, but he did not speak to them nor they to him, yet he was in possession of that

that very information about the position of the relays which would have saved the monarchy of France.

The Royal family arrived at the outskirts of Varennes at about eleven o'clock. Varennes is a little town sloping downwards towards the river Aire with one long narrow street.* As he passes down it the traveller reaches the first open square, the Place du Château, where the old seignorial castle once stood. A short distance further will bring him to the Hôtel de Ville and to an open space opposite to it. In 1791 this space was occupied by the church of St. Gengoult, since destroyed. The bell tower of the church stands next to the Hôtel de Ville, and was at that time connected with the main building by a low arch. As we pass down the steep and narrow street, we find on the right-hand side next to the bell tower a house which was once the Bras d'Or tavern. A little further, on the opposite side, is the house of M. Sauce, in which the Royal family passed the night after their capture. A very short distance brings us to the river, and to the narrow bridge which crosses it. On the other side of the bridge is a large square with a church in the centre. Facing the church, at the angle nearest the bridge, is the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, little changed during the last hundred years. It was here that the relays were stabled, and that Bouillé and Raigecourt awaited the arrival of the King. From the door of the Grand Monarque, two roads diverge, one to Verdun, the other to Stenay. It had been arranged with the King that the relays should be posted at the end of the town nearest to Clermont. Varennes was not on the post road, no horses were kept there, and even driving there with post horses was a matter of favour. This arrangement had been altered by the unlucky Goguelat, who, counting on the arrival of Choiseul or Valory some time before the King, had decided to leave the relays where they were.

The 21st of June had passed very quietly for the inhabitants of the little town. The next day but one was the Fête-Dieu; and those who could spare the time were engaged in making garlands and ornaments for the procession. The hair-dresser, Léonard, who had caused such mischief along the road, reached Varennes at half-past nine with his message of despair. He asked for Choiseul's horses to continue his journey. These were denied him, but he procured others. Had he continued on the road to Montmédy, he would have met Bouillé, and perhaps have induced him to advance to see what was the matter, but stricken by the common fatality, he took the road to Verdun

* There is a plan of Varennes in Ancelon.

Havi

Having done all the mischief he could by his journey on the King's route, he now discontinued it at the very moment when he might have been of use.

The travelling coach stopped at the entrance of the town, where the King had been told that the relays would be found. Nothing was to be seen, every house was in profound repose. The King descended from the carriage and knocked at a door. A voice from within cried, 'Go along with you, we don't know what you want.' The Queen got out in her turn, and on the arm of M. de Malden knocked at the door of a large house in the first square. It was inhabited by M. de Préfontaine, a knight of Saint Louis, and agent for the Condé estates in those parts. He was at this time unwell, and knew nothing of what was going on in the town, he could therefore give the Queen no information. As Marie Antoinette was in the house, and the two other body-guards, MM. de Valory and de Moustier, were looking for the relays, four men on horseback galloped by, one of them called out to the postillions, 'Go no further; unharness your horses; your passenger is the King.' The body-guards, after examining a wood in the neighbourhood of the town where no horses were likely to be concealed, sauntered down the narrow street, but never once thought of crossing the bridge. When Valory came back to the King, he was met with the words, 'François, we are betrayed.' Shortly afterwards the Queen came back to the carriage, handed to it by M. de Préfontaine. She was received with the same terrible news. The only course left was to proceed further, but the postillions positively refused to stir an inch. The body-guards promised money, the postillions answered that their horses were tired, that their master at Clermont had charged them to go no further than the entrance to Varennes, and that his wife had especially enjoined them under no consideration to make a longer journey, because they were wanted for the hay harvest the next day. It is said that Madame Canitrot, for that was her name, never forgave herself for having thus caused the death of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. At last the body-guards threatened the postillions with their hunting knives; the carriage moved slowly on; but thirty-five minutes had been lost, and it was too late.

Drouet and Guillaume, after passing the berline, had stopped at the tavern of the Bras d'Or on the other side of the archway.* The clock had just struck a quarter past eleven. A few young men of the neighbourhood were engaged in con-

* The other two horsemen had been sent from Clermont, but they took no part in the arrest of the King.

versation,

versation, and were preparing to go home, when they heard the rattle of horses' hoofs. They were Paul Leblanc, the brother of the landlord, Jean Leblanc, Joseph Ponsin, Justin George, son of the mayor who was then in Paris, Thennevin, bailiff of the neighbouring village of Les Islettes, and Delion from Mont Faucon. The door opened, and Drouet entered in haste; he drew the landlord on one side, and said, 'Friend, are you a good patriot?' 'Of course I am,' he replied. 'Well, if that is so, go as quickly as you can and tell all trustworthy people that the King is at the entrance of Varennes, that he is coming down the street, and that he must be arrested.' The landlord first recruited the men who were in his parlour; he then went to M. Sauce, who was Procureur of the Commune, called him out of bed, and told him what he had heard. Drouet's first care was to barricade the bridge, which united the two parts of the town, using for that purpose a waggon full of furniture which he accidentally found there. The other seven armed themselves with muskets, and prepared to stop the carriage as it passed from under the archway. They arranged that they should first ask for the travellers' passports, and when they were delivered gain time as much as possible that the people might assemble in force. At this momentous crisis Charles Bouillé and Raigecourt were sitting at their window doing nothing. They heard a little movement in the town, but paid no attention. Sauce sent his little children to give an alarm of fire through the town. The inhabitants hurried together believing the bad news, and some of the hussars came out of their barracks to see if they could be of use. One of the gates of the archway was shut, the seven patriots were reinforced by three others, making ten in all. The postchaise, with the two chambermaids, was first stopped by the landlord and his brother. Sauce approached and asked the ladies for their passport. They answered that it was in the second carriage. The occupants of the berline replied to their questions that they were on the way to Frankfort. Sauce held up a lantern inside the carriage and gazed at the faces of the travellers. At last the passport was delivered to him. It was signed by Louis himself,* but Drouet or Sauce remarked, that it did not bear the countersign of the President of the National Assembly. Sauce added, that it was now too late to verify the passport, that it was dangerous for the travellers to continue their journey during the night, that they must get out of the carriage and wait for daybreak. When the postillions

* There is a facsimile of the passport in Bimbenet, 150.

attempted

attempted to proceed they were stopped by the armed men, who cried, 'If you go a step further we fire.' Nothing was left for the Royal family but to get out.

Sauce offered the hospitality of his house. It was only a few steps distant on the left-hand side of the sloping street. It has since been altered, and local tradition states that it has been moved back in order to make the street wider, but its main features still remain unchanged. On the ground-floor there was a grocer's shop, with a strong smell of tallow, which the Queen could not put up with. The upper story is reached by a narrow corkscrew staircase, which has apparently remained unchanged till the present day. On the upper floor are two rooms, one looking out into the street, the other into a small courtyard. In the back room, about fifteen feet by twenty, was collected the majesty of France. The King seated himself in an armchair in the middle of the room, the Queen asked for some hot water, wine, and clean sheets, probably all for the children.* The Dauphin and his sister were placed upon a bed and were soon asleep, the faithful Madame de Tourzel seated by their side. The body-guards sat on a bench underneath the window. It is incredible that the King should not have been rescued at this moment. Sixty hussars were in their barracks at a short distance from the bridge, with their horses harnessed, ready to start at any moment. A few of them only had been disturbed by the cry of fire. That they were useless in the crisis was owing to Goguelat's errors. By some strange infatuation he had sent their proper commander, Deslon, off to Bouillé, where he could be of no use, and had left them in the charge of a young lieutenant of eighteen, Rohrig, who lost his head and did nothing. As soon as he found himself in a difficulty, he crossed the river by a ford and galloped off to Bouillé. Charles Bouillé and Raigecourt did the same. By this time the whole population of Varennes was on foot. They built barricades at the entrance of all the streets leading to the country. They dragged out two or three pieces of ordnance which were rusting in the stables of the Town-hall, and placed them partly on the bridge, and partly at the entrance of the Clermont Wood.

When these arrangements were complete, at about one o'clock in the morning, Choiseul and his forty hussars, who, after their departure from Pont-Sommevesle, had left the high-road a little before reaching Ste. Ménehould, and had taken five hours

* The story of the King asking for food is a fable. There was plenty of provisions in the carriage, and a silver-gilt jug was left behind in Sauce's house by the Royal family on their departure next day.

to ride from Neuville-au-Pont through the woods, arrived at the entrance of Varennes. They were stopped by the little barricade and the two rusty pieces of cannon, an obstacle which the forty hussars might have brushed aside in a moment. Almost at the same moment a few dragoons, under the command of Damas, came up from Clermont. The two bodies of cavalry passed easily through the barricade, and entered the town. They first halted in the Place du Château, where the Royal family had wasted thirty-five minutes two hours before. Here they met Sauce. He had been to rouse the principal Judge, by name Destez, who was acquainted with the King's appearance, and who, he hoped, might recognise him. As he passed by, Sauce took care to speak to the hussars, and to tamper with their allegiance. Choiseul marched straight down the street, not halting at the house in which the Royal family were prisoners, till he reached the convent which served as barracks for the hussars. He found it deserted, and none but the grooms were to be seen. He drew up his soldiers in the court-yard; told them that the King and Queen were prisoners in the town, and they must rescue them or die. Harsh guttural cries of 'Der König, die Königinn!' rose from the men, who were mostly Germans. Then, breaking his squadron into fours, he trotted up the street with drawn swords and halted opposite Sauce's house, Damas, in the meantime, had crossed the bridge, notwithstanding the barricade, had learned at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, that the two officers in charge of the relays had galloped off to Stenay, and had returned to the narrow street where he found M. de Choiseul. At this moment, very slight firmness on the part of the hussars, or their commander, would have saved the King, but there was the usual hesitation and delay. Goguelat mounted the corkscrew staircase into the petty prison of his Sovereign, to ask for orders, as if the King, in such a situation, could have any orders to give.

The travellers had been already recognised. M. Destez had thrown himself at the King's feet; the King had said, 'Yes, I am your King; I cannot remain any longer at Paris without death to my family and myself.' A dispute ensued between Sauce and Louis as to whether it was better for the country that he should go or stay. The Queen could bear it no longer, but cried, 'If you recognize him as your King, treat him with more respect.' At one moment it seemed as if the gaoler would give way. The King embraced all who were standing round and moved them to tears. This emotion soon passed. Drouet was always at hand to keep the patriots to their purpose. Sauce's house, and even the room where the Royal family were imprisoned,

prisoned, were besieged by a surging crowd. Tradition says that when Louis asserted his firm intention of not going beyond the frontier, a little bandy-legged cripple cried out, 'Sire, we do not believe you.' For some time Sauce maintained the specious fiction, that the Royal family should set off whither they pleased at day-break. The Queen did her best to touch the heart of Madame Sauce, and Sauce's mother, an old lady of eighty, on coming into the chamber fell down upon her knees, bursting into tears and kissed the hands of the children.

When Goguelat entered the room, Louis said to him, 'Well, when shall we be off?' He answered, 'Sire, we await your orders.' Damas suggested a plan of carrying off the whole party on seven horses belonging to the hussars, guarded by the remaining thirty-three. Louis feared that a stray ball might kill one of the party. The plan indeed was an insane one. It would be far easier to have cleared the road by a charge and driven off in the berline. At last the fatal decision was taken of waiting for Bouillé. Every moment that elapsed made the King's fate more certain, and yet the Royal party seemed to clutch at every pretext for delay. By two o'clock in the morning five thousand peasants from the neighbouring villages had reached Varennes, and an hour later their number had doubled. The barricades were strengthened, and the hussars placed before Sauce's house found themselves between two fires. It is a comfort to discover amongst all this pusillanimity one touch of courage. Goguelat attempted to disperse the crowd which was collecting round the royal berline; Roland, an officer of the National Guard, seized his horse by the bridle. Goguelat drew his sword and threatened him. Roland fired his pistol, and the ball was flattened against Goguelat's collar-bone. His horse reared and the rider fell slightly wounded. He was taken into the Bras d'Or tavern, where his hurt was attended to. This pistol shot might have been the signal of a massacre, but the hussars, instead of attacking the crowd, fraternized with them; jars of wine were passed from trooper to trooper. When Remy arrived from Clermont at four o'clock, he found the hussars drinking and calling 'Vive la Nation.'

The fate of Quartermaster Remy was another of those strange fatalities which brought about the final catastrophe. He had left Clermont shortly after the passage of the berline with the few horsemen whom he could find to accompany him. Unfortunately the main road through Clermont leads to Verdun, whereas the road to Varennes turns off at a sharp angle. Remy and his dragoons galloped on through the night, and when they asked their way found that they were close

close to Verdun. There was no means of reaching Varennes, except by passing again through Clermont. Had they taken the right road, they would have been with the berline when it reached the fatal arch, and could easily have cut down the few men who were opposing its passage.

Just as the sun broke over the lovely valley of the Aire, Sauce asked the King to show himself to the crowd from the window, which looked upon the street. Louis saw a dense mass of peasants armed with muskets, scythes, and pitchforks, and some women staggering, half tipsy, among the crowd. As he stood at the window there was a deep silence, and when he told those who could hear him that he would not leave them, that he was going to Montmédy, but that he would afterwards return to Varennes, there was a thunder of applause and reiterated cries of 'Vive le Roi!' 'Vive la Nation!' A few cries were heard of 'To Paris!' 'To Verdun!' Whilst the Royal family were anxiously expecting the arrival of Bouillé, the Municipality were declaring, that they had no intention of preventing the King's journey, but that at dawn of day he might go where he pleased. We cannot believe in the honesty of these professions. As early as two o'clock in the morning the Town Council sent a Varennes doctor, named Mangin, to the Assembly, to tell them that the King was in their town and to ask for instructions. Both parties wished to gain time, the King for the arrival of the general who was to rescue him, the town authorities for the collection of an overwhelming force which would drive the King back to Paris.

At five o'clock an officer of hussars broke into the room where the Royal family was assembled, with a bare sword; it was Captain d'Eslon, who had commanded the one hundred hussars at Varennes, but who had been sent off to Bouillé by the blundering Goguelat. Posted at Dun, he had heard at three o'clock in the morning from Lieutenant Rohrig, that two carriages had been stopped at Varennes, containing a man, some women, and children. D'Eslon, who was in the secret of the flight, could have no doubt as to the truth. He left thirty men to guard the bridge over the Meuse, and galloped with the other seventy to Varennes in an hour and a half. He found the bridge barricaded and defended by an experienced officer, M. de Signémont, who was taking part against his Sovereign, although he wore on his breast the cross of the order of St. Louis. D'Eslon, being badly supplied with ammunition, did not dare to charge. He asked leave to enter the town, which after some delay was granted. He walked on to Sauce's house, where he found thirty hussars drawn up in the street,

commanded

commanded by a National Guard, and after half-an-hour's delay he was enabled to see the King. Like all the other officers who had an interview with their Sovereign he asked for orders. The King replied that he was a prisoner, and that he had no orders to give. D'Eslon returned to his hussars and sent a message to Captain Boudet, who was in command of the hussars in barracks at Varennes, to make a charge from inside the town which he would support from outside. Boudet was at this time closely watched by national guards and the message never reached him. Even now a little dash and enterprise might have set the Royal family free from their embarrassments. There were at Varennes the sixty hussars who had been left there in barracks, the forty hussars who had returned from Pont-Sommevesle, the small body of dragoons who had come from Clermont with the Comte de Damas, the half-dozen troopers who had followed Quartermaster Remy, and the sixty or seventy hussars under the command of D'Eslon. They made, in all, a body of one hundred and eighty men. Could they have been combined in united action, they would have dispersed the crowd, however close or however fearless.

But the moments, in which decision was possible, were running out. At six o'clock it was full daylight, and the town officials were collected at the town hall to determine what they should do about the King's departure. At this moment two messengers arrived from Paris, who had been sent to follow the King, and bore the orders of the National Assembly. They were M. Baillon and M. de Romeuf. The latter was aide-de-camp to Lafayette, and was intimately known to the King and Queen. The King and his family were alone, in the small room at the back of the house of which we have spoken above. Baillon was the first to enter, his clothes covered with dust, his face hot with perspiration. He could scarcely give utterance to a few hurried words. Romeuf followed, bearing a paper in his hands. The Queen, when she saw him, cried, 'Sir, is it you? I never would have believed it.' It is indeed possible that, had Romeuf been alone, he would have given the Royal family an opportunity of escape. He now handed to the Queen the decree of the Assembly, which ordered the King's return to Paris. Louis read it over her shoulder, and said, 'There is no longer a King in France.' The Queen was less calm. 'What insolence!' she cried, and seeing that the paper had fallen on the Dauphin's bed, she seized it and threw it on the ground, saying that it should not sully the couch of her son.

After this, the only chance for the King was

for Bouillé to arrive. He asked to speak with the Deputies alone. Romeuf was willing to grant this request, but Baillon refused. The people below called out, 'Let us compel him to go by force, we will drag him into the carriage by his feet.' The King supplicated for a moment's delay; 'Could they not wait till eleven o'clock?' A hasty breakfast was served for the Royal family. The two children were still asleep, and the King went to sleep also. As a last resource, one of the waiting-maids (Madame de Neuville) declared herself to be seized with a violent attack of illness. The King refused to desert her, and a doctor was sent for. All these stratagems could not procure more than an hour's delay; the shouts of the impatient mob surged up from the street. The King went once more to the window to quiet them, and then begged to be left alone for a few minutes with his family. The carriages had been harnessed and brought up to Sauce's door. The Royal family slowly and sadly descended the winding staircase. The King walked first, and was followed by Madame de Tourzel and the two children. Choiseul gave his arm to the Queen, Damas to Madame Elizabeth. The body-guards were placed on the box seat in front, guarded by two grenadiers, with bayonets fixed to their muskets. When the Royal family had entered the carriage, Choiseul, who had been the chief cause of their calamity, closed the door. He tells us that he then experienced an inexpressible pang of anguish, that he felt as if he was surrendering Charles I. to the tender mercies of the Scotch.*

It was now half-past seven in the morning, and there was no news of Bouillé. What had caused his delay? Not a quarter of an hour after the King had left, a detachment of Royal Allemand was seen on the outskirts of the town. It was commanded by young Bouillé, and had been posted in a village between Dun and Stenay. Bouillé dashed across the river by a well-known ford, but was stopped by a deep and narrow trench which carried water to a mill. There was a ford higher up by which this obstacle could have been turned, and it is strange that Deslon should not have used it when he found his passage stopped by the barricade. The Marquis de Bouillé had passed the greater part of the night in a ditch by the side of the road leading from Dun to Varennes, his horse by his side, the bridle on his arm. Unfortunately before the news of the King's

* Worse even than the fate of the Stuart king was the long agony of those s[illegible] miserable victims, four of whom perished by a slow and torturing death, wh[illegible] one alone survived to bear through life the gloom and sadness of her darken[illegible] youth.

arr[illegible]

arrest could reach him, he had left this post and retired to Stenay. He therefore heard nothing of the disaster until four or half-past four o'clock. He did not lose an instant in giving his orders, but they were slowly obeyed. Although the regiment had been charged to be in readiness at daybreak, and although the horses had been saddled all night, the soldiers did not assemble till the clock had struck five. Bouillé placed himself at their head, addressed to them a few stirring words announcing the capture of the King, distributed four hundred louis among them, and set off at a quick trot. They reached Varennes between nine and half-past nine in the morning, when the King was already well on the road to Clermont. Even then Bouillé would have charged had there been any hope of success, but, convinced that it was impossible, he turned rein to Stenay and crossed the frontier that night, to die in England nine years afterwards.

The return-journey to Paris must be described in a few lines. Clermont was reached at ten o'clock. Half-way between that town and Varennes, the municipal officers met the cortège, and found the berline escorted by six thousand national guards. The heat and dust were terrible. At Clermont a new crowd of six thousand was assembled. Sauce returned to Varennes, fearing that the town might be attacked by Bouillé, and his place was taken by the mayor of Clermont. The King arrived at Ste. Ménehould about half-past one. The carriages were stopped at the gate, and the King had to listen to a municipal address. The Royal family lunched at the town hall. The Queen showed herself to the crowd with the Dauphin in her arms; as the King and Queen passed through the chapel, where the prisoners heard mass, they distributed money to the poor unfortunates, whose fate resembled their own. The procession left Ste. Ménehould at three in the afternoon. In the fields beyond the town M. de Dampierre was brutally massacred. He had assisted one of the waiting-maids into her post-chaise, and had followed the carriages on horseback. He was dragged off his horse and murdered. The assassins returned to the Royal carriage, bearing his head in their blood-stained hands. Châlons was not reached till eleven o'clock. Here the travellers lodged in the préfecture, a beautiful building of the later years of Louis XV., where Marie Antoinette had slept on her first arrival in France as Dauphiness. An offer was made to the King to arrange for his escape by a secret staircase. He refused, from fear of the danger it might cause to his wife and children. The next day, Thursday, was the Fête-Dieu, the day on which it had been arranged to celebrate a grand Mass in the camp of

 Montmédy,

Montmédy, and to present Bouillé with the bâton of a French marshal. The King would gladly have rested a day at Châlons to recover from his fatigue. But the 'patriots,' seeing that the sentiment of the town was in his favour, sent to Rheims for an army of roughs. They arrived at ten in the morning, and, breaking into the palace, interrupted the King's Mass as it had reached the Sanctus, and insisted upon his immediate departure. The Royal family had great difficulty in reaching their carriages, and, in their hurry, left a large sum of money behind them.

The route which they now took was not the same as that by which they had previously travelled; it trended to the north, by Epernay, and rejoined the southern road on La Ferté sous Jouarre. There was probably a desire to take the travellers through a district which was known to be strongly opposed to them. Between Châlons and Epernay the Queen offered to a poor hungry wretch a piece of 'bœuf à la mode,' which Fersen had placed in the carriage. A voice cried, 'Do not eat it. Do you not see that they wish to poison you?' The Queen immediately partook of it herself, and gave some of it to the Dauphin.* At Epernay the keys of the town were presented to the King, accompanied by an insolent speech from the mayor. As they got out of the carriage, a man was heard to say to his neighbour, 'Let me conceal myself and fire on the Queen, that no one may know where the shot comes from.' They dined there, but no one could eat a mouthful.† Between Epernay and Dormans, Pétion, Barnave, and Latour-Maubourg, met the Royal party as Commissioners of the National Assembly. Pétion and Barnave took their places in the berline. Latour-Maubourg preferred to travel with the waiting-maids, telling the King that he could depend upon his devotion, but that it was important to gain over the two others. The Queen told Fersen, when they met in February 1792, that Pétion's conduct had been indecent. At Dormans, cries of 'Vive la nation et l'assemblée nationale,' prevented the travellers from sleeping. The Dauphin dreamed that he was in a forest with wolves, who were attacking the Queen, and awoke weeping. There was much discussion in the berline about the policy of the flight, which Madame Elizabeth warmly defended. At Ferté sous Jouarre they were received with respectful attention by the mayor, and enjoyed the only quiet and repose which they met with during the journey. They reached Meaux in the evening. The day had been insupportable from dust and heat, and the angry crowd would

* Fersen, ii. 8. † Tourzel, i. 332.

not

not allow the blinds to be drawn down, nor the windows closed. Saturday, June 25, was the last day of this prolonged torment. It lasted thirteen hours, from six in the morning to seven in the evening. During the whole day the travellers were exposed to the glare of a midsummer sun, and to the insults of the mob. At the barrier they were met by a dense crowd of citizens. No one raised his hat or spoke a word. They entered the garden of the Tuileries by the swing bridge, and were protected, as they dismounted, by the care of Lafayette. The faithful body-guards were with difficulty rescued from summary slaughter.

Such is the true story of the flight to Varennes, more touching in its naked simplicity than any device of art could make it. The Royal family had many chances in their favour, and they would have escaped, unless every one of these chances had turned against them. If Choiseul had waited a short time longer at Pont-Sommevesle; if he had retired at a foot's pace towards Orbeval; if he had passed through Ste. Ménehould, or had halted at the parting of the ways, instead of losing himself precipitately in pathless woods; if Goguelat had remained behind at the post-house according to orders; if D'Andoins had not unsaddled his dragoons just before the berline arrived; if Lagache had not lost his way in the woods; if Damas had kept his men ready for action; if Charles Bouillé and Raigecourt had not shut themselves up in their bed-room; if the orderly whom they sent out for news had spoken with the berline when he met it outside Varennes; if Valory had crossed the bridge to the Grand Monarque; if Goguelat had not altered the position of the relays; if the hair-dresser Léonard had taken the road to Stenay, instead of losing himself on that to Verdun; if quarter-master Remy had not made a similar mistake—if any one of these things had turned out differently, the Royal family might have been saved. The accidents we have enumerated were in the hands of fate, the lack of courage and decision was due to other causes. Varennes, indeed, was a precursor of Valmy. As the resistance of the French Sans-culottes to the discipline of Prussian troops led to the retreat of the Allies, and eventually to the conquest of Europe, so now the enthusiasm, the energy, the activity, the resource of ignorant and undisciplined peasants, showed itself superior to all the wealth, the rank, the splendour, and the power, of the Ancien Régime.

ART. V.—1. *The Official Year-Book of the Church of England.* London, 1886.

2. *Report presented to the Czar by the Chief Procurator of the Synod of the Orthodox Church of Russia.* [In Russian.] 1885.

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9. *Comparative Progress of Ancient and Modern Missions.* By the Right Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. London, 1880.

10. *Observations on Missionary Societies and Missionaries.* By R. N. Cust. London, 1885.

11. *Indian Missions.* By Sir Bartle Frere. 3rd Edition. London, 1874.

12. *Protestant Foreign Missions.* By Theodore Christlieb, D.D. London, 1880.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, a little parlour in Northampton was the scene of an incident which, although trivial enough in its circumstances, is well worth recording as a landmark in the evolution of modern missionary enterprise. The Baptist ministers of the district being assembled for edifying converse, and a definite subject for discussion being needed, suggestions were invited from the younger brethren by the senior of the company, a Mr. Ryland, father of the better known Dr. Ryland, who during the first quarter of the present century occupied a leading position in the Baptist denomination. A pause followed, which at length was interrupted by the modest and hesitating, yet earnest, voice of a young man of twenty-five, a poor village shoemaker, who, while earning his livelihood by cobbling, had sufficiently educated himself to obtain acceptance as a local preacher in the neighbouring chapels. What he ventured to propose for discussion was the question, 'Whether the command given to the Apostles, to teach all nations, was obligatory on all succeeding ministers

the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent?' It seems that the question, harmless as it looks now, fell like a bomb-shell into the midst of the startled audience. 'You are a miserable enthusiast,' shouted the gray-haired president, 'for asking such a question. Certainly nothing can be done before another Pentecost, when an effusion of miraculous gifts, including the gift of tongues, will give effect to the commission of Christ as at first.'

The humble enthusiast of this story was William Carey, who seven years later sailed for India to raise the standard of the Cross among the heathen and Mohammedans of that vast peninsula; and after forty years of devoted and successful labours, which earned for him the title of the 'Father of modern English missions,' was laid to rest in his own settlement at Serampore, honoured and lamented by all the noblest and best in the land of his adoption.

It is a satisfaction to us to be able to direct attention to the fact, that at a comparatively early period of Dr. Carey's work, his merits, both as an Oriental linguist and a Christian missionary, were recognized in the pages of this Review. In its very first number, the date of which was February, 1809, what he was doing in India held an unusually prominent place. In the fifth article of that number his Sanskrit Grammar was favourably noticed along with two others, and acknowledged to be 'everywhere useful, laborious, and practical.' In the seventeenth article of the same number (for in those primitive days the articles were shorter and more numerous), his work came to the front in a much more important and conspicuous manner. No less a writer than Southey took up the defence of Carey and his colleagues, against the ribaldry with which Sydney Smith had bespattered them in his notorious article in the 'Edinburgh Review,'—an article of which the witty Canon had the grace afterwards to confess the 'absurdity unadulterated and pure.' Staunch champion of conformity as Southey had by that time become, at a period when a bitter and contemptuous feeling against Dissenters widely pervaded the Established Church, the generous indignation which burned within him as a Christian man rose superior to every prejudice, and flashed out in the following fine vindication:—

'Nothing can be more unfair than the manner in which the scoffers and alarmists have represented the missionaries. We, who have thus vindicated them, are neither blind to what is erroneous in their doctrine or ludicrous in their phraseology; but the anti-missionaries cull out from their journals and letters all that is ridiculous, sectarian, and

and trifling; call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists; and keep out of sight their love of man, and their zeal for God, their self-devotement, their indefatigable industry, and their unequalled learning. These low-born and low-bred mechanics have translated the whole Bible into Bengali, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanskrit, the Orissa, Mahratta, Hindostan, and Guzarat, and translating it into Persic, Telinga, Karnata, Chinese, the language of the Sicks and of the Burmans, and in four of these languages they are going on with the Bible. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear more so when it is remembered that one of these men was originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and a third the master of a charity school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Carey and Thomas set foot in India, and in that time have these missionaries acquired this gift of tongues; in fourteen years these low-born, low-bred mechanics have done more towards spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished, or ever attempted, by all the princes and potentates of the world—and all the universities and establishments into the bargain.'

We have called the incident, which redeemed from insignificance the little Baptist meeting at Northampton in 1786, a landmark in the history of missions, because it strikingly marked their darkest hour just before the dawn of their brightest day. At that time the evangelizing energy of Christendom had almost died out. From these islands, happily now the source and centre of the grandest and most systematic attempt to scatter the darkness of heathendom that the world has ever seen, there was not in the foreign mission-field a single labourer of any religious denomination whatsoever! The Church of England, Southey wrote, had learning and talent, but its age of fermentation had long been over. Not that it was doing absolutely nothing, or had no eye except for its own home concerns; but it failed to find so much as one among its sons to carry forth the Gospel torch where darkness still brooded over the nations. Its oldest religious Association, the venerable and large-hearted Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, founded nearly a hundred years before, had in its youth heard with sympathy and joy of the sending forth of the little Lutheran mission, under the protection of the Government of Denmark, to labour among the natives of the Danish settlements on the extreme south-east coast of India, and for three-quarters of a century had been year by year giving it generous support; but no Englishman, cleric or lay, had ever moved a finger in personal help. No lips, touched by the fire from the altar, exclaimed, 'Here I am, send me.' To honour the devoted

devoted Lutherans was one thing, to imitate them quite another. In vain did the Primate, Archbishop Wake, the President of the Society, address to them, in 1718, the following glowing eulogium :—

'Your province, brethren, your office, I place before all the dignities in the Church. Let others be Pontiffs, Patriarchs, or Popes; let them glitter in purple, in scarlet, or in gold; let them seek the admiration of the wondering multitudes, and receive obeisance on the bended knee. Ye have acquired a better name than they, and a more sacred fame.'

No Englishman's heart burned within him; and as the eighteenth century drew to its close, what between the growing rationalism of Germany and Denmark and the wars which swept over the Carnatic, this coast mission, made illustrious by the apostolic labours of Swartz during half a century, but never in its palmiest days sustained by a European staff larger than could be counted on the fingers, languished and dwindled till it sank into a state almost of inanition. What other small contribution towards the extension of Christendom was made by England during that dark century was almost entirely confined to the North American Colonies, to which help was occasionally sent by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to carry on the labours begun by Eliot in the preceding century for the conversion of the Indians; but even this was a Colonial rather than a British enterprise, the mother-country having little direct share in it. It remains literally true that when the Northamptonshire cobbler propounded his question, not a single native of Britain was engaged in pioneering the way of the Gospel among the heathen.

Nor were things materially better with the Protestant churches on the Continent of Europe. Besides the Danish already mentioned, the only missionary agencies in operation were one in Holland and one among the United Brethren or Moravians. With the Dutch, missions were a department of the Government for bringing over to Christianity the natives in their Eastern dependencies of Ceylon, Java, Formosa, and Amboyna. What the work gained in apparent magnitude by its connection with the State was more than counterbalanced by its loss in solidity and thoroughness. Conversions were little better than nominal, and when tested in Ceylon by the withdrawal of official patronage on the conquest of the island by Britain in 1795, their hollowness was manifested by the rapid melting away of the native Christian community. In fact, the one spot in reformed Christendom where the true missionary flame burned bright and clear was

was the small Moravian settlement at Herrnhut. From thence, beginning with the year 1732, bands of humble missionaries, resolved to support themselves by the toil of their own hands, started in quick succession to convert the negro slaves and the Indians in the West Indies and North America, the Hottentots of Southern Africa, and the Eskimos of Greenland, always led by some spiritual instinct to select spheres of activity where the work of conversion seemed the roughest and least hopeful.

Turning to the Church of Rome, so renowned for carrying forth its faith to the heathen in the preceding centuries, there, too, at the epoch of which we are speaking, the fire of missionary zeal, which had blazed forth with the rise of the Jesuit order, had almost burned itself out. In India, China, Japan, in the Philippine Islands and Paraguay, where Xavier, de Nobili, Breschi, and a missionary host, contributed by the great religious Orders of the Latin Communion, had won their triumphs, little remained as the fruit of their labours but a semi-heathenized corruption of Christianity. The despairing dirge of the Abbé Dubois over the missions in India, at the beginning of the present century, marked the lowest ebb of the fortunes of the Roman Propaganda. The native Catholics, he wrote, had dwindled to a third of what they had once been; and, after labouring himself for twenty-five years to make new converts, he gave it up in despair, declaring that he knew not of one who had yielded to conviction or become a Christian from disinterested motives; that such as he had baptized turned out a disgrace to their profession, if they did not relapse into heathenism as many did; and that the lesson taught him by his long experience was simply this, that true conversions of the natives of India were impossible.

Look, then, where one might, at the moment when, a hundred years ago, in the village shoemaker's heart the fire of missionary zeal was kindled, the prospect of the extension of Christendom in any appreciable degree by the winning over of the outlying world to the Gospel must have seemed like a Utopian romance. Yet the hour had come for the Divine Spirit to breathe upon the stagnant Churches, and raise out of them an army of evangelists. The humble enthusiast, whose one consuming idea was, to use the Prophet Jeremiah's striking phrase, 'as a burning fire shut up in his bones,' urged it on his provincial brethren in season and out of season, until in 1792, with much fear and trembling, a dozen of them, assembled at a little conference at Nottingham, agreed to found the Baptist Missionary Society, and subscribed among them 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* to start the enterprise

enterprise of converting the world. The following year Carey himself went forth as the first missionary, accompanied by a pious medical man named Thomas, who had already been in India, their two wives and four children, the entire party to be allowed a sum not exceeding 150*l.* a year, until they should be able to support themselves as the Moravian missionaries did. This was the turn of the tide, and from that day it began to flow steadily onward, although at first with a slow and tentative movement. In 1795, after Carey's first report from India had been received, was founded the London Missionary Society, undenominational in its constitution, but now practically in the hands of the Congregationalists; and four years later the Church Missionary Society, which at the present time stands at the head of all the Evangelistic organizations of Christendom. About the same moment the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland caught the sacred fire, and two Societies, the Edinburgh and the Glasgow, now merged in Boards of Missions, began their work in the West and South of the dark continent. Early in the present century, various Churches and sects of Europe and North America were moved to emulation; and since 1810, while the older societies have been continuously acquiring strength and extension, few years have passed without seeing the birth within Reformed Christendom of new missionary associations. The total result has been such as to entitle the last half of the nineteenth century to be called emphatically the era of Christian missions. Never before, since the primary Pentecostal outpouring, has the work of evangelization been pressed forwards on so vast a scale, by such varied agencies, at so great a cost, and over so wide an extent of the earth's surface.

We proceed to substantiate this statement, by exhibiting a tabular view of existing missionary agencies, showing their names and countries, their incomes according to the last year's returns, and their results up to the present time, as nearly as the particulars can be ascertained. In drawing up our tables, we have been greatly assisted by several of the publications named at the head of this article; and our own researches have enabled us to supplement the information furnished by them with additional particulars, so as to render the results fairly complete. At the same time it must be understood that we do not profess to have attained absolute completeness or accuracy. Missionary Statistics are compiled on different lines, and at different periods of the year, in the reports from which they have to be collected; some of the smaller societies make their returns

returns imperfectly; of some of the private or independent missions it is difficult to obtain any particulars at all. There is, besides, a considerable amount of mission-work done in the Colonies and elsewhere, which does not come into the reports of any of our societies. Dioceses within which there are bodies of heathen—such as British Guiana, and a considerable portion of those in Australia, New Zealand, North America, and Southern Africa—have their own evangelizing agencies, directed by their bishops or synods, and sustained by local funds, of which we have no returns. The same is true of some of the larger Nonconformist sections of the Church. For instance, we find the Wesleyan Methodist Conferences in Australia working independent missions in the Pacific groups of Samoa, Fiji, and New Britain. There are also funds raised and administered by native Churches, the first-fruits of missions, part of which, at least, might be fairly credited to the income spent in extending the area of evangelization. Once more, gifts of large amounts and various kinds are continually being sent out privately to particular missions by persons who have some special interest in them, and of these we have not attempted to take account, except in the case of our own Church missions. On the whole, then, our results may be safely understood to be defective by omission, rather than to err by excess; to understate rather than to exaggerate the entire effort now being made to extend the limits of Christendom. To avoid giving an undue appearance of magnitude to this effort, we have excluded societies and agencies which limit themselves to labours among nominal Christians; and in the case of societies which combine home with foreign missions, the portion of the income spent in the former has been, as far as possible, deducted. But we have included the foreign part of the operations of several British societies, which, although they do not themselves maintain missionaries, yet help to train and send them out, or largely furnish them with buildings, books, and other apparatus, necessary for their educational and evangelistic labours; for this is as truly a part of mission work as any other. Our first tables give the particulars for Church of England, mixed, and denominational agencies, in the British Empire, in compiling which we are greatly indebted to Canon Scott Robertson's annual summary. Then follow tables for the Continent of Europe and the United States of America, and a final schedule of results. What we can report of Roman and Greek missions will come afterwards.

Church of England Societies.

	Description.	Increase in £.
1	Church Missionary Society	231,000
2	Propagation of Gospel in Foreign Parts	111,000
3	*Promoting Christian Knowledge	15,500
4	*Colonial and Continental Church Society	21,000
5	South American Missionary Society	15,000
6	Colonial Bishoprics' Fund	13,600
7	London Jews' Society	36,000
8	Parochial Missions to Jews	600
9	Universities Mission to Central Africa	14,500
10	Cambridge Delhi Mission	650
11	Oxford Calcutta Mission	878
12	Melanesian Mission	2,450
13	Church of England Zenana	22,050
14	Female Medical Mission at Delhi	480
15	Christian Faith Society (West Indies)	2,200
16	Missionary Leaves Association	8,550
17	Coral Missionary Fund	1,200
18	'Net' Collections	2,360
19	Missionary Studentships	4,300
20	Miscellaneous, 'Central,' and other Funds	28,600
	Total for Church of England	£531,918

* The part of the income expended in Foreign Missionary work.

English Mixed Societies.

	Description.	Income in £.
1	London Missionary Society	106,100
2	Christian Vernacular Education (India)	5,600
3	Female Education in the East	6,000
4	Indian Female Normal School	10,230
5	China Inland Mission	17,960
6	British Syrian Schools	4,800
7	East London Mission Institute	9,000
8	Moravian Missions (British Province)	5,500
9	British Propagation Society for Jews	7,500
10	†Salvation Army	1,400
11	†Religious Tract Society	18,760
12	†British and Foreign Bible Society	96,000
	Total for English Mixed Societies	£288,850

† The part of the income expended in Foreign Missions.

ENGLISH DENOMINATIONAL (NONCONFORMIST) SOCIETIES.

	Description.	Income in £.
1	*Wesleyan Methodist	115,000
2	Primitive Methodist	5,000
3	New Connection Methodist	3,450
4	United Free Methodist	7,200
5	Welsh Calvinistic Methodist	5,500
6	Baptist Missionary Society	75,000
7	General Baptist Society	7,500
8	English Presbyterian Board	17,000
9	Colonial Mission	2,020
10	Bible Christians' Missions	6,200
11	Friends' (Quakers) Missions	9,900
	Total for English Denominational Societies	£253,770

* The part of the income expended in Foreign Missions.

SCOTCH, IRISH, and COLONIAL SOCIETIES.

		Description.	Income in £.
1	Scotland	Established Church (Board of Missions)	35,400
2	"	Free Church " "	90,000
3	"	United Presbyterians " "	50,000
4	"	Original Secession Synod	700
5	"	Episcopal Church, Committee of Missions	1,600
6	"	Scottish National Bible Society	16,000
7	"	Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society	4,500
8	†Ireland	Irish Presbyterian Board	14,900
9	Canada	Presbyterian Missions	12,360
10	"	Baptist Missions	3,800
11	"	Methodist "	
12	"	Episcopal Methodist	
13	"	Primitive "	10,000
14	"	Bible Christians	
15	"	British Coloured Episcopal Methodist	
16	Cape Colony	South African (Dutch) Missionary Society	3,000
		Total £	242,260

† The Church of Ireland contributes through the English Societies.

Adding the totals of the foregoing tables together, we arri[illegible] at the following results for the whole Empire :—

SUMMARY OF ANNUAL MISSION INCOME IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Church of England Societies	£531,918
English mixed "	288,850
" Denominational Societies	253,770
Scotch, Irish, and Colonial Societies	242,260
Total for British Empire	£1,316,798

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For the particulars of the Missionary Societies of the Continent of Europe, we are principally indebted to Dr. Grundemann's Statistical Tables, reprinted from a series of Articles in the 'Allgemeine Missions-Zeitschrift.'

EUROPEAN MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS.

	Country.	Description.	Income in £.
1	Germany	Rhenish Missionary Society	17,540
2	"	Berlin " "	16,520
3	"	Hermannsburg "	10,000
4	"	Leipzig " "	12,730
5	"	Gossner's " "	7,480
6	"	North German "	4,150
7	"	St. Chrischona "	4,320
8	"	Brecklum (Schleswig Holstein)	1,750
9	"	Moravian (German Province)	10,860
10	"	Basle Missionary Society	41,630
11	"	Jerusalem Verein	1,320
12	"	Berlin Ladies' China Association	750
13	"	Ladies' Verein	440
14	"	Free Verein	70
15	Holland	Netherlands Missionary Society	7,166
16	"	" " Union	3,978
17	"	Utrecht Missionary Society	4,455
18	"	Java Committee	1,750
19	"	Mennonites Missionary Society	1,425
20	"	Ermelo and Neukirchen "	1,440
21	"	Christian Reformed Church	1,385
22	"	Netherlands Reformed Missionary Association	1,355
23	"	Central Committee of Batavian Seminaries.	616
24	"	Evangelical Lutheran for Indian Archipelago	170
25	"	Surinam Aid Society	283
26	"	Anthing's Mission	250
27	"	Sangi Islands Mission	400
28	France	Society of Evangelical Missions	12,920
29	Switzerland	Free Churches, Canton de Vaud	3,360
30	Denmark	Danish Evangelical Missionary Society	2,390
31	"	State Mission in Greenland	2,500
32	Norway	Norwegian Missionary Society	10,730
33	Sweden	Evangelical Fosterland's	3,310
34	"	Swedish State-Church Mission	1,500
35	Finland	Finnish Missionary Society	2,610
		Total for Europe £	193,553

For the American Missionary Societies the chief authority is the Princeton 'Missionary Review,' which every year makes a critical survey of the whole mission field.

AMERICAN

AMERICAN (UNITED STATES) MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS.

	Description.	Income in £.
1	American Board of Missions (Congregationalists)	110,470
2	Presbyterians, North	138,620
3	Ditto, South	14,010
4	Ditto, United	13,840
5	Ditto, Reformed	2,920
6	Ditto, Cumberland	1,790
7	Ditto, Welsh	7,820
8	Ditto, Reformed General Synod	1,000
9	Protestant Episcopal Church	34,660
10	Lutheran Evangelical Synod	5,070
11	Lutheran General Council	2,160
12	Reformed Dutch Church	14,190
13	Reformed German Church	5,760
14	Associate Reformed Synod, South	430
15	American Missionary Association	10,560
16	Baptist Missionary Union	65,700
17	Baptist Southern Convention	16,090
18	Baptist Free	3,850
19	Baptist Seventh Day	730
20	Baptist Consolidated Coloured	1,600
21	Methodist Episcopal, North	77,740
22	Ditto ditto South	36,790
23	Ditto ditto African	1,320
24	Methodist, Protestant	590
25	Evangelical Missionary Association	3,540
26	United Brethren in Christ Association	5,660
27	Seventh Day Adventists' Association	2,000
28	Mennonites	2,500
29	Friends' (Quakers) Missions	13,000
30	Moravians, American Province	2,500
31	Disciples of Christ	8,220
32	Free Methodists	460
33	Coloured Baptist Convention	860
	Total for American Missions	£606,450

In addition to these tables, we have a list, which need not be given at length, of about twenty small independent missions, of which more than half work in India, several in Africa, the rest in Palestine and China; and which appear to raise among their friends about 26,000*l.* yearly. Probably there are some which have escaped us.

Summing up now our figures, we obtain the following estimate of the amount raised for foreign missions by Protestant Christendom, in the latest year for which returns are available:—

TOTAL

TOTAL MISSIONARY INCOME TABLE.

No. of Societies.		Income in £.
58	British Empire	1,316,798
35	European Churches	193,553
33	United States of America Churches . . .	606,450
20	Independent Missions	26,000
146	Total	£2,142,801

To this table we add another, for which we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Wilder's elaborate statistics in the Princeton 'Missionary Review.' It is of high interest, as exhibiting at a glance the present Evangelistic staff, and the existing fruits of their labours, exclusive of the school-children under instruction, for whom no complete returns are available. Absolute correctness is, of course, beyond our reach, and the figures grow while we are writing them down.

APPROXIMATE SUMMARY of MISSIONARY STAFF and NATIVE CHRISTIANS in the MISSIONS of the ANGLICAN, PROTESTANT, and REFORMED CHURCHES and SECTS.

Workers from Christendom.			Native Workers.		Native Communicants.	Native Christians.
Ordained.	Laymen.	Female.	Ordained.	Others.		
3,000	815	2,430	2,370	26,800	776,000	2,650,000

We have already remarked that, a hundred years ago, the evangelizing energy of the Latin Church had sunk to its lowest point. The 'Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses,' which for a long time poured into the ears of Europe the romantic tale of the missions in the Levant, India, China, the Philippine Islands, and both Americas—a tale so highly embellished and garnished with miracles as to excite distrust in all but the most credulous—had come to an end, and the troubles which heralded the French Revolution had cut off the chief supplies both of money and men. The governing centre indeed of all the missions still existed in the Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome, with its famous Collegiate Seminary founded in 1627; and the second principal missionary focus of the Church, the 'Séminaire des Missions Etrangères' in Paris, founded by Colbert in 1663, lingered on in a languishing condition. But little was doing

doing, till in 1822 a time of revival came, and at Lyons was established a society for promoting missions under the name of 'L'Œuvre de la Propagation de la Foi,' the purpose of which is to stimulate prayers and collect alms for Roman missions all over the world. From its headquarters at Lyons this Society has established branches and extended its operations throughout all the countries or Churches of the Roman obedience, and now pours annually upwards of a quarter of a million of pounds sterling into the treasury of missions, of which 8075*l.* was contributed last year by the United Kingdom. Its fortnightly periodical, the 'Annales de la Propagation de la Foi,' takes the place of the old 'Lettres Edifiantes,' and is circulated in many languages, readers being attracted to it, we hear, by the promise of five hundred days of indulgence. What sum over and above that raised by this Society is spent in Roman missions, it is not easy to ascertain. The Propaganda at Rome has considerable revenues, and the various religious Orders, which furnish the larger proportion of the missionaries, probably contribute to the necessary expenditure. On the whole, however, we imagine that Dr. G. Smith's estimate of half a million of pounds for the combined incomes of Roman and Greek missions is a good deal beyond the mark, the Greek contribution being a very small fraction.

The unity and centralization of the Church of Rome afford no occasion for such tables as we have given of Protestant missionary organizations; but we hoped to obtain from the elaborate Atlas of Catholic missions, named above, a tolerably complete idea of the extent of its present operations to enlarge the boundaries of Christendom. In this, however, we have been disappointed. The Church of Rome does not use the term *missions* quite in our sense. Considering every form of Christianity but its own to be spurious, or at least unworthy of recognition as belonging to the Universal Church, it puts Protestant countries on the same footing as heathen lands in regard to the position and work of its clergy, and reckons among its missions its ecclesiastical organizations in Great Britain and North America, just as much as those which it maintains among the native heathen of Africa or India. Turning over the excellent maps and examining the detailed statistical tables of the Atlas, we find that its missionary field comprises every country of which the ecclesiastical organization is under the Congregation of the Propaganda: namely, in Europe, Great Britain and Ireland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the Balkan Peninsula; in Asia, every country outside the Russian Empire; in the Eastern Seas, the whole of the groups of the Indian Archipelago, Australasia,

tralasia, and the Pacific; in Africa, the entire continent; in America, all the northern half except Mexico. To the distribution of the revenue of the Propaganda over this enormous area the tables give us no clue. Nor, when we interrogate them in order to ascertain the strength of the missions to the heathen, properly so-called, do we find much help towards distinguishing the distinctly evangelistic work from that which merely sustains the congregations descended from the natives who were converted centuries ago. In the Indian missions, for instance, which include Ceylon, Burma, and Siam, nearly one and two-thirds millions of adherents are claimed; in the Chinese missions, among which are reckoned those of Japan, Corea, Tonquin, and Cochin-China, considerably more than a million; in the Philippine Islands, between five and six millions. But it is certain that by far the greater part of these numbers represent a hereditary Christianity of a very low type, dating from the wholesale conversions made many generations ago, and have no title to be counted as modern gains for Christendom.

But while definite particulars fail us, there is still abundant evidence to show, that during the present century there has been a signal revival of the missionary spirit within the Latin Communion, and that never has it been more enterprising than it is at this moment. If we may venture to criticize it, we should say that it is almost too adventurous and reckless of danger, so many are the lives which have been sacrificed in forlorn attempts to open new fields of conversion. For an illustration of the movement we may look to Africa. That vast and perilous continent has been mapped out by the Vatican into thirty-three ecclesiastical provinces or vicariates; four on the north; eleven on the west; nine in the south; four on the east, including the great lake-district; and five for the islands on the east. For the purpose of supplying missionaries for these immense regions, four modern 'Congregations' have been formed; the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, the Lyons Society of African Missions, the Veronese Institute for the Missions of Nigritia, and the Algerine Congregation for the Conversion of the Soudan and Central Africa. Besides these Congregations, many of the Roman Orders send out their quota of missionaries to Africa, particularly the Jesuits, Lazarists, Capuchins, Franciscans, Christian Brothers, and Oblates of St. Mary. Another illustration is furnished by the Pacific missions. These are divided into seven ecclesiastical groups, as follows: Tonga, the Friendly Islands, 10,500 adherents; Samoa, the Navigators' Islands, 6500; the Fiji Islands, 10,000; New Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands, 19,500, of whom 9900 are returned as native converts; Mela-

nesia, no details; Hawaii, the Sandwich Islands, 27,000; Tahiti, the Society Islands, 6000. For specimens of the extent of the Roman ecclesiastical organizations in the older mission fields, we may point to the India and China groups. In the Indian are reported 26 bishops, 1222 priests, 1680 schools; in the Chinese, 47 bishops, 746 European missionaries, 649 native priests, 40 colleges, 16 monasteries.

It need not be said that in some at least of the Roman missions there is a good deal which, to Protestant eyes, is distasteful and unsatisfactory. Converts are too readily admitted into communion, sometimes with the heathen leaven still so strong in them that vigorous seclusion is found necessary to keep them from relapsing; and although that scandalous adulteration of Christianity with heathenism, which characterized the Jesuit missions two centuries ago in India, China, and Paraguay, and was too bad for even the less scrupulous Vatican of that period to tolerate, is now a thing of the past, what we should call a very imperfect type of religion is too easily accepted. Moreover, about some portions of the work there has long been, and still is, an unpleasant taint of antagonism, both secular and religious. This is especially the case, as Tahiti, China, and Madagascar may bear witness, where the French Seminarists are concerned. It is among these that the chief exceptions are to be found to that mutual forbearance and concord, and that scrupulous abstinence from political intrigue, which honourably distinguish the missionaries of other Churches. But on such drawbacks and imperfections we do not care to dwell. The courage and zeal of the Roman missionaries as a body are above reproach; and, if we cannot help wishing for a purer and less superficial Christianity than that with which they seem too often to be satisfied in their native converts, we rejoice in the conviction, that the heathen gain immeasurably by being raised out of their degrading superstitions, even though it were only to the level of any of the least enlightened of the many current forms of the Christian faith.

Of the missionary work of the Greek Churches there is but little to be said. As a whole, they form the least progressive part of Christendom, the last to catch the modern impulse of revival and activity. Their circumstances have been sadly against them. The blight of Turkish rule has everywhere been deadly, and recovery from its effects, even where it has happily for ever been cast off, must be a work of time. The days when the so-called Nestorian Church pushed its enterprising missions across the Asiatic continent to India and China have been succeeded

succeeded by long ages of oppression and wasting; and that once energetic Communion has been brought so low, that the only hope of saving it from speedy extinction seems to lie in the educational mission which our Primate, with the liberal assistance of the Christian Knowledge Society, is now sending out to its help. To this endeavour to revive an ancient Church of the East, we heartily wish God-speed. In fact, it is only in the great Russian branch of the Eastern Church that as yet is to be found any practical recognition of the vocation of Christianity to be ever aggressive and on the advance, in untiring endeavours to encompass and conquer to itself the entire world. To its great credit, the orthodox Church of Russia has promoted the circulation of the Bible in the numerous languages spoken in the Czar's vast empire, and has set on foot missionary agencies in the dioceses where there is still a non-Christian population. From the last published report of the Holy Synod, named above, we learn that the Society of Orthodox Missions, presided over by the Metropolitan of Moscow, spends about 15,000*l.* annually in evangelistic work; and that within the empire the year's record of conversions to Christianity comprised 461 Jews, 367 Mohammedans, and 3886 pagans. Outside the empire there is a flourishing mission at Tokio, in Japan, under Bishop Nicolas, the statistics of which give 14 clergy, some of them natives, 106 catechists, 281 stations, with primary schools and seminaries for educating priests and catechists. The converts for the year are reported at nearly 1400, and the total number of native members has reached 10,000. A cathedral is in course of erection, and some of the native seminarists are completing their theological education in Russia. To this mission the Moscow Society contributes about 3000*l.* annually, and other sums are raised privately by the Bishop's friends. To complete the account of Russian missionary work, it should be mentioned that in Pekin, attached to the Embassy, there is a congregation of about 400 Chinese Christians; but these appear to be chiefly descendants of Russian settlers, to whom additions by conversion are very few, only six being reported for the year.

We turn back now to our schedules of missionary agencies belonging to the reformed Churches and sects. It will be recollected that what we have tabulated is, with very minute exceptions, the growth of the last ninety years. But this period may be divided into two equal portions, the earlier half being little more than the era of beginnings and experiments. Of the enumerated societies considerably more than a moiety did not come into existence till that preparatory era had passed, and

many have originated only during the last twenty years: while of those which successively sprang up in the earlier period, even the most prosperous had not attained half their present magnitude by the middle of the century. It will be seen, then, that the broad volume of missionary effort, which now rolls grandly forth for the healing of the nations, is emphatically the outcome of the zeal and the sacrifices of not much more than a single generation. It is only within the last forty years that the science of missions can be said to have been developed. This is a fact of primary importance, when from the successes already achieved we try to form a forecast of the future, as we shall presently do. What we now desire to point out is, that evangelization is no longer the sporadic, haphazard work that it was in its earlier stages; it is reduced to system, parcelled out, organized, and sustained by powerful and experienced directorates, under whose care it has grown up into a vast permanent department of Christian enterprise. In Africa, for instance, the most difficult and perilous field, with its two hundred millions of people, and six hundred languages and dialects, nearly forty societies are now at work, attacking it north, west, east, and south, and using its great water-ways as routes for the Gospel; each has its allotted sphere, each its coast basis from which to feed and support its inland stations. Again, in the interest of missions, the manifold tongues of the earth are at length being seriously grappled with, and compelled to serve the spread of Christianity, to an extent wholly without parallel. Already the Divine Word is printed in 267 languages, mostly the speech of heathendom, and every year sees new dialects become vehicles of the message of salvation. Moreover, novel agencies have been brought into play, as experience has discovered their value. The peculiar qualities which enrich woman's nature, its wealth of tenderness, warm enthusiasm, and delicate tact, are now being systematically enlisted in the work of Evangelization. The wives of Protestant missionaries, it is true, have always been valuable helps to their husbands; and Southey, in the vindication of Carey's little band of pioneers, to which we have already referred, showed that he was not blind to their worth by exclaiming, 'Do not think to supersede the Baptist missionaries till you can provide from your own Church such men as these, and, it may be added, such women also as their wives.' But it is only within the last thirty years that female agency has come to the front as a definite component of the missionary staff. For the labours of devoted Christian women there is ample scope among the heathen of their own sex; in the Eastern Zenanas, in mission schools and orphanages,

orphanages, in the hospitals and dispensaries which are now to be found in all the chief stations, their ministrations are invaluable; much, indeed, that is of prime importance to the spread of Christianity can be done by them far better than by men. Our tables show that already in the advancing army of the Cross sent forth by Protestant Christendom, no less than 2400 of these consecrated Amazons are sustaining their part in the holy war; and to these may be added a large detachment from the Sisterhoods of the Latin Church, which courageously follow the track of its missionary priests.

The following ideal sketch of the female missioner in India, which has just fallen into our hands, is so striking that we venture to present it to our readers; who will value it the more when they know that it is from the pen of no novice or enthusiast, but of a gray-haired and experienced civilian:—

'To the village-women the appearance of a Female Evangelist must be as it were the vision of an Angel from Heaven: to their untutored eyes she appears taller in stature, fairer in face, fairer in speech, than anything mortal that they had dreamt of before: bold and fearless, without immodesty: pure in word and action, and yet with features unveiled: wise, yet condescending to talk to the ignorant and the little children: prudent, and self-constrained, yet still a woman, loving and tender. In Hindú Annals the Poets have written about Sitá and Damiyanti, and painted them with the colour of every earthly virtue, showing that they knew what a virtuous woman should be; yet such as they never appeared to the sight of poor village women, even in their dreams, until suddenly their eyes, their ears, and their hearts seem to realize, faintly and confusedly, the Beauty of Holiness, when they begin to hold converse, only too brief, with their sweet and loving visitor, who, smitten with the wondrous desire to save souls, has come across the Sea from some unknown country to comfort and help them. Short as is her stay, she has, as it were with a magic wand, let loose a new fountain of hopes, of fears, and desires: she has told them, perhaps in faltering accents, of Righteousness and Judgment, of Sin, Repentance, and a free Pardon, through the blessed merits of a Saviour. This day has salvation come to this Indian Village!'

Once more, among the newer developments of evangelistic agency, medical missionaries, both male and female, must be reckoned. The precept, 'Heal the sick, and say unto them, The Kingdom of God has come nigh unto you,' has been discovered to be as good for observance now, as it was when, it was first given by the Lord Himself to the Seventy whom He sent to prepare His way. So long back as 1819, we find the American Board despatching to Ceylon a medical evangelist, the first, we believe, in the field since Carey's original colleague;

league; but it was not till the middle of the century that the example began to be followed to any important extent. Now every society is alive to the value of this peculiar agency, both in pioneering the way where the clerical missionary is refused entrance, and also as a necessary part of the organization of all large mission stations. We have before us a list of about 170 medical men at work in foreign missions, and it by no means exhausts the number. So great is the demand for them and the sense of their value, that a number of special institutions have sprung up to promote the supply of them, and of medical women also, for the work. The Edinburgh Society, which is named in our tables, is the oldest and largest of these, and has been gradually expanding its operations during the last forty years. London, New York, and Chicago, each have a newly founded institution of the same kind. At Agra, in Northern India, there is one for training native practitioners affiliated to that in Edinburgh; similar ones are being formed in China and Japan, and in most of the missionary hospitals native assistants are receiving some degree of medical education. Then as regards female doctors; abroad, the Church Zenana Mission is training them in its hospitals at Amritsar, in the Punjaub, and the Agra Institution is following in the same line; at home, two Associations in London take up this branch of the work, and the Christian Knowledge Society has recently established studentships in medicine for female as well as male candidates for missionary work. On the whole, medical missions are being pushed on with great zeal in all sections of the field; and no one, we feel sure, who reads the modest and sensible work just published by Mr. Lowe, himself for some years a medical missionary in Travancore, can doubt that the healing science, practised in connection with missions by thoroughly competent persons imbued with the spirit of evangelists, is one of the most powerful auxiliaries by which the preaching of the Divine Word can be promoted.

Looking again at our tables, the reader will be struck with the large number of missions originated and maintained by petty groups of individuals or eccentric little sects. When a handful of persons, seeking for what they deem a purer faith or a more select fellowship, breaks off from some older religious body and organizes itself into a new sect, it seems that the favourite way now of proving its vitality as a religious communion is the sending forth of some sort of evangelist into the great wastes of heathendom. We cannot but regard this curious phenomenon as an interesting evidence of the extent to which the missionary idea has penetrated Christian society and

and is fermenting in its obscurest recesses. Viewed in this light, it appears to supply a remarkable presage for the future. We are disposed to see in it the augury of a time when the leaven, which even yet is limited in its working to a comparatively small proportion of the members of the more populous churches, will spread its quickening force throughout the whole mass, and bring a tenfold offering into the treasury of missions. Should this be deemed an over-sanguine and extravagant anticipation, other facts may be adduced in its support. A single one may be here pointed out as being remarkably significant. For the last eight years the Editor of the American 'Missionary Review' has annually collected and subjected to critical examination the statistics of the work; and they exhibit a steady growth of such magnitude, that at the end of that short period the ordained missionaries from Protestant Christendom have become half as many again as they were at the beginning of it, and in the same time the total income has risen nearly seventy per cent.

But, while we venture to draw a hopeful inference from the numerous petty missions on our list, we must guard ourselves from being supposed to view their existence with unmixed satisfaction. The subdivisions out of which they spring are in themselves deplorable; and it is not by weak agencies of this irregular kind that much impression is likely to be made on the kingdom of heathen darkness. As that warm and experienced friend of missions, Mr. Cust, has well said in the 'Observations' named above, 'The heathen must be conquered by great battalions, not by knights errant, and romantic, ill-considered efforts made by misdirected enthusiasm.' Little missions are apt to be wasteful, ineffectual, transient. Especially in pioneer operations, where the foundations have to be broadly laid for the permanent evangelization of populous lands, united strength and skill are needed, which can only be furnished by large organizations. In such cases, to quote Mr. Cust again, the 'Committee of a Missionary Society has to discharge the duty of a quarter-master-general, the head of a great commissariat, a board of architects and engineers, a board of finance, a council of education, a committee of geographical exploration, a superintendent of a translating and publishing firm, as well as other secular duties.' The mere placing of their mission on the lakes of Central Africa cost the Church Missionary Society 40,000*l.*; and other societies which have borne part in occupying that vast region for Christ have not escaped the need of similar sacrifices.

If our tables show a large number of feeble missionary organizations,

organizations, they present a still larger number of powerful ones, maintained by different denominations, which labour independently, each on its own lines, in the mission-fields, and in many cases face to face in the more populous cities of heathendom. To the intelligent observer this fact can scarcely fail to present a very serious problem, regarding the future of the various religious communities which are rapidly growing up under their teaching. For the home societies to keep these communities under their own superintendence, after they have become sufficiently mature to be able to sustain and govern themselves, will not be practicable, nor would it even be desirable. The aim of the societies ought to be, and for the most part is, to raise up native churches which can stand alone, and then to pass on to other regions to win new conquests for the Redeemer's kingdom. Each native church, when formed, is a step gained in the march onwards of the army of the Cross. It is a new basis for a further advance. What is to be the organization of these native churches when left to themselves? At present they bear the impress of their respective founders, and reproduce all the sectarian divisions of modern Christendom. But what is to be their future? Already this problem is pressing on the attention of the more far-seeing of those who are responsible for directing the policy of missions. One of the striking signs of its imminence is to be found in the 2370 native ordained ministers, and their 26,800 native catechists and assistants, shown in our tables; numbers to which every year brings a large increase. Here is abundant material for self-organization and independence. In Sierra Leone the native church is almost entirely self-supporting and self-governed: so also are the somewhat feeble congregations of the Maories in New Zealand. On the Niger there is a growing church administered by an admirable Bishop and two Archdeacons, all three being of full African blood. In North and South India, and in Ceylon, there are Christian communities which already have reached a transition state, and enjoy a measure of self-government. The same may be said of some of the Pacific Islands, and bids fair to be realized ere long in parts of China, in Japan, and Madagascar. Surveying, then, the mission field, we cannot overlook the fact, that every year is adding urgency to the problem of which we are speaking, the future of these latest accessions to ancient Christendom.

It will be seen that the question to be decided is no less than this: whether the various sectarian divisions, represented by the missionary societies, and hitherto reproduced in their respective converts, are to be permanently stereotyped in neo-Christendom;

Christendom; or whether, in each land or large district rescued from heathendom, the several clusters of converts, grouped round missionaries working upon different ecclesiastical lines, can be ultimately amalgamated on some comprehensive basis, so as to form an undivided Church? So far as the Roman missions are concerned, we suppose that the native religious communities formed under their auspices must stand apart, at least until the instinctive desire for spiritual freedom shall become strong enough in them to break off their allegiance to the Vatican; for it is inconceivable that any sort of submission to the See of Rome should be acceptable to churches founded by missionaries of any Protestant denomination. But for these, whatever may have been their origin, it would be, we cannot forbear saying, a lamentable and even a monstrous thing, that there should be forced upon them the evil inheritance of the divisions which sever church from church, and sect from sect, in the lands of the Reformation;—divisions which have mainly grown out of peculiar historical circumstances, and have little intelligible meaning for the races now being won over to Christianity. Yet it is difficult to perceive how this misfortune is to be averted, unless the various evangelizing societies will rise above their sectarian prepossessions, and show themselves less eager to perpetuate their own peculiarities, than to leave behind them in the fields of their labour a Christianity broad and free enough to unite their converts in a common brotherhood. Doubtless, to attain such a result, an almost heroic generosity and self-denial, in regard to ecclesiastical proclivities, would be required, both on the part of the missionaries themselves, and of the communities which maintain them and prescribe their action. Is this too much to look for, from men to whom the spiritual welfare of the heathen is so dear? What we would urge especially is this, that to bring about so desirable a union among the native Christians in their respective lands or districts, some degree of sacrifice is incumbent upon all who are engaged in training them for independence. Neither the Anglican Church, nor any other of the Reformed Communions, ought to aim at moulding the new native churches of the future exactly on its own pattern. Other climes and races may legitimately have other formularies and institutions, within the limits of a free, elastic Christianity. In such a case, a fair compromise for the sake of unity is more than permissible; it becomes a sacred duty. For support in this view we can appeal to a great living authority, the present Bishop of Durham, who, in the paper named above, writes about Indian missions to the following effect:—

'India

'India is our special charge—as a Christian nation. India is our hardest problem—as a missionary church. Hitherto we have kept too exclusively to beaten paths. Our mode of dealing with the Indian has been too conventional, too English. Indian Christianity can never be cast in the same mould as English Christianity. We must make up our minds to this. The stamp of teaching, the mode of life, which experience has justified as the best possible for an English parish, may be very unfit when transplanted into an Indian soil. We must become as Indians to the Indian, if we would win India to Christ.'

About the same time that the Anglican Bishop was giving utterance to this warning against narrowness or pedantry in our endeavours to build up native churches, the well-known Bonn Professor of Theology, Dr. T. Christlieb, in his 'Survey of Protestant Foreign Missions,' was writing in a similar strain, but with somewhat greater freedom, as the following extract will show:—

'Too much haste has often been made in applying to the Indian Churches, even in their minutest details, the administrative forms and laws of the denominations at home, instead of resting content with fundamental principles at first, leaving the special points to regulate themselves in accordance with the spirit of the nation. . . . The aim of all missions in India should be to create an independent Church in the future, neither Episcopal, nor Presbyterian, nor Congregational, but the outcome of the national spirit. . . . For now that the people are coming over to Christianity in masses, the question as to the formation of a Protestant National Indian Church must become ever more and more a burning one.'—pp. 90, 91 (*English Edition*).

It may interest the reader to know that, a few years earlier than these ecclesiastical expressions of opinion, a very competent English layman, the late Sir Bartle Frere, had turned his thoughts in the same direction, and gathered up his long experience of India and its missions into the following reflections:—

'We may hope, and at no distant period, to see a great Christian Church in India, with distinct national characteristics of its own, but with features which may be recognised by all Catholic Christians as betokening true Catholic Unity with the Great Head of our Faith. It would be vain to speculate on what are likely to be the distinctive features of such an Indian Church, but we may be confident that they will be no mere copy of the Churches which have grown up in and around Europe; and that, while holding the truths which are to be gathered from the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles, the framers of the Church constitution of India will find no necessity for copying peculiarities which have been impressed on so many of the older Churches of Christendom by the circumstances under which they were originally organized, in communities at that time quite as barbarous

barbarous as the least civilized portions of India are now.'—'Indian Missions,' p. 83.

Even while we are writing, a voice from Lambeth has given a new stamp of recognition to the idea of ecclesiastical elasticity, in the framing of constitutions for the native Churches now being affiliated to the older Christendom. Preaching before the Church Missionary Society, the Primate is reported to have used the following language:—

'The growth of great Churches in the greater England will involve the recognition that not every syllable of our formulas, which is essential as against those who on our own ground contend with us, is equally essential to the Catholic Faith at large. That not every word of our dearest liturgies can be as full of meaning to those who have not lived our theological life as it is to us. That for their liturgies of the future they may yet again fall back upon the primeval quarries out of which our own were hewn, but which contain magnificent stores that we never could appropriate as Easterns can. Only under a total misapprehension of the conditions of the problem, of the enormous multitudes, of the extreme diversities of customs, of the vast number of languages and races, can the idea be entertained that our own limited ministries will suffice to spread living Christianity even in India alone. Conversion will not remain a function of the clergy only. The converts must convert. They must be trained to make that first use of their conversion—orderly and yet enthusiastically. These are some kinds of elasticity which must be active in many countries if the Church is to win the world to Christ.'

Fortified by such expressions of opinion as these, we would venture to suggest for the serious consideration of the directors of missions, whether, in consideration of the incalculable advantage of exchanging sectarian divisions for a united Christian fellowship in newly-converted lands, the various groups of converts might not be gradually prepared for ultimate union on some simpler basis than that of any of the existing Churches. The Canon of Scripture, the Apostles' Creed, and the two Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, are of universal Protestant acceptation, and at this time of day objections *in principle* to the Church's ancient episcopal organization are becoming obsolete: might not these four elements of faith and order be taken as a primary platform on which the native churches could be brought to join hands, leaving the details of doctrine and discipline to be filled in by subsequent deliberation and agreement, as was done in the primitive ages of Christianity?

We now propose to consider the most interesting of all the questions presented by the modern revival of the Church's evangelistic

evangelistic function. What impression is it really making upon the non-Christian portion of the world? Does it show fair promise of extending Christendom in any appreciable degree—appreciable, we mean, when the enormous masses of Mohammedans and idolaters are weighed against the comparatively small number of converts which each year is transferred to the other scale? We have before us some half-dozen estimates of the present population of the globe, and the proportion of the Christian to the non-Christian part. Taking the mean of these, we find the entire population to be about 1430 millions, which agrees very closely with Behm and Wagner's latest reckoning. Of these, 430 millions are Christian, and the remaining 1000 millions non-Christian, made up of 820 millions of heathen, 172 millions of Mohammedans, and 8 millions of Jews. Here, indeed, is a tremendous enterprise set before the Churches! A thousand millions to be converted; and conversions, even at their present augmented rate, probably not averaging a quarter of a million yearly, all told. Allowing for the steady growth of population, might it not be urged that the time which is likely to elapse before the world will become generally Christian must be reckoned in thousands rather than in hundreds of years?

When, however, we look into the matter more closely, the future ceases to wear so gloomy an aspect. Interesting calculations have been made, based on scattered notices in ancient writings, to ascertain the rate at which Christianity advanced in the earliest centuries of our era. A good deal of pains was bestowed by Gibbon on the subject, and in the paper already referred to, Bishop Lightfoot reviews his figures, and assents in general to his conclusions. On the whole, there seems reason to believe that in the middle of the third century, that is, a little more than two hundred years after the first promulgation of the Gospel, the Christians almost certainly formed less than a one-twentieth part of the subjects of the Roman Empire, and probably not much more than a one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of the human race then living. The next two hundred years indeed saw a much more rapid increase. When Christianity mounted the Imperial throne, conversions greatly multiplied. Then came the irruption of the barbarous tribes, sweeping down from the north over the Empire; and they were gathered into the Church almost without effort. As the Bishop says, 'they came, saw, and were conquered.' Since that time, the rate of progress has been fluctuating: once, at least, during the victorious career of the Mohammedan arms, Christianity suffered retrogression. When we reach the epoch which is our modern starting-

starting-point, a hundred years ago, we find Carey trying to rekindle the extinct fire of missionary zeal by publishing a carefully compiled table of population, which brought out the probable number of the human race at 731 millions, and the Christian portion of it at 174 millions. There is reason to think that, owing to the very imperfect knowledge then possessed of large portions of the earth's surface, this estimate put the total too low, and ought to be corrected by raising the number of non-Christians so as to give about 800 millions for the whole population. Here, then, are three epochs at which the proportion of the Christian to the non-Christian inhabitants of the earth may be said to be approximately known. In A.D. 250, one to a hundred and forty-nine; in A.D. 1786, one to about three and four-sevenths; in A.D. 1886, one to about two and one-third. Surely, in the face of such a steady and enormous gain of Christendom upon non-Christendom through the vicissitudes of eighteen centuries, it would be faithless and unreasonable to despair of the ultimate triumph of the Cross, at no extremely distant period! Gathering together into a single view the succession of ages which have passed by, since in the fields of Palestine

> 'Walked those blessed feet
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter Cross,'

instead of finding cause for despondency, we seem rather to behold the religion of the Crucified moving onwards like some majestic and irresistible tide, occupying new lands, absorbing new races, and giving sure promise of a day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Of course we do not mean to suggest that direct evangelization has been the only, or even the principal, agent in bringing about this immense relative gain to Christendom. The Christian races have proved themselves to be the most energetic and the most prolific, and to them the empire of the world has accordingly fallen. Islamism for a time checked their progress, but as a proselyting religion it has long been practically effete, except in the western provinces of China, and among the wild African tribes which have for ages been infested by its nomad kidnappers and slave-dealers. The saying is familiar, that Turkey is perishing for want of Turks. No heathen race now plants colonies, founds kingdoms, peoples vacant lands. To be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, is the peculiar vocation of the races which inscribe the Cross on their banner, as the story of Europe, America, and Australasia bear emphatic witness. The population of Europe has, during the

the last hundred years, increased from 145 millions to 340 millions; and besides this gigantic growth at home, it has overflowed and formed across the great oceans new branches of Christendom, numbering already upwards of seventy millions of European blood. Thus, without taking account of a single conversion, the ratio of the Christian to the non-Christian population continuously advances in numerical value. At the same time it is true, that however much this extension of Christendom by superior fecundity and more rapid development differs from its enlargement by gains won from heathenism through the instrumentality of missions, the former process has by no means been independent of at least one branch of evangelistic work. When Spain, Portugal, Holland, and France founded new settlements across the seas, their colonists were not left unprovided with the ordinances of religion. Conquest was accompanied by Christianity, and at great cost the Church planted itself in the face of the heathen. Still more conspicuous has been the union of evangelization with colonization, in the unparalleled extension of the British Empire. A hundred years ago the Anglican Church had not a single bishop beyond the four seas; now it has seventy-seven, not reckoning coadjutors, and few years pass without an increase of the number. In the same period its daughter Church in the United States of America has founded no less than seventy-one episcopal Sees. Nor have the leading Nonconformist denominations been behindhand, in proportion to their means, in efforts to extend their own peculiar organizations to the young dependencies of Britain. As our emigrants have spread themselves over the wide territories of North-West America and Australia, the various religious bodies which share a common Christianity have pressed forward in eager rivalry to furnish the rising townships with churches, chapels, pastors, and schools, that wherever the British flag flies it may be hallowed by the planting of the Cross. Towards the cost of this evangelistic work large sums are annually contributed from home; and what we desire to point out is that it is only through the voluntary sacrifices continually made to connect colonization with an adequate supply of the ministries of religion, that the expansion of the English-speaking race has everywhere been equivalent to a permanent expansion of Christendom.

Still, it must be remembered, this self-developing process, while it enlarges the number of Christians, does not of itself diminish the number of non-Christians, except in the few cases in which inferior races dwindle and tend to extinction under the pressure of those which are superior to them in energy and civilization.

civilization. If, on a rough calculation, the Christian population of the globe has during the last hundred years grown from 175 millions to 430 millions, chiefly by self-development, the non-Christian portion has in like manner gone on multiplying, at a lower rate indeed, but sufficient to bring it up from 625 millions to 1000 millions. It is these thousand millions that will put to a crucial test the absorbing and assimilating powers of Christianity. Can it be hoped that missionary labours will ever succeed, not merely in working down this enormous adverse majority of 570 millions till the numbers become equal, but in winning for Christ race after race, till the tribes which refuse to worship in His name are reduced to an insignificant minority? That is the question; and we shall attempt to assign several reasons why the idea of so vast a revolution in the condition of humanity ought not to be hastily dismissed as a dream of romance.

The first point to be noticed is the immense prestige which in the present day surrounds the envoys of the Gospel. Among the peoples to whom they are commissioned they do not now stand as isolated and forlorn preachers of some strange faith, who have to struggle unaided against the terrible inertia of adverse tradition and habit. Behind them are the indomitable energy, the superior civilization, the irresistible march of the superior races, of which they are the representatives. Into the heart of the lagging and stagnant tribes to which they carry their Divine message, the activities of commerce and thirst for exploration are ever introducing a nobler culture, a higher knowledge, new forces of revolution and absorption, before which ancient superstitions are shaken, corrupt faiths disintegrated, and the way is opened for the religion of the more advanced race to insinuate itself, in the company of those arts and sciences which wear in the eyes of the ignorant and barbarous almost the impressiveness of the miraculous. We deem it no idle speculation that, much in the same way as, in the Divine Providence, the old world was prepared for the Gospel by the arms of pagan Rome, so now the broad fields of modern heathenism will be made ready, by the spread of Western enterprise and civilization, to receive the seed of truth which the missionaries scatter.

Then, again, it may be urged that every success achieved is a stepping-stone to a greater. The first few converts in a new mission are usually a feeble and despised body, which with difficulty maintains its existence against the pressure of the surrounding heathenism. But as soon as the body becomes large enough to inspire respect, and to form a society within

which the converts can freely marry, provide for their children, and carry on all the relations and industries of ordinary life, the superiority and moral strength are all on its side. Possessed of the higher knowledge and culture which the missionaries bring with them, and of the greater force of character which the Christian faith soon imparts, it is not long before it stands out amidst the encompassing heathenism as some green oasis in the desert sands, and becomes a new centre from which civilizing and converting influences radiate forth far and wide. A country thus planted at intervals with young and vigorous native churches may be reckoned as already gained for Christ. The early stage is the one most beset by difficulties, and it is through this that our modern missions have hitherto been struggling. The next generation, or the next but one, may not improbably profit by their labours to an extent which shall throw into the shade all previous successes.

But, it may here be asked, is the missionary zeal which has been so remarkably rekindled in the present age likely to burn on without exhaustion, and continue to inspire the sacrifices in the absence of which evangelization on an adequate scale for the world's conversion would be impracticable? An affirmative answer is suggested by several considerations. We would point, in the first place, to the great change which has passed over the world's estimate of the missionary vocation since the early part of the century, when such choice phrases as 'consecrated cobblers,' 'tub-preachers,' 'maimed and crippled gladiators,' 'apostates from the loom and anvil,' were freely flung at the heads of the adventurous few who dared to open the Lord's controversy with the natives of India. A cause which filled the hearts and inspired the prayers of such prelates as Heber, Cotton, and Milman, can no longer be treated with disdain. The last eighty years have enriched the Christian inheritance by the memory of many heroic pioneers of the Gospel, whose achievements 'smell sweet and blossom in their dust,' and extort even the world's admiration, while they serve as a model and a spur to younger generations of the faithful. As best known to ourselves, we may mention among the evangelists of the East, Carey, Judson, and Martyn, in the spring-time of the revival, followed by Wilson, Duff, and Morrison; in the Islands of the Pacific, Williams, Ellis, Selwyn, and Patteson; in the wilds of Africa, Moffatt and Livingstone, Mackenzie and Steere, and latest of all the intrepid Hannington, whose blood, poured out last autumn at Unyalla, will doubtless fertilize the soil for Christ. Of such spiritual heroes it is the prerogative to bequeath their mantle to the churches; and already

already the result may be discerned, both in the nobler estimate of missionary enterprise which now prevails, and in the self-dedication to the work, often at great personal sacrifice, of many of the Church's most promising youth. Cambridge has now its own corporate mission in the seat of the old Mogul empire at Delhi; Oxford in the modern capital of Calcutta; the two Universities combine to sustain a powerful mission for Eastern Africa at Zanzibar; Dublin has just caught the sacred fire; from the three hundred colleges of the United States one hundred and eighty-seven candidates are reported as offering themselves for the missionary fields; China is being traversed by a band of pioneers, recruited from among Cambridge athletes and Edinburgh students; to Japan, stretching out her arms to us, Cambridge again is giving of her best. Here is a better augury than even the steady growth of funds already mentioned. And it ought to be remembered how closely, according to universal experience, the two things are connected—the vital energy and the material supplies. If the awakening of the churches to a sense of responsibility for the heathen has produced the missions, the missions have reacted upon the churches, and helped to stir up a tenfold activity in evangelizing the masses at home. Of this the story of the Church of England presents an illustration which is almost startling. Her contribution to foreign missions during the last twenty-five years is estimated at somewhat more than ten millions sterling. But, so far from this large export of her resources having crippled her domestic work, during the same quarter of a century she has voluntarily spent at least seventy millions more in strengthening her position and making effectual her labours among her children at home. Surely her gifts to the heathen have returned into her own bosom! And now that our colleges and public schools have come eagerly forward to plant missions in our crowded cities, where the old parochial organization was overpowered by the concentrated masses of the population, we may be sure that the claims of the heathen will not long be overlooked by them. Already we hear of at least two of our great schools beginning to send succour to the work in India. Let it be recognised, too, that recent events exhibit the presence of a spirit in the churches which difficulties and dangers cannot daunt. When the news of Bishop Hannington's murder reached England a few months ago, the immediate response to it was the offer of a score of men, some of considerable standing, to go out and reinforce the mission in the service of which he fell, or any others where help was needed. So also we hear it has lately been in the Roman Communion. Their mission in Cochin-

 China

China suffered severely in the late war with France; to quote the recent report of the head of it, Bishop Camelbeke:—

'In a few days the work of thirty years was annihilated; the Church of Eastern Cochin-China has disappeared; 24,000 native Christians were murdered; churches, schools, orphanages were destroyed; a few priests, with a miserable remnant of their flocks, found refuge on the coast at Quinhon, under the guns of a French man-of-war, from the deck of which could be seen the blaze of burning Christian villages.'

And now we see it stated that 130 young theological students in Paris were recently ordained to go out as foreign missionaries, most of them to China, to repair the losses produced by violence. As we mark such signs of the times as these, there seems good reason to anticipate the permanence of missionary zeal, and the still further growth of enterprises to hasten on the complete evangelization of the world.

Lastly, we draw an augury from experience, and invoke the testimony of the mission-fields themselves to the effects which the labours of the churches during the present century are producing. Foremost stands out convincing evidence that Christianity is what it professes to be—a Catholic religion, a religion divinely adapted to the needs of mankind at large, whatever their racial varieties and characteristics, and capable of lifting up even the most debased tribes to participate in the fellowship of regenerated humanity. There is not a race with which it has failed. Out of the cannibals of the Pacific, the Eskimos of the frozen zone, the Indians of the American prairies, the Negroes and Hottentots of Africa, the Papuans of Australia and New Guinea, the savages of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, it can now summon a crowd of witnesses to testify of its power to awaken and develop the man, where little more than the brute had for ages manifested itself. Into St. Paul's words, 'Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman,' modern missions have put a fulness of meaning beyond anything that the apostle could have anticipated. It is a familiar remark, to which Sterne in his 'Sentimental Journey' added emphasis in a well-known passage, that for impressing the mind general statements are not comparable to particular instances. Such an instance, therefore, we venture to give from a recent private letter from a town in Northern India, and we the more readily select it because of its ordinary and common-place character:—

'I had before me to-day,' says the writer, 'a wonderful instance of the power of Christianity to regenerate Indian womanhood. I was calling on the old native pastor here. His wife, dressed in quite native

native style, came into the little drawing-room, and sat down and talked with us as if she were a motherly old English lady, as simply and freely, and with perfectly well-bred propriety. It was marvellous to me that Christianity could, in a single life, without inherited traditions, have so raised an Indian woman from the poor shrinking thing she once was, ashamed to look at her husband even, let alone strangers, and thinking she would be guilty of grievous indecorum if she spoke a word to them, or to him in their presence. I could not but think, if a native heathen wife ever came to see her, how the sight would dwell in her memory and awaken longings in her breast, shocking as the conduct of her Christian sister would seem to her.'

Our space will not allow of our doing even the barest justice to this part of our subject. We can but glance in passing at a few of the results of the older missions of the century: such as the abolition throughout a large part of the South Sea Islands of infanticide, cannibalism, human sacrifices, and debasing idolatries; the ingathering to Christendom of half a million of converts from the woolly-haired races of Africa; the birth of a civilized nation in Madagascar. But there are two fields of missionary labour to which attention ought to be specially directed, because they are the great battle-fields of aggressive Christianity, containing between them three-quarters of the non-Christian population of the globe, and also because they supply indications of approaching change, which our statistics do not even faintly indicate.

The noblest of all mission fields is greater India, with its 270 millions of human beings; for the most part by no means barbarous, but docile, peaceful, industrious, capable of high culture; inheriting an ancient civilization which had its own poets, philosophers, mathematicians, artists; and compacted together under the just and enlightened sway of England, which ensures for all protection of life and property, and perfect religious toleration. Now among this enormous aggregate of humanity what have Christian missions done, or are they doing? Sixteen years ago Sir Bartle Frere declared that they were already producing 'a great moral and intellectual revolution,' not the least remarkable feature of which was the curious unconsciousness shown by nearly all the missionaries of the effects which their work was causing. The missionaries, the late Governor-General Lord Lawrence used to testify, have done more to benefit India than all other agencies combined; a statement which will cease to seem exaggerated, when we recollect, that they were the instigators of all the philanthropic reforms, which have been carried out in that vast peninsula, since Carey began the Gospel campaign, such as the abolition

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of suttee, infanticide, slavery, and other horrible customs, by which hundreds of thousands of lives used annually to be sacrificed. Nor has more formal official recognition of the worth to India of the labours of the missionaries been withheld. In a State paper, issued about a dozen years ago, it was gratefully acknowledged that they were 'infusing new vigour into the stereotyped life of the great populations placed under English rule, and preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell.'

But so rapid is the change passing over India that already these testimonies of a few years ago may be called obsolete. The extension of primary education throughout the land; the introduction on a continually growing scale of the language, literature, and science of England; the freer communication by railways; the increased activity of the vernacular press; the drawing closer of political and social relations with the seat of empire;—these are secular instrumentalities, which are shaking to their foundations the old systems of belief and the dividing lines of caste, and are presenting to the various evangelizing agencies such opportunities of success as are entirely without precedent. And these opportunities are not lying waste. Of the missionary organizations in our lists between fifty and sixty are busily taking advantage of them, occupying at present about 750 stations dotted over the length and breadth of the country; with a male staff of 1400 ordained ministers, of whom half are natives, and 3000 native lay-helpers; a female staff of 500 Europeans and Eurasians, and 2000 natives; and congregations of converts already numbering nearly 700,000. To this last figure must be added the still larger number of Roman and Syrian Christians, bringing the total up to nearly two millions of natives professing Christianity; but there is no doubt that the yearly increase of these by conversions proceeds at a very slow pace compared with that which takes place in the Protestant missions.

Now as regards the Hindu population, it is certain that the mission stations, with their extensive apparatus of colleges, schools, and printing-presses, are doing far more than can possibly be expressed by statistical returns. They may be likened to so many wedges driven into the huge mass of idolatry, loosening its cohesion, and preparing it to fall asunder. A striking symptom of this loosening is presented by the rise of the theistic sects known as the Brahma-Somaj, which have numerous branches, with places of worship, schools, and a propaganda of lecturers. A similar testimony is borne by the

frequent

frequent reluctance of the students entering the Government Universities to enrol themselves as professing Hinduism; they prefer to return themselves as enquirers or as theists. Only the other day a missionary remarked to us, that living Hindu thought is everywhere moving out of the old benumbing Pantheism towards belief in a personal God. Caste, the main support of Hinduism, is being undermined and relaxed; educate our women, say the natives themselves, and it is doomed. Professor Christlieb even goes as far as to say that 'Brahmanism is undergoing a complete process of decomposition.' If this seems extravagant, it may at least claim support from the well-known words of Chunder Sen, the founder of the Somaj:—

'The spirit of Christianity,' he declared, 'has already pervaded the whole atmosphere of Indian society, and we breathe, think, feel, and move in a Christian atmosphere. Native society is being roused, enlightened, and reformed, under the influence of Christianity. Christ, not the British Government, rules India.'

With the Mohammedan population, it is true, things are very different; and this is a fifth part of the whole. Its faith is a simple and purer one. It has no idols to get rid of, no philosophical bondage to escape from, no horrible customs to throw aside. Taken altogether, if not so quick-witted and versatile as the Hindu, the Indian believer in the Koran has generally more solidity of character, more steadfastness of habit. Hence he is the more difficult to convert, the more tenacious of his ancient faith. All the same, he does not escape being influenced by the Christianity which is now in the air of India. There are signs of movement and reform even here. Some firstfruits have been ingathered which are full of promise; and out of Indian Mohammedism—so we have lately heard a missionary prelate of our Church say—there may some day be expected to arise great bishops to play a leading part in building up the native Church of India.

The other great field of missionary labour which we had in mind is the far east,—greater China and Japan. The work having begun later in these densely populated regions, has not yet reached the Indian proportions, but, for the time, the success has been quite as great. The celestial empire, now at last freely opened to foreign intercourse, is already honeycombed by Christian missions. About thirty of our Protestant socie[illegible] are occupying various parts of it, with a staff of fiv[illegible] European workers, including both sexes; and, in [illegible] difficulties of the language, evangelization

progress. The latest returns give as many as three hundred and fifty congregations or little churches already formed, and a hundred native pastors working in them together with the foreign missionaries, both clerical and medical, the latter being especially numerous in China. In the still younger missions of Japan, besides the Roman and Greek agencies, there are now about ten societies at work, having among them, as nearly as we can ascertain, seventy-five foreign and fifty native ordained ministers, and ten thousand converts. Thus in both the Chinese and Japanese empires the foundations of Christianity may be considered as firmly laid; and now that, after ages of seclusion, these lands have been brought into free contact with the enterprise and civilization of the West, there seems to be good reason for expecting that the religion of the Cross will rapidly extend its beneficent conquests.

Here we must conclude our imperfect survey of modern missionary enterprise. Of the vigour with which it is being prosecuted by the churches, and of the extent of ground which it covers, there cannot be two opinions. It is the most characteristic feature of the Christianity of the present century. There have been eras of consolidation, of reform, of revival; this is, above all, the era of advance, of conquest. May we not say that it has come providentially, to answer the unbeliever's taunt that the religion of Christ is effete, and ready to vanish before the progress of science? The faith, which within a century has doubled our churches at home, and sent out its messengers into all lands, must be at least as living as anything that the world can show. And, immense as the work which remains to be achieved appears, when stock is taken of the peoples still to be evangelized, the story of which a fragmentary outline has been passing before us seems to rebuke doubt of the ultimate result. Long indeed may be the toil, fluctuating the progress, great the necessary sacrifices. But if, in face of the inevitable difficulties, the heroic pioneers of the Gospel are at times depressed, they may find a cordial in the past history of the Church. There have been seasons when the odds against the extension of Christianity appeared far more overwhelming, the obstacles barring its path far more fatal. But, in spite of all, Christendom held its own, extended its borders, carried yet higher the standard of the Cross. From this experience of the past hope may replenish her lamp, when its flame burns dim in the day of trial. By its charter the Church Catholic is the heir of the world, and the Divine Power, which has prospered it hitherto, may be trusted in due time to put it in possession of its inheritance.

ART.

ART. VI.—1. *First and Second Reports of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the Depression of Trade and Industry.* London, 1886.
2. *Burma and the Burmans.* By A. Ross Colquhoun. London, 1885.
3. *France and Tongking.* By James George Scott. London, 1885.
4. *Burma as it Was, as it Is, and as it Will Be.* By the Same. London, 1886.
5. *Reports of Her Majesty's Consuls, Commercial* (No. 6). 1886.

WE must confess that we have read the first and second interim Reports of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the Depression of Trade with feelings of disappointment. A large amount of evidence has been taken, much of which is interesting, and in a sense important. It is well to be reminded, that over-production of tonnage lowers the freight market; that the cessation of railway construction in the United States has had much to do with the stagnation prevalent in the iron trade; that Bradford is the one great centre of manufacturing industry in England where men have not lost heart, and where some traders are comparatively prosperous; though Bradford, judging from the Board of Trade returns for June, is not too well off. Exports of woollen yarn are falling off, and there is also a shrinkage in woollen fabrics. Bradford, however, is the exception that proves the rule. Everywhere else men complain of falling markets and of a diminishing demand for British goods. These facts, however, are not new to those who take an interest in commerce; and it is hard to see what good Lord Iddesleigh can hope to gain by collecting in the evidence given before the Royal Commission such well-known facts, which had, moreover, been long since published in the ordinary way. None need be told that our own trade is bad. The object of the Royal Commission should be to discover, if possible, whether foreign industries are equally depressed; and, if not, what is the reason for the difference.

Recent travellers in Germany, for instance, must have been greatly struck by the comparative prosperity of almost every branch of trade in that Empire. From time to time, no doubt, we hear of depression in the Westphalian iron trade, and in trade elsewhere, and the very utmost is made of these stray facts by English *doctrinaires*, to whom it is apparently a source of great comfort and gratification that other men are as badly off as themselves As a matter of fact, however, it is not so. Speaking from very recent experience, we are able to say that, although

although German traders are not exactly making their fortunes, they are, on the whole, prospering. They have attacked English monopolies in more than one quarter of the world, and they are about to assail another. It has long been a favourite boast of free-traders, that no protectionist country can compete with us in shipbuilding; and the disappearance of this particular trade from the United States since the war lent colour to the assertion. A very slight examination of the facts would, however, show that shipbuilding died out in America because the Americans devoted the whole of their energy and their capital to the construction of new railways, leaving to England the profitless business of developing the ocean-carrying trade. That business, vast as its proportions are, is, financially speaking, not worth having. Every shareholder in transatlantic steamship lines knows, to his cost, that for years managers have been doing little more than flinging money into the sea. That shipbuilding has disappeared in the United States, proves nothing more than that the Americans are a long-headed race, who know when to drop a given industry, and when to take it up. We shall have before long a much better test, whether it is possible for a protectionist country to compete in shipbuilding with England. Several German builders are confident that they can do so, and a vigorous attempt is to be made, the moment this particular branch of trade revives, to assail the supremacy of the Clyde and the Tyne.

Nor is it only in the development of her home resources that the expanding commercial genius of the German people makes itself manifest. On every side they are searching for new markets. Yesterday it was the western coast of Africa, to-day it is Morocco towards which the eyes of business men in Germany are wistfully directed; and there is this difference between Germans and Englishmen—that while the latter are ready enough to talk about new markets, they seldom make a practical effort to open them up. The Germans, when they are once convinced that money is to be made in a given locality, lose no time in making it if possible. Quite recently they adopted the device of hiring a steamer to sail from port to port, not only with samples of goods, but with the goods themselves for sale, and the experiment was completely successful—so successful that a few weeks ago the Swedish Government, following the example of the German Commercial Geographical Society, sent a frigate, the 'Vanadis,' to Morocco. The vessel carried, free of charge, samples of the manufactures of about twenty Swedish firms anxious to find a market for their goods in the Mediterranean. The new subsidized line of German steamers was established almost entirely from commercial, and

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not from political motives, and in this and other ways every nerve is being strained to explore new outlets for the growing industries of the German Empire.

Our means of information as to new markets are at least as plentiful as those of the Germans. Our Chambers of Commerce are never weary of talking about new markets, and their activity in this respect has been very great during the past two years. Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Holt Hallett, and other distinguished travellers, have pictured for their benefit the trade possibilities of Burma, of Tibet, and of China. Mr. Stanley has lectured them about the Congo, and almost every newspaper in the country, professing to give commercial information, has kept a keen look-out for new markets and new openings for British industries. It is, however, very doubtful whether any good at all has been done, so far, by all this speaking and writing. If the average man of business were asked to give a short sketch of the state of our knowledge of possible new markets, he would be very much puzzled; and if he were asked to say what single step of a practical nature has ever been taken by Chambers of Commerce to develop any one of these new markets, of which so much has been said and heard, he would be forced to confess that nothing has been done. Englishmen are supposed to be a practical race, but in the deeply important matter of pushing the commercial interests of England in fresh fields they are lagging far behind.

Obviously the first thing to be done, before we enter upon a consideration of how new fields for British trade can be opened up, is to find out what are possible fresh outlets for our industries which might be successfully assailed by our merchants and traders. Travellers are apt to infuse a good deal of their own enthusiasm into their descriptions of the countries they have witnessed, and therefore it is the more desirable that an attempt should be made to set down in plain and sober terms an outline of what is known about possible new markets. In Europe, of course, there is not much to be done, since the ground is too well covered; but even in Europe something might be attempted by our traders. Take, for instance, the island of Corsica. It is not very far away. Thousands of Englishmen, yachting in the Mediterranean during the past ten years, must have visited this land of sunny hills; but not until last month was it found that a considerable opening for trade exists there. Our manufacturers will compete, under very favourable circumstances, with those of the North of France, who have to pay railway freights to Marseilles, while our goods can be sent all the way by water. Duties on foreign goods are only half as much as

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in France. The chief obstacle to opening up this market is that conservatism in commercial matters of which we shall say more presently. Many important articles are brought from Germany and other countries which could be obtained cheaper and better in England. The reason is, that most English manufacturers object to offer their goods otherwise than on English standards of weight, measure, and value, for delivery at their works, or, at most, free on board at a British port; while Germany and Holland offer their manufactures on French standards, delivered free to Marseilles, or even at Bastia in Corsica.

Then there is a promising market in Servia and Bulgaria. Manchester sends annually to Belgrade about 2500 bales of yarn, the value of which at 50*l.* per bale would be 125,000*l.* In addition to this, the value of English woven goods imported into Servia has been estimated at 75,000*l.*, and it is supposed that in various direct and indirect ways—such as purchases of goods made personally in England by Serb merchants—the actual value of our trade with Servia may be worth 400,000*l.* per annum. Now this is only a fifth of the total imports of King Milan's State, and the figures are all the more unsatisfactory when we remember that Serb exports have trebled since 1862, while the imports have been quintupled. Most of the trade has hitherto been done with Austria-Hungary, although Germany is competing strongly for it just now; and it would be a mistake to run away with the idea, that mere contiguity is sufficient to account for this fact. Serb merchants send their sons to Vienna to school. After their school education is over, they spend a certain amount of time in an Austrian or Hungarian counting-house; they return home and deal for the rest of their lives, so far as they can, with their Austrian friends. It so happens that in Servia there is an immense feeling of admiration for the commercial genius of England. If there were a State-directed school here, where young foreigners could be taught English, French, and German, the Serbs, who now go to Vienna for their training, would certainly find their way to England, and would receive their business training in Manchester warehouses. The Austrians understand and utilize the Serb love for England by stamping their goods with Prince of Wales' feathers, and other peculiarly British marks. Since 1869 there has been in existence at Belgrade an official agricultural society; and all machinery and implements ordered by it enter the country duty free. By the third article of the Anglo-Servian commercial treaty these imports are liable to a duty of eight per cent., but that duty is not to come into force—most-favoured-nation treatment being accorded to British goods by the Second Article

Article—until all the Powers having a right to the capitulations shall have surrendered them, the capitulations tariff being only three per cent. *ad valorem*. Agricultural implement makers ought to avail themselves of the fact, that some time must elapse before these capitulations are all surrendered. Hitherto English makers have failed to get hold of the Servian market, because their machines were too heavy and expensive. Machines for dressing and sorting the different grains for the market, harrows and cultivators, might also be disposed of in considerable numbers. Winnowing and dressing machines, wine-pressers, and shovels, find a ready sale, if the vendors know the market and study it in detail as the Austrians do. A British depot for agricultural implements, with half-a-dozen provincial branches, ought to be established at Belgrade; and, if this were done, a large trade could easily be established, not only in the implements we have mentioned, but in sewing, washing, and mangling machines. Austrian houses give longer credits than English firms; and the same thing happens in the case of many foreign nations. Our merchants are afraid of the risk, but Continental houses cheerfully accept it, for reasons which were well expressed in some consular reports two years ago. Mr. Wrench, speaking about Constantinopolitan trade, said that foreign importers held out these long credits as inducements to purchasers. He added that

'these book-debts are never worked off. Payments on account are made when fresh goods are wanted, and importers being eager to sell suffer outstandings to grow rather than apply the curb to reduce them.'

The risk too is not so great as at first sight it appears. Consul-General Michell, writing upon the trade of Norway, said that

'the care and minuteness with which the local markets are studied by German commercial travellers remove the possibility of much greater risk in connection with the long-credit system than that which usually attends all commercial operations.'

Mr. Wrench added a passage which we must quote, because it contains information which British merchants would do well to ponder:—

'Continental manufacturers take much more pains to learn the market than British manufacturers care to bestow. German, Belgian, and Austrian manufacturers, have always travellers on foot studying the market, and they adapt their manufactures to its fashions and caprices. An English traveller is never seen here now. The British manufacturer neither canvasses the market nor makes any effort to suit

suit it. If the market will take what he has to offer, and come to him for it, well and good; but he is not at pains to woo its custom as the manufacturers of the Continent are. Consequently, little by little the import trade of Constantinople is being led away from England. In the item of paper, Italy has the monopoly which once belonged to England. British glassware is supplanted by that of Austria and Italy, and the silks of these countries have cut out those of both England and France.'

Austrian houses, it will be easily understood, know their best customers too well to run much risk. The long credits they offer could be given just as easily by English houses, if they had competent travellers able to study on the spot the markets of this polyglot region; but, until this is done, and until young Serbs are offered a practical scholastic and business training in England, our trade with Servia will continue to be small in amount and unsatisfactory in character. And this at a time when Germany is steadily driving Austrian trade out of the Danubian provinces.

There is too in Bulgaria a market for agricultural implements. In nearly every roadside 'kan,' or halting-house, from the Black Sea to the Servian border, there is a fancy picture, highly coloured, of large agricultural machines, with smiling attendants, preparing the ground for the future harvest; but in the country itself there are hardly any modern machines to be found. The old-fashioned scratching plough, drawn by a couple of buffaloes or bullocks, is still used, for the Bulgarians are very jealous of innovations introduced by foreigners.

'Time,' said a Bulgar to Mr. Charles Williams, the War Correspondent—

'Time will break down this barrier, but it must be recognized, and after all there are plenty of Bulgarians—some of those, for example, educated at Robert College on the Bosphorus—who would be perfectly ready while really acting as intermediaries to appear as principals in this and other branches of enterprise.'

The Bulgarians happen to be deeply grateful just now for the diplomatic assistance given to their Prince by Lord Salisbury. This feeling ought to be turned to commercial account, as it certainly would have been by Germans, if they had been placed in equally favourable circumstances. Agricultural machines could be landed as high as Lom Palanka for the Sofia district, or at Rustchuk for the great plains between the Etropol and Shipka Balkans and the Danube. England is singularly fortunate in her diplomatic representatives in Bulgaria. Sir Frank Lascelles and Mr. R. W. Graves his assistant at Sofia, and Mr. W. H. Dalziel, the English Vice-Consul at Rustchuk, are all of them

deeply

deeply convinced of the desirability of opening up new avenues for British trade; but here again British manufacturers ought carefully to study the local market. Few of the Bulgarian farmers could find sufficient capital to buy a plough outright. There is but little fuel available for getting up steam, and the habits of the people would probably be an obstacle to the use of straw and haulms for heating boilers. Of horses, however, there are plenty; and if machines to be worked by horse-power could be placed on hire at a few centres under the care of suitable native merchants, they would unquestionably come into speedy and general use. There is a considerable movement in favour of improved railway communication in the interior of the Principality. Anybody who wishes really to understand what the economic resources of Bulgaria are, should study the only correct maps of the country—those of the Austrian Staff. In the vast rolling plains, with limestone, granite, or basalt, predominant in the soil, and with plenty of water, if it were not allowed to run rapidly to waste in the spring, there are great agricultural possibilities to which the Bulgarian are by no means blind. North and south of the Balkans there are smiling wastes, as suitable for profitable cultivation as the plains of Southern Russia. Not long ago, the Grand Duke Viceroy of the Georgian Caucasus received the representative of an English firm of agricultural implement-makers with great 'effusion,' and gave him an excellent order. The plains of Bulgaria, north and south of the Balkans, are far better adapted for wheat cultivation than those of the country over which the Grand Duke presides; and capable observers believe that, if machines were offered on the hire system, Prince Alexander, in his anxiety to improve Bulgarian agriculture, would give a State guarantee for the payment of the instalments. Hitherto, nobody has asked him; and Bulgaria is an unopened market so far as our manufacturers are concerned.

If we turn from Europe to Asia, the field open to British enterprise is a very large one. Mr. Colquhoun, on the title-page of his little book on Burma, describes it as 'the best unopened market in the world;' and we select his work for special mention, because it refers mainly to the commercial value of our new acquisition. Public attention in recent years has been directed so much to the trade route to the northern parts of the country through Southern China—the action of the French in Tongking investing these routes with peculiar interest—that the trade advantages of the Irrawaddy were until a short time ago almost overlooked. This river is navigable

gable all the year round so far north as Bhamo, a distance of 840 miles from the sea. Until the deposition of Theebaw and the annexation of his country by the British Government, trade was much hampered by excessive duties and by the royal monopolies. Duties were levied on salt, cutch, cotton, lead, timber, and rubies. The trade in timber, petroleum, and precious stones, was a royal monopoly; and since 1881 additional monopolies in cotton, cutch, and pickled tea, were established. The taxation of all goods entering or leaving the Shan States, coupled with the rapacity of the officials, was the chief cause of all the trouble given by those States. Mr. Colquhoun gives a list of exports and imports to British Burma, which supplies a very fair idea of the nature of the trade to be done in Upper Burma:—

'The exports from Upper Burma to British Burma in 1880–1 amounted to 1,613,972*l.* They included 1,221 ponies and mules, 21,363 cattle, 103 sheep and goats; 30,287 maunds of canes and rattans; 26,263*l.* of Chinese and Japanese ware; 3,085,682 yards of native piece-goods; 8,247*l.* of fruit, 22,887 maunds of wheat, 339,946 of grain and pulse, 3,527 maunds of rice, 175,662 maunds of cutch, 3,068 maunds of other gums and resins; hides and skins, 35,504*l.*; horns, 1,517*l.*; lac, 3,843*l.*; mats, 4,924*l.*; metals, 9,840*l.*; specie, 544,037*l.*; petroleum, 129,890 maunds; other oils, 46,673 maunds; orpiment, 209 maunds; provisions, 49,293*l.*; jade, 23,630*l.*; unrefined sugar, 258,474 maunds; tea, 15,070 maunds; tobacco, 6,680 maunds; and wood, 437,405 maunds. The imports to Upper Burma from British Burma in 1880–1 amounted to 1,712,302*l.* They included—animals, 2,900*l.*; borax, 30*l.*; canes and rattans, 138*l.*; Chinese ware, 49*l.*; coal and coke, 500*l.*; raw cotton, 97*l.*; manufactured cotton, European twist and yarn, 191,918*l.*; European piece-goods, 281,549*l.*; drugs and medicines, 2,915*l.*; dyeing materials, 4,005*l.*; earthenware and porcelain, 30,701*l.*; jute, 46,025 maunds; rice unhusked, 16,962 maunds; hides and skins, 4,129*l.*; liquors, 9,013*l.*; mats, 3,414*l.*; metals—brass and copper, 13,816*l.*; iron, 23,331*l.*; other metals, 16,028*l.*; specie, 134,180*l.*; oils, 10,934*l.*; provisions—ghee, 1,356 maunds; ngapee, 584,392 maunds; other kinds of provisions, 17,548*l.*; raw silk, 103,878*l.*; manufactured silk, 257,800*l.*; spices, 14,507*l.*; refined sugar, 10,939 maunds; tea, 1,881 maunds; woollen goods, 77,401*l.*; other articles of merchandise, unmanufactured, 11,497*l.*; manufactured, 113,516*l.* The trade between Upper Burma and Yunnan before 1855 is said to have exceeded 500,000*l.* a year, and was mainly carried on through the now independent Shan State of Theinnee' (pp. 32–3).

Trade with the interior is chiefly carried on by the Bombay merchants, Parsees, and Chinese. Most of the river trade passes through the hands of a Bombay concern, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company,

Company, which is rapidly extending its operations. If a direct trade could be opened up between British Burma and Southern China an immense field for enterprise and capital would be developed. As to the way in which this might be done, Mr. Colquhoun observes that

'the only line of railway completed is that from Rangoon to Prome, about 170 miles in length; but another from Rangoon to Tonngoo, a town on the north-east frontier, close to Karennee, is shortly to be opened. It is hoped that in the not very distant future the Tonngoo line will be continued northwards through Upper Burma to Mandalay and Bhamo, branching thence to the north-west, through a strip of independent territory to Dibragarh in Assam, to join there the Indian system of railways. Another extension which must come soon, is a line of railway carried to the eastward of Zimmé in northern Siam, and thence ultimately to South-West China, with a branch line to Bangkok, the capital of Siam. A branch of the Tonngoo line can be thrown off to Moulmein, opening enormously rich rice lands now useless. Thence continued into Siam from Zimmé, the main line should bifurcate, one arm going southwards to Bangkok, the other being carried northwards, through the Shan States, to some large and convenient trade centre on the border of Yunnan' (pp. 55–6).

With reference to these projects, we must point out, that the only one of immediate interest is the branch line from Moulmein to the Siamese frontier, where, in conjunction with a Siamese branch line to Bangkok, it might form the bases from which it is suggested the Indo-Chinese railway across Siam should start. The opening up of a great Indo-Chinese trade depends upon opening up Siam, and without a branch line from the frontier to Bangkok this could only be done to a limited extent. Mr. Colquhoun, in one of his speeches, contended that the Indian Government ought to construct the line from Moulmein to the Siamese frontier, because the Government of Siam made the promise of the Government of India to construct this line a *sine quâ non* to the construction, by the former Government, of railways in Siam; and secondly, because it is a constant practice of the Indian Government to construct lines itself or to give guarantees enabling others to do so. The argument is a sound and a forcible one, as far as the line from Moulmein to the Siamese frontier is concerned. The enterprise, judging from the experience of the Rangoon-Prome and the Tonngoo lines, would probably be an immediate financial success. There ought to be no serious obstacle in the way of constructing this line. The difficulty begins the moment we cross the Siamese frontier. The Indian Government cannot guarantee the dividends of a line lying outside British territory. If this objection could

could be got over, it is doubtful whether the branch line would pay even with the help of through traffic, for the population is sparse, although the country, through which the line would pass, is thickly populated when compared with other portions of the peninsula. We are inclined to think that this Burma-Siam-China route is not immediately practicable, and that British traders should devote all their energies for the present to opening up Upper Burma. There we are masters in our own house, with no political difficulties to encounter, except the natural hostility of the Chinese to the approach of Western trade and Western ideas. We say this the more emphatically, because we are convinced that the Bhamo route as a means of opening up an extensive trade with Yunnan is a hopeless one. The hopes of British traders have been built upon that portion of China embracing Szechuen, Yunnan and Kwi-chaw. Yunnan, as our readers are aware, is bounded on the north by the province of Szechuen, on the west by Upper Burma and the Shan States, on the south by the Shan States and Tongking, and on the east by the provinces of Kwangsì and Kwi-chaw. There are two waterways into the province, the most important of them being the West River, which is navigable from Canton to Pese. The Bhamo trade-route was an inefficient substitute for a waterway in the west; but its difficulties are, we are convinced, much too serious to be overcome. Yunnan itself is not exactly the commercial Paradise it has sometimes been supposed to be. Naturally it is a rich province; but it contains a poor population of from five to six millions, the greater portion of whom are engaged in agricultural pursuits. These pursuits cannot be developed much for many years to come, owing to the immense tracts of land in the north and the west which have lain waste since the last Mohammedan rebellion. The province of Kwi-chaw is better situated, but it is less developed even than Yunnan. Traces are to be found everywhere of the struggle twenty years ago between the aboriginal tribes. Coal, iron, copper and quicksilver exist in large quantities, but they are very imperfectly worked. Szechuen, on the other hand, a province as large as France, is in a highly prosperous condition. Its dense population and its fine waterways have alike contributed to this result. It produces silk, salt, sugar and medicines, but silk only is exported to Europe. Mr. Hosie, the British Consul at Chung-king, on the north bank of the Yangtze, at the mouth of the Chialing river, stated some time ago, in an address to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, that the export trade of Chung-king amounts to five millions annually. The greater portion of this money is expended in the purchase

of

of raw and manufactured cotton, Szechuen being quite unsuited for the growth of this commodity. Unfortunately, Manchester goods cannot reach the consumer in this province without being subjected to all sorts of exactions. Mr. Hosie suggests, that Chung-king should be opened up on the same basis as the nineteen other ports on the Yangtsze open to foreign trade, so that British manufactures could be laid down there on the payment of tariff duty. He thinks, if this could be done, that a very large number of purchasers would be forthcoming, not only from Szechuen, but from Kwi-chaw and Yunnan, who would be able to carry the goods, under transit-pass, to their destination, on payment of transit duty only. We agree with Mr. Hosie that the only practicable route to Szechuen, Kwi-chaw, and Northern Yunnan is by the Yangtsze, in whose upper waters a large trade in foreign goods is now conducted; but we do not gather from his remarks what steps he proposes to take in order to open up Chung-king. We entirely concur with him when he expresses the opinion, that the Bhamo route is impossible. Between Bhamo and Szechuen there are three of the largest valleys in the world, together with deep ravines between mountains thirteen thousand feet high. And then, if the physical difficulties could be overcome, there are political obstacles to be encountered of the gravest kind—obstacles which apply to Mr. Hosie's scheme just as fully as to Mr. Colquhoun's. It is unnecessary to make any further remarks on the trade with China, as the relations of this country with the West have been already fully discussed in a previous article in our present number.

We pass on to consider the next new market from which British traders look for great results in the near future. Tibet is supposed to be a very mysterious country; but in reality we know a good deal about its trade. The 'brick tea' business between the province of Szechuen and Lhasa is worth about 160,000*l.* per annum to Chinese merchants, who give, in return for this money, ten million pounds of refuse which they could dispose of to no other customers. The Tibetans are essentially a commercial people. Their chief officials and lamas have agents in their employ, and thus they are enabled to trade on their own account. Silk, gold lace, precious stones, and carpets, are imported from Northern China; leather, saddlery, sheep, horses, salt, and borax, are brought from Mongolia and Kachi; from Szechuen, tea, cotton goods, and porcelain; from Tawan, Bhutan, and Sikhim, rice, indigo, coral, pearls, sugar, spices, and Indian wares are imported; and from Ladak and Kashmir, saffron, silk, and Indian produce. There is a promising gold-

 field

field in the country. The imports are partly paid for in gold and silver, but barter is also largely carried on. The green slopes of Bod-yul produce vast quantities of the finest wool. If the teas of Darjeeling and Assam could be exchanged for Tibetan wool, Bengal might witness the building up of a new industry which would eclipse that of Kashmir in its most flourishing days. Already Indian rupees have passed into the currency of Tibet, and much of the brick tea is paid for in our Indian coin. Chinese cottons have been supplanted at Lhasa by Indian goods. Silks of bright colour are said to fetch their weight in silver, and English woollen cloths find a ready sale in spite of strong Russian competition. There is a great and increasing demand for indigo, upon which profits of from fifty to a hundred per cent. have been made. Since the opening of the Darjeeling railway, natives of Tibet have begun to find their way to Calcutta, and the difficulties in the way of opening up the country will, it is hoped, be overcome by our friendly relations with China, of which we have already spoken in connection with Mr. Macaulay's visit to the Chinese capital,* though we must repeat that we fear nothing will be effected, until the Chinese claim to Bhamo and to the Sheveley river as a frontier in Upper Burma have been amicably disposed of.

Tongking, judging from Mr. Scott's work, is not by any means the El Dorado the French once supposed it to be. The Song-coi is practically useless as a means of opening up Yunnan. In Lower Tongking the soil is clayey, but very fertile, owing to the immense quantities of alluvial soil brought down by the river. So great is the volume of this deposit, that the delta is rapidly extending itself; and Hung-Yen, which was close to the sea when the Dutch established factories there two hundred years ago, is now thirty miles inland. Rice is the staple crop of this region, and also of the flat tract to the south of Hunghoa, which Mr. Scott describes as 'the most highly-tilled land in the world,' although we suspect that in saying so he forgets Szechuen. In the higher ground, maize, sugar cane, and castor-oil plants, with here and there china-cassia—a species of cinnamon—are the principal products. Near Langson is the centre of the star-anise culture, from which an essential oil used in perfumery is derived. The oil which the Annamese call 'Dankoi,' or scented oil, is extracted from the seeds of a small evergreen, which grows only in hilly districts, and within a very limited area. Gold and iron are undoubtedly to be found to a certain extent, but the French authorities have

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* See p. 81.

placed

placed as many obstacles as they could in the way of would-be diggers. At Nam-dinh, inlaid mother-of-pearl work and silk embroidery are produced, and the latter industry is also carried on in Hanoi. Most of the trade of the country, particularly its timber, passes through Hong Kong. Of the imports, valued in 1880 at 5,467,415 francs, thirty-four per cent. consisted of English cotton goods and yarn. Seventy-nine per cent. of the exports also passed through Hong Kong. The object the French had in view when they descended upon Tongking, namely to tap the trade of South-West China by means of the Red River, has been a complete failure, and there is no reason to suppose that they will ever succeed. We mention Tongking, more from a desire not to overlook any portion of the literature of this subject, than from any belief we entertain, that it will ever become a profitable dependency to France or to any other nation.

Speaking generally of the prospects of British trade in Asiatic markets, we must again call attention to some of the causes of the success that our commercial rivals, the Germans, generally meet with there. Their progress in Asia Minor, and in other parts of Turkey, has been remarkable. To a large extent, this is due to the vigour with which they have studied the local languages. Their mastery of the native dialects in Asia Minor has left them in almost unopposed possession of the trade of a region comprising 508,800 square miles, occupied by sixteen millions of people. English and Scotch firms are content to deal with houses in Smyrna and Constantinople. German firms send polyglot travellers of their own everywhere. They may be seen any morning, accompanied by Turkish cavalry guards, setting forth at dawn from the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus; from Broussa, the great silk mart of Turkey; from Seraikeny, the terminus of the Smyrna and Aidin Railway, and from other places, with their samples and stock on pack-animals behind them. The German representatives are allowed to make considerable educational grants, with the result that most Christian, and many Mohammedan, children in Turkey are being trained by German teachers. Were it not for a subsidized German college, supplemented by an American school near Constantinople, the children of Englishmen would find it difficult to procure a first-rate training there. The study of local dialects, and the keen cultivation of local markets, has been in Asia, as in Europe, the keystone of the commercial success of Germany.

How thoroughly indifferent our traders are in this matter is well illustrated by an incident referred to in the report, published last

last month, of the Bombay Mill Owners' Association. Some time ago this body passed a resolution to the effect, that an agent should be sent round the African coast to Arabia, and to such other places as were likely to absorb Bombay piece goods. The amount required was estimated at 12,000 rupees; but after waiting a year, only 10,417 rupees had been subscribed by twenty-seven mills. It was resolved to make up the balance from the funds of the Association; and Mr. Cotton, in recording the resolution, observed that, even supposing the experiment turned out to be an entire failure, 12,000 rupees were not much to spend in trying to open up new fields for a trade representing a capital of seven crores of rupees. At the annual meeting of the Association last February, Mr. Cotton had to report that very little indeed had been done to open up new markets. 'Circumstances having arisen,' he said, 'which rendered it impracticable to carry out the original scheme of employing a travelling agent for the purpose of exploiting new markets for the production of the local mills, your committee considered various ways in doing something in that direction which the depression in trade showed to be so desirable.' The 'something' was the payment of 250 rupees a month to the Bombay agent of the Austro-Hungarian Steam Navigation Company to forward samples of the different cloths and yarns manufactured in Bombay to the Company's agents in Southern Europe, the Levant, and Syria, the very districts which, as we have already described, are most carefully worked by German travellers. Naturally the arrangement was not a profitable one, and it was terminated after a six months' trial. The wonder is, so foolish a scheme was ever tried at all.

If we turn our attention to the African Continent we find at least one splendid undeveloped market there, namely, Morocco. People who have simply run across to Tangiers from Gibraltar have no conception of the economic possibilities of this immense fertile waste, although even these birds of passage must have been struck by the fact, that the steamer in which they crossed was principally loaded with provisions for Gibraltar. Morocco is absolutely necessary to the existence of the garrison of Gibraltar. M. Ordega, the French representative, was the first to embark upon an enterprising policy; but he fell into the mistake of attempting, through the Shereef of Wazan, to secure a strong political foothold in Tangiers in the first instance. The Germans are at this moment working quietly from the opposite end of the pole. Nothing has been said of their movements so far in the public press, but in a few months much will be heard of the success of German travellers in the north-

north-west and the south of Morocco. In the north-western portion of the country the soil is a rich alluvial deposit, watered by rivers whose sources are among the snows of the Atlas Mountains. Not a hundredth part of the land is under cultivation. So much of it as the natives care to work is divided into three parts, each of which is yearly sown in succession, while the other two are left fallow. The Moors are not by any means devoid of common sense, and they would speedily take steps to increase their output if they possessed the means of sending it to a market. We do not intend to advocate such heroic methods of enabling them to do this as the construction of railways, or even of roads. Dredging operations at Rabat and El Araich, and a few buoys and beacons put down at Mogador, would not cost much money. The Sultan might probably be induced to give a concession to a British company prepared to perform the necessary work; and thus three admirable harbours could be at once formed, opening up direct steam communication with Europe. The dry climate is very favourable to the growth of a light-coloured barley, which would find a ready sale among English brewers. If this trade were encouraged, a reciprocal demand would spring up for British manufactures. Until recently most of this business was in the hands of the French, who made the most of the wool trade carried on between Casa Bianca and Marseilles, and of the opportunities afforded by the Algerian frontier. French tea, sugar, candles, matches, and cloth are met with everywhere in the interior. Almost our only staple trade in the country is the shipment to Mogador of a certain quantity annually of printed cottons. But these goods are not used by the Moors; they are merely transmitted through Mogador to the Soudan. There are, we admit, great obstacles in the way of British trade, but they can be overcome. Chief among them are what are known as 'Sultan's merchants.' These are natives who get a certain sum from the Sultan and are told to go and trade. They obtain goods on credit in England, which they sell in the most reckless way; for as long as they pay plenty of money into the Custom House they are let alone. Whenever sufficient has been paid in taxes to cover the amount originally lent, the Sultan lends them more money for the purpose of keeping out the 'infidel.' If the authorities think that a particular merchant is not doing a sufficiently brisk trade, they come down upon him and compel him to reduce his prices, no matter how great the loss may be. If a European house endeavours to recover the money due to them by these men, the Sultan immediately

immediately puts in a claim for all the property they possess. This is the reason why in the interior British goods are sold for less than they cost to produce, a fact which has not escaped the notice of the German Government. We shall hear before long of a commercial treaty between it and the Sultan, which will put an end to the commercial vagaries of the latter potentate. It is possible, too, that when France finds that Germany has fixed her eyes on this ancient granary of the world, she may push her Algerian frontier to the Moolooeca, and after that to Fez. The road from the Moolooeca to the capital lies along well-watered and well-provisioned valleys, in which a railway could be laid without cutting a road or making an embankment.

The difficulties in the way of British enterprise in Morocco may be illustrated by a misfortune which recently befell a company specially formed to develop the trade of the country. Trade in the greater part of Morocco is absolutely forbidden, on the ground that, if freedom of commerce were allowed, there would be extensive smuggling. The few open ports in existence have been so successful that a company was formed in London some time ago to create a new one somewhere between Ifni and Assaka, so as to draw the whole of the Soudan and Central African caravans to that point. Supposing these caravans start from Timbuctoo, they have to travel 1250 miles to Oran, 1280 miles to Algiers, 1500 miles to Tunis, or 1300 miles to Tripoli. The distance to Mogador, one of the open ports, is only 900 miles; but if they could reach the sea at Ercksheesh or Assaka, the distance would be only 700 miles, or less than half the distance to Tunis. Unfortunately for the shareholders, their directors did not take the trouble to obtain the Sultan's consent to begin with. We can see from the official reports extending over some years, that the directors trusted too much in their own resources, and respected too little the power of the Sultan. They negociated the purchase of large tracts of land from the local sheikhs and f'kays, and they proceeded at once to commence operations. They sold European goods, and in return they received specie, jewellery, goat-skins, wax, wool, and ostrich feathers. They had not long been at work, however, before the Sultan's soldiers appeared on the scene, and invited the company's agents to 'consult' with the Sultan. On their arrival in Morocco they were refused an audience, some of their servants were imprisoned, and the soldiers, who had promised to guard the company's property at their port in the Ait-Bon-Amran, quietly ate up all the provisions and confiscated the goods. Lord Granville refused to interfere, on the

intelligible

intelligible ground, that the company had not obtained the Sultan's permission to open their port. The men who lost their goods at Ait-Bon-Amran seem to have been no better and no worse than other traders, and the German Government—had they been German subjects—would certainly not have disowned them. The Sultan of Morocco seems to have borrowed the idea as well as the property of the Company, for last month it was announced that he had varied the monotony of hard fighting with the tribes by opening 'a new port at Assaka.'

As a further illustration of British inability to open up new markets as compared with the all-conquering restlessness of the Germans, a glance at our settlements on the West Coast of Africa is most valuable and instructive. It does not seem to have dawned upon the minds of Englishmen, until the West African Conference was held in Berlin, that we possess settlements on that coast which ought to be of the highest value. We have been there a very long time. Our settlement at the mouth of the Gambia River has been in existence for nearly three hundred years, but the total value of the imports and exports is only about 350,000*l.* per annum. The reason for this unsatisfactory state of things is that, although the river is the finest on this part of the coast, the unfriendliness of the natives makes it useless as a means of communicating with the interior. Sierra Leone has a coast line nearly two hundred miles long. Freetown is practically a free port of entry, but here again the trade is almost entirely in local produce. A little ivory and gold occasionally filter down from the interior, but it cannot be said that there is any trade with the natives inland. The Gold Coast was formally ceded to us in 1872 by the Dutch, in return for the abandonment of British rights in Sumatra. The avowed object of the treaty was to provide means for stimulating trade with the interior. The length of the coast is about 240 miles; the total value of the imports and exports is only about 900,000*l.* per annum. Under the same administration, but more to the east, is the island and port of Lagos, naturally one of the best in West Africa, although it has fallen into a state of sad neglect, owing to the niggardliness with which the 'Liverpool of West Africa' has been treated by the East. It possesses fairly good means of communication with the interior, and the natives are eager to trade; but the value of the imports and exports—chiefly the produce of the palm and various oil seeds—is only about 1,200,000*l.* per annum. In every instance, trade is confined to the produce of narrow belts of land along the coast. The interior has never been tapped—

tapped—a result largely due to the fact, that the British administrators have made no attempt to conciliate the powerful tribes in their immediate vicinity. There is a chronic feud between the natives of the interior and those on the coast; and unfortunately the British representatives have proceeded too uniformly on the assumption, that in all cases of dispute they were bound to befriend the latter at the expense of the former. The three wars with Ashantee have been primarily due to this cause, and of course every petty struggle into which we are dragged materially hampers the development of trade. The Mandingoes, the Foulahs, and other large tribes in the interior, have learned to regard Englishmen as tax-collectors and nothing more. If an annual subsidy were paid to them out of the taxes collected by the custom-houses, they would keep the roads to the interior open, and a friendly spirit would be created which would be to the highest degree beneficial to commerce.

Some sanguine people have imagined that it is possible to create a valuable trade in the Soudan. Writing some weeks ago from Suakim, our Consul there, Mr. Cameron, discusses the question, with of course a natural disposition to take as favourable a view of the question as he possibly could. Hitherto the greater portion of the Soudan trade—the ivory, the feathers, and the cotton which reach Cairo—has been carried along the Nile route. The Suakim traders have not had much share in it, although they hope to do better in future, 'as soon as the country is pacified.' Mr. Cameron has much to say about organizing an efficient service of steamers and lighters on the Nile, especially from Khartoum southwards; but apart from the political impossibility of opening up the Senaar Bahr Gazelle and Equatorial Provinces just now, he does not enter into details as to the possibility of creating a profitable trade in this huge cemetery of armies. He thinks there is a serious promise of cotton being grown in the Tokar district. In 1883, Suakim exported a considerable quantity of coffee brought from Gallabad and the Abyssinian frontier, and the local traders believe the time may possibly come when they may do so again. We do not share their anticipations. The really fertile provinces of the Soudan lie far south of Khartoum, which is only a half-way house to the sea. There in the heart of Africa are treasures of ivory, gum, and india-rubber,—sources of wealth which could have been easily tapped, had a strong and stable government been set up in Khartoum two years ago. A stable government was not set up, and one minor result of the sacrifice of General Gordon is that ivory is almost at a famine

famine price. Dozens of ingenious men are going about London with patents for so-called imitations, but not one of these compositions has yet taken the place of the genuine article in the manufacture of billiard-balls.

Central African trade will never be got at from the north, but only from the south. Its wealth will ultimately be set free through Bechuanaland, the people of Damaraland, who a year ago decided upon placing themselves under British protection, already carrying on trade as far as Lake Ngami. In a few years it will be pushed right up to the Zambesi, and will probably include the Metchele country, which is well within the tropics and is said to be rich in gold. If a railway could be made from Kimberley to the Zambesi—and some day it will be—the trade of an enormous and very rich area would be obtained. Civilization, which received a terrible check in its onward march when Gordon was murdered at Khartoum, is steadily advancing northwards from Bechuanaland. In Mashonaland, for instance, there are extensive mines of gold, of iron, and of copper, to be worked, and the people are said to be anxious to deal with English traders. Some years must elapse before this great trade-route to Central Africa is properly appreciated in this country. Sir Charles Warren, it is true, was sent to Bechuanaland, not so much because the native tribes were being robbed and ruined by the Boers for the crime of being loyal to the Queen, but because the Colonial Office suddenly discovered that, if Bechuanaland were handed over to the Boers, England would be permanently excluded from the markets of the interior, and the development of the Cape Colony would be irretrievably checked. The country was saved for the time being; but even now, when the results of his expedition have been given to the public, the vast importance of the trade-route, which he saved for England, is but little appreciated in this country.

It is to be regretted that there are no trustworthy statistics, of recent date, as to the annual value of that trade. In 1875, when Mr. Southey was Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West, he said that the aggregate annual value was very nearly, if not quite, a million sterling. The imports were chiefly British-manufactured goods, and the exports consisted of ivory, ostrich-feathers, and karosses, intended for the English market, and cattle for the Cape Colony. Mr. Southey was in England in 1884, and he then made a speech in which he confirmed his old estimate of the value of the trade between the Cape Colony and the Bechuana tribes. Shoshong, the most northerly point reached by Sir Charles Warren, would speedily become the centre of converging trade-routes tapping all districts lying to the

the south of the Congo and Zanzibar districts. It is in this direction, and to the Congo Free State, that we pin all our hopes for the opening up of Central Africa. If General Gordon had succeeded in securing a firm hold on the Blue and White Niles, he might have opened up the rich provinces in the south, but he has passed away, and no other man is fit to take his place. It was announced last month that Sheikhs, from all parts of the Soudan, were arriving at Wady Halfa to discuss terms of peace. They professed great eagerness for the re-opening of the caravan routes to Berber, Metemmeh and Khartoum from Wady Halfa, but if all these roads were opened—and the advisers of the Khedive recommended him not to move too rapidly—the wealth of the south would not be touched. The gate to the heart of Central Africa is not through Khartoum, but through Bechuanaland, and it is to be hoped the Colonial Office will take care to keep it open.

Here, as elsewhere, the traditional indifference of Englishmen to national trade interests, and the reluctance of our manufacturers to seek new outlets for business, is greater even than in China, where our commercial supremacy is seriously menaced. A Pekin correspondent of the 'Times,' speaking on this point, recently remarked:—

'Whether you voyage eastwards, westwards, or southwards from England, you meet with overwhelming evidences of the invasion of the commercial supremacy of England. And the cause is no less plain; but it is one which the British manufacturer will probably never admit. He prefers to rail at protective tariffs, bounties, and all the rest, rather than confess that he himself, and the important class to which he belongs, are the real efficient cause of the comparative stagnation of the national industries. Foreign manufacturers and traders, and more especially Germans, since they discovered that it was possible to compete successfully with the English, have pursued the object with untiring energy, while the English, secure, as they thought, of the position, have been half-asleep, relying on the traditional strength of their position. So long as England, with her colonial empire and sole command of the sea, held a quasi-monopoly of ocean-borne commerce she could afford to be conservative, relying on the excellence of her wares to keep possession of her customers. But it is pathetic to see the manners and traditions of the monopolist clung to after the monopoly itself is gone. Foreign competitors aim at and succeed in supplying articles which, if not so good as English, probably serve the purpose better and are very much cheaper; while English manufacturers obstinately work in the old grooves. The universal complaint against them, from Auckland to Montreal and from Tokio to Smyrna, is that they are impervious to new ideas, and they act on the principle, that it is the business of their customers to adapt themselves to their manufactures. Australians have told me with

with sincere regret how their business with England diminishes year by year, while that with the United States increases, solely because the manufacturers of the latter country take pains to accommodate their customers, which the English will not do. A Canadian, with whom I travelled years ago, told me many ridiculous stories of his vain attempts to get things made in England as his customers required them. One of his articles, I remember, was axes, of which he had sent drawings and wooden models till he was tired, but could never get the pig-headed makers to vary their traditional form. All the explanation he could get out of them in reply to his complaints of the articles sent him was, that "that was the way to make an axe." The same spirit affects every kind of manufacture in the United Kingdom. There is no exaggeration at all in what I write. It is most laughable, though at the same time a little humiliating, to see honest John Bull giving himself these grand airs when the very ground on which he stands is undermined. And if you observe the distributing agencies, the contrast between the inaction of the English and the intelligent activity of their rivals is equally striking. The principle which the English follow is to leave all the world to find them out. So, while Eastern Asia and the colonies—other countries too, no doubt—swarm with agents for all the manufacturers of the Continent, who push their wares in and out of season, the English makers are left practically unrepresented. In small things and large it is the same. It is almost impossible to get samples or show-cards out of English makers, while the Continentals are lavish in all these methods of advertising their goods. Herr Krupp has made a fortune, and earned it well, by supplying China with guns, not owing to the superiority of the guns, but to the energy with which they have been pushed. I have seen a letter quite recently from London, mentioning a formerly eminent ship-building firm in England which is without orders because the managers adhere to the traditions of the elders, which forbid them to solicit business, and, as business does not apparently solicit them, they have come to a standstill.'—'Times,' May 4, 1886.

On the day this letter was published, evidence of the same kind was forthcoming, in a volume of consular reports containing reviews of the trade of 1885 in widely different markets. Almost at random we meet with the two following passages. Consul Yeats Brown, of Genoa, observes that—

'What I would urge upon them (men of business) is, that they must not go to sleep if they mean to keep any hold at all of the markets of North Italy; that the country is remarkable both for industry and intelligence, and is straining every nerve to provide for its own wants of all sorts without recourse to foreign aid; and that the Germans, Swiss, and Belgians, are, by the great assiduity of their manufacturers and comparatively cheap labour, cutting out both English and French in such business as the home industry does not yet provide for. I would, therefore, insist upon the necessity of our people studying the wants and

and the tastes of the market more than they do, and would suggest personal visits and direct intercourse with their customers, combined with inspection on the spot of the produce of their rivals in trade. It is notorious that Germans and Swiss manufacturers take far more trouble than we do in these things; that when they take their holidays they come to Italy, not to see sights and spend their money in buying doubtful antiquities, as many of our wealthy manufacturers do, but employ a part of their time in making the personal acquaintance of their correspondents, and looking into business with their own eyes. I am often told by importers of English goods that they have gone on for long, pointing out changes and ameliorations in our goods which could be made in England as well as elsewhere, and are demanded by customers, but that such observations are generally unheeded if not resented; with the result that eventually they have had to betake themselves, often much to their regret, to our German or Swiss rivals, who are always ready to adopt suggestions of the sort, or at any rate to go fully into and discuss the matter. The prevailing impression here is that our people are too grand for present times of keen competition, and have the air of replying to any observations in a "take it or leave it" spirit, which is far removed from the tone of their rivals, and is out of keeping with the present state of business relations between producers and their customers' (p. 278).

Mr. Consul Bidwell, of Malaga, is very much of the same opinion, and he observes, that 'those traders and others who cannot afford or do not care to visit the manufacturing centres at home, often remain in ignorance to an extent little credited as regards the best productions of the country.'* The Spanish trader cannot, as a rule, visit our manufacturing centres. His orders are given to representatives of houses who study his particular market, and to the end of the chapter such men will necessarily have an enormous advantage over their rivals.

We have reviewed, in brief outline, the more promising fields where new outlets for British industries may be found. On the whole, it is a melancholy retrospect of opportunities wasted and advantages thrown away. It may be said that nowhere have we succeeded in discovering an El Dorado for British manufacturers to enter in and occupy. That is certainly true. There is no earthly paradise to be gained by the world's traders, but there are very substantial profits to be made nevertheless by the man who has the courage to seek out new fields of enterprise. In order to do this successfully, he must be acquainted with the language of the people whose favour he is about to win. We cannot express too strongly our conviction, that many of our present trade embarrassments are due to the refusal of

* Page 346.

Englishmen

Englishmen to learn any other tongue than their own. It is pitiable to find in many great Continental ports young and monoglot representatives of English houses striving to compete with rivals who can speak and write half-a-dozen different languages. In such a place as Antwerp the cargoes, which leave the port, have to be sought all over the Continent, and the broker, who cannot correspond with his customers wherever they may be in their own tongue, is heavily overweighted in the race. A stroll through the Exchange in that city any afternoon ought to open the eyes of the most conservative Englishman to a sense of the vast importance of sending out every youth, intended for business pursuits, armed with a colloquial knowledge of at least French and German. Since it has become necessary to go out into the world's highways and hedges to look for business, the man upon whom the work devolves must be able to study on the spot the markets he wishes to open up, and it is wholly impossible to do this, even in an imperfect manner, without a knowledge of the vernacular in which business has to be conducted.

Another educational influence England sorely requires, not only for the training of the merchants of the future but for the benefit of the merchants of the present, is the establishment in London of a commercial museum. On the Continent there are three distinct types of this kind of institution. The first is a museum of specimens of raw materials and manufactures imported from and exported to foreign countries. The specimens of exports are limited to goods produced in countries other than that where the museum is established, so that information as to the description and to price of goods used abroad is confined to what is produced by foreign competitors, and the prices of home goods are not disclosed. At Lille, Stuttgart and Munich, there are permanent exhibitions of the articles produced in the district. Foreign buyers alone are invited to inspect them, and for that reason they are of but little value, for as Mr. C. M. Kennedy and Mr. A. E. Bateman point out in a memorandum on commercial museums presented to the Royal Commissioners, foreign buyers are not likely, particularly in times of depression, to come to the sellers—they prefer to wait until the goods are brought to them. The institution we should like to see established, say in the temporary home of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, or better still in the City of London, should be a combination of the best features of the commercial museums of Antwerp and Brussels. At the former place, there is a large collection of specimen articles of import and export arranged for the instruction of students at the Institut Supérieur de Commerce. This

This institute provides lectures and grants diplomas to young men engaged in business. The Brussels Museum was set up in 1881, at a cost of about ten thousand pounds. The expense of maintenance is a thousand a year, a sufficiently small sum when we consider the exceedingly useful function the institution fulfils. The promoters had three great objects in view: they wished to show the Belgian importer and manufacturer where he could best supply himself with the materials he required direct from the place of production; to give the Belgian manufacturer the best information as to the goods in demand in foreign countries, so that he may enter the field of competition wherever he sees an opening; and finally to show him the method of packing and getting up goods for export in the various countries of the world. A reading-room is supplied where the chief commercial journals of all countries are to be found, as well as technical dictionaries and business directories. A special office supplies all information as to freight charges by sea or land; and another extremely important department collects and publishes notices of tenders required by the Belgian public departments as well as those notified by Belgian representatives abroad. Belgian consuls give special information respecting the credit of persons residing in their district, although of course they do not guarantee its accuracy. A weekly bulletin is issued containing abstracts of home and foreign consular reports, together with extracts from trade journals. For ten shillings a year, a Belgian manufacturer can thus obtain a weekly bird's-eye view of the world's trade. This is a point which the Foreign Secretary ought to bear in mind. An official journal of this kind is greatly needed in England, but to make it valuable the Foreign Office must effect a complete reform in its methods of dealing with consular reports. As the Foreign Secretary is believed to be engaged in dealing with this question, he would do well to consider the dates of some recent consular publications. In No. 21, published last October, our consuls in Brazil reported on the trade of that country during the twelve months ending in June 1883. Six months had been occupied in preparing the reports, and then they were kept in the Foreign Office for more than a year and a half unpublished. No. 22, published last December, contained reports from a large number of places dealing with the trade of 1884. Among other things, there was a report in this volume of the state of Brazilian trade for the year ending June 30th, 1884.

A French commission of inquiry into the depression of trade was appointed in January 1884. It published two reports, one in March and the other in December of that year, but it was not until

until April last that extracts from these documents were published in this country. We are glad to see a decided improvement in this respect since Mr. Bryce took the matter in hand, but it is not until the close of the year that we shall be able to form an accurate opinion whether that improvement is likely to be permanent. Consuls ought to be encouraged to report on everything of interest to British traders at the time it occurs. It is not in the least necessary to wait for official statistics, which merchants as a rule never study, and which would be of but little service to them if they did. Short notes on trade matters sent promptly home and published immediately in an official journal would be of far greater service to the trader, than the elaborate and stale reports the Foreign Office persists in inflicting upon the public. Mr. Bryce pleaded some time ago, in the House of Commons, that it was difficult for consuls to obtain promptly the official trade statistics of the countries where they reside. The answer to this excuse is an obvious one. The statistics can be sent on subsequently, and they can be published separately if they are worth publishing at all. In most cases they may with considerable advantage be put into the waste paper basket. Moreover, Mr. Bryce's defence of the old system is based upon a misconception of the kind of information wanted from consuls. An annual *résumé* of the trade, say of Andalusia, published in the month of May, is interesting enough, no doubt, to some people, just as Jeremy Taylor's Sermons and Mr. Ruskin's 'Fors Clavigera' are interesting to other people, but for the practical purposes of practical men it is all but valueless. It should be the first duty of consuls to keep the Foreign Office promptly supplied with every commercial 'tip' that can be of use to British trade. To compel them, whether they have anything to say or not, to write an elaborate annual report which answers no useful purpose whatever, is to stretch them quite unnecessarily on a procrustean bed which must give keen torture to many consuls, who may be capital business men but very indifferent trade historians. British manufacturers and merchants do not want trade history; they wish only to be made acquainted with the business life of to-day, and, if they are to receive any help in this object from the Foreign Office, the entire system of consular reports as it now exists must be revised.

A question was recently discussed in the House of Commons, whether it was possible for British representatives abroad to lend a more active kind of assistance to British commercial interests. Mr. Bidwell, of Malaga, has a suggestion to make on this point which we quote, not because it is by any means a new

a new one, but only because it raises pretty concisely a question which, sooner or later, is sure to come within the reach of practical politics. He remarks that sample rooms might be established with great advantage at British consulates, and he proceeds to say that:—

'These rooms, it is thought, might contain samples, specimens, drawings, or models of such articles of British manufactured goods as the Chambers of Commerce, interested in their production, may consider it desirable to collect and send abroad for exhibition, whilst the collection of articles for the purpose by the Chambers of Commerce would avoid the sending out of an unnecessary repetition of the same class of goods. The specimens might perhaps usefully comprise such goods as cotton yarns and tissues, hosiery, woollen goods, yarns and tissues carpetings, oilcloth, linoleum, leather goods, glass, porcelain, and earthenware, stationery, saddlery, books, guns, musical instruments, preserved provisions, biscuits, chemicals, dyes, candles, soap, &c., and plans and models, drawings and photographs of steamships, launches and boats, steam-engines, machinery, carriages, pianos, furniture and heavy goods generally, of which specimens could not be conveniently sent abroad for exhibition. It is suggested that a clerk, appointed by the consul for the purpose, should take charge of and catalogue such goods as might be sent out from time to time for permanent or temporary exhibition, and that he should be in attendance at convenient times to afford visitors information as to the cost of the articles at home and the probable expenses of carriage, duty, &c., and also to place intended purchasers in connection with the manufacturers. It is considered that the charges of clerk hire, rent, porterage, &c., of such an establishment as that indicated at each place where it might be deemed desirable to have specimen rooms need not be great, and on those specimens which could be kept within the prescribed limits in foreign tariffs for samples, no charge for duty would be incurred. It is thought, moreover, that these charges might be borne by the respective Chambers of Commerce in Great Britain, who in their turn could raise the necessary funds by subscription or fee from such manufacturers as might desire to take part in the scheme and send out specimens of their goods for exhibit' (pp. 346–7).

Unfortunately, British Chambers of Commerce—not even excepting the most active of them all, the London Chamber—are mere debating societies, and nothing more; they are not likely to take any useful part in promoting the interests of our export trade; but if it were thought desirable to adopt Mr. Bidwell's suggestion—a point we shall discuss presently—the end in view could be effected here as it has been in France, by means of syndicates. A good deal has been done by foreigners, and done during the past few months, to bring their goods directly under the notice of consumers. At a recent meeting of the

the Council of the Oriental Museum at Vienna, the programme of a new commercial museum—not of the Brussels type—was submitted and approved. The collection will cover pretty nearly all the commercial regions of the world; but, judging from the speeches of the members, it is evident that the chief anxiety in Austria—and a very vain one too—is to keep out Germans from Servia, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Samples of goods will be exhibited, not only in Vienna, but at certain provincial centres also, and a journal is to be published devoted to the interests of the export trade. Even in Mexico the Minister of Commerce is considering the propriety of establishing a similar institution. A syndicate has been formed in Paris, for the purpose of sending agents to all countries where there is reason to think a demand for French goods may be developed. The countries to be visited and reported upon are classified in four groups:—(1.) The United States, Canada, Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua and the Antilles; (2.) Venezuela, Colombia (a very promising market this, by the way), Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, the Argentine Republic and Brazil; (3.) Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, Indo-China and Japan; (4.) Africa, the Levant and Western Asia. The agents will carry samples of goods with them, and, as the subscription for the four groups is only twelve pounds, the syndicate ought to find itself in ample funds.

In Germany an imperial commercial museum is to be established in Berlin, and we observe that Oriental languages are to be specially studied. More than this, the German Commercial Geographical Society—as we have already mentioned—assisted by a Berlin bank interested in the export trade, recently sent a vessel filled with German manufactures on a voyage round the world. A similar scheme was brought forward in England, but nobody would look at it. The German traders, on the other hand, took the project up most eagerly, and it is within our knowledge that they declined to allow English or Austrian goods to have an inch of space on the vessel. Machinery, hardware, textiles, earthenware, chemicals, cutlery, and a vast assortment of miscellaneous articles, were brought together, and the 'Gottorp' left Hamburg with the collection on board early last February. The agents on board were instructed, not only to secure as many 'repeat' orders as they could for quantities of goods which they might not have with them, but to study closely the different markets they called at. Six hundred and fifty people visited the ship in one day at Lisbon. A commercial museum, its contents consisting of samples of goods, has also been established in Milan.

 Everywhere,

Everywhere, save in England, manufacturers are earnestly striving to bring themselves into direct contact with their customers. The ship scheme is, we think, calculated to do good in distant countries, and it enables the agents on board to acquire information of great value, but it cannot be thorough in its operation nor of permanent value. Nor do we approve of Mr. Bidwell's suggestion, though it is well worthy of consideration. Consular officers have, as a rule, no sufficient technical knowledge to enable them to work a sample room advantageously. If their consulates are situated in important centres, they have quite enough to do without attempting to perform new duties, which would require a considerable amount of time and attention, if they are to be discharged properly. On the other hand, if the consul is not in a place of commercial importance, a sample room would be of little or no use. On the whole, we are of opinion, that a better plan would be to establish in certain well-chosen localities abroad fixed depots of samples and models of British manufactures. Consul-General Bernal, of Havre, recommends this scheme to the notice of the Government in his latest Report. He observes that 'the expenses would have to be defrayed out of a fund contributed to by members of the association formed for the purpose. The two essential points of management would be, to take care that those persons who were placed in charge should be thoroughly competent to explain the various details of the exhibits, and that, in marking the prices, the actual cost and the duty should be separately given.' 'One thing is certain,' he adds, 'that in these days of fierce and energetic foreign competition, backed up by protection, it is quite useless to sit quietly in a counting-house and expect customers to drop in of their own accord.'

Before such agents can 'be thoroughly competent to explain the various details of the exhibits,' they must be well versed in the language of the country where they are to promote the commercial interests of Great Britain. We are thus brought back to the first and the last great lesson we desire most strongly to inculcate—the absolute necessity for the practical study by young Englishmen of foreign languages. It is much to be regretted that the Local Examination Boards of Oxford and Cambridge do not insist upon a rigorous *vivâ voce* examination in French and German in preference to a system of mere bookwork, which teaches a boy next to nothing of practical value. In the lower forms even of our best public schools the rudiments of grammar, and something less than the rudiments of translation and correspondence, are imparted, frequently by teachers who have themselves

themselves never received a lesson from a Frenchman or a German. When the time comes, the pupil is sent up for the junior examination with no other preparation in modern languages than this, added to a hasty and imperfect study of some selected book. The natural consequence is, that when the youth leaves school—as he usually does immediately afterwards—he finds his knowledge of French and German to be wholly insufficient for any practical purpose, and he therefore proceeds to forget it as rapidly and as completely as possible. For a nation of business men, our educational machinery is singularly clumsy and ineffective. This, however, is a very large question, into which we cannot enter here. We have endeavoured to show that there are great and promising fields of enterprise in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, which can be occupied by competent Englishmen quite as easily as by our German rivals. Whether the coming generation will be qualified to occupy them depends, in a measure, upon the interest the Government chooses to take in the trade of the Empire, but in a far greater degree upon the common sense, the energy, and the sagacity, of Englishmen themselves. The commercial supremacy of Great Britain is not yet a thing of the past, and it need never become so unless British traders decline to accommodate themselves to the changed conditions of commerce, and thus voluntarily abandon the proud position won for them by the skill and the intelligence of their fathers.

ART. VII.—*The Sacred Books of the East, translated by various Oriental Scholars, and edited by* F. Max Müller. Oxford and London. Clarendon Press, 28 vols. 1879–1885.

THE rapid progress of the last decades in scientific discovery tends to overshadow, in the public mind, the no less real progress that has been made in historical research. And that this should be so, can be no matter for surprise. The results of scientific discovery are more easily understood, they affect more immediately the every-day life of the people, they appeal to a wider knowledge—inaccurate though it be and incomplete—of the elementary facts underlying the questions at issue. But it may be doubted, whether the most popular branches of scientific enquiry are not precisely those which partake most of the nature of history. And it is certain that one branch at least of historical enquiry—that which deals with the origin and development of religious belief throughout the world—is attracting to itself an increasing degree of attention and of interest. There is ample evidence of this, in the number of popular handbooks on the various branches of the subject which have been lately issued to the public. But it is still better attested by the remarkable success of the very important series of original texts, the name of which heads this article. For these texts, even in translation, are by no means easy to be understood and appreciated, and they appeal much more to the scientific historian than to the general reader.

And this must necessarily be so. It is, no doubt, matter of entrancing interest to trace the gradual progress of that religious belief, which has had so overpowering an influence in the history of the past, and which will continue, so long as men are men, to have so overpowering an influence in the history of the future. But the records of that progress are disfigured by so much that is bizarre, are interwoven with so much that is strange and almost unintelligible to men permeated with modern ideas, are clothed in language so full of ambiguous allusions, that it requires a kind of special training to be able to use them aright. Translations when, like those under consideration, they are literal, necessarily and unintentionally present, not a paraphrase by the translator, but as nearly as possible the very words of the original. And, with the words, they retain also many of the difficulties of those strange old texts whose picture they purport to give.

What then are the Sacred Books of the East? 'Ex Oriente Lux,' was the bold motto which the managers of the Oriental Translation Fund placed above the beautiful vignette adorning the

the title-page of each work they issued. And their figure of the sun rising out of the Eastern waves covered a real truth. It is from the East that almost all, if not all, religions have come. We know too little about the origin of the Egyptian and Mexican civilizations to be able, with absolute certainty, to class them as exceptions. And who can read for us the Mexican picture-writing, or tell us whether it has preserved a sacred book? The Sacred Books of the East are then the records of the deepest and most earnest thoughts of early times in all those countries where religion had its most complete and most rapid development. And the series of translations published under that title would naturally embrace them all. It has not, however, been thought necessary to include a new version of our own Bible, translations of which are already in every hand. And, in spite of the rapid progress made in recent years, the decipherment of hieroglyphs and cuneiforms has not yet reached, in accuracy and certainty, to the level of the high standard aimed at in this series. The Sacred Books of Egypt and of the Euphrates Valley are not, therefore, at present included in the undertaking. Should it become possible, before the series is completed, to give trustworthy versions of them, they will, it is hoped, be added to it before it is finally closed.

Those as yet published are six volumes of Zoroastrianism, four of Confucianism, and two of the Korân; forming a total of twelve volumes devoted to the sacred literature of non-Indian countries. Very naturally and properly a somewhat larger space has been devoted to India; partly because we English are, or ought to be, specially interested in that great continent, partly because it has been the birthplace of the two great religions which still have the greatest influence in Asia, Brahminism and Buddhism. We have three volumes of the theological and ethical speculations of the Brahmins, three of their ritual, four of their sacred laws. And we have three volumes of the rules of the Buddhist Order of Mendicants, three of their ethical poetry and prose, and one volume contains a version of a Chinese Buddhist poem on the life of their teacher. Besides these, one volume is devoted to the sacred books of the Jains, a religious body still remarkable for the wealth and influence of its followers, and in its origin as old as, or perhaps even older than, the beginnings of Buddhism.

This is a stately list, and when the reader considers that these volumes are the work of the foremost scholars of the day in the various fields of study which they cover—and there can be no better judge of such scholarship than the distinguished writer whose duty it has been to select the authors—he will understand how

how trustworthy for historical and philological accuracy they are likely to be. Most of the work is also entirely new. A small proportion had previously appeared in translations more or less accurate and complete, into one or other of the better known European tongues. But by far the greater proportion consists of new versions of hitherto untranslated books, versions which would in all probability not have been made at all, had it not been for the inauguration of this connected series of the Sacred Books of the East.

A special feature of the whole series is that it contains no extracts. Each book is given complete—with all its errors of thought, its odd conceptions, its redundancies of expression—or not at all. This method has its disadvantages, but these are greatly outweighed by its value. Nothing is easier than, by means of carefully selected extracts, to convey an entirely erroneous idea of the average standard of thought in ancient books. Let us confess it boldly. The sacred books of the East are not edifying reading. Instructive they most certainly are. But they are instructive, least of all, in the direction in which their authors thought they would be most so. They teach us not so much what to believe, or what we ought to do, as what the purblind have believed, and what the foolish have done. They teach us, above all, how slow and painful were the steps by which mankind advanced along the road, not from error to truth, but from greater error to less. In this, the highest and best direction of their mental activity, men were not different from what they were in more worldly matters,—in the arts of war, in their efforts after material comfort or after social well-being. There are isolated passages in these books of great beauty, of deep religious feeling, even of rare insight into the realities of life. But there is much more that is monotonous, mistaken, wooden, even absurd. We must not turn to them for the sake of any expected revelation of sacred mysteries. Their interest is a real human interest—an interest like that which we take in watching the mind of a child unfold itself, and gather strength and shape, and struggle through ignorance, and even much misconception, into comparative freedom and light. Light has arisen in the East. But those who, with poetic fervour, have hoped that from the wisdom of the East would come the glorious many-tinted light of truth, will be disappointed to find that it is only the clear and cold—and withal somewhat dry—light of stern, historical fact.

And on one important point, on which there has been much discussion, these sacred books of the East neither throw, nor can be expected to throw, any light at all. They have nothing, except

except untrustworthy legend, to tell us directly, and we can derive from them little or nothing of real value indirectly or by inference, as to the origin of religious belief. The translation of the Vedic hymns is one of those parts of the great undertaking which have yet to be accomplished. But even if it lay complete before us, the decision on this point would not be altered. Even the Vedic hymns begin at a time when religious thought was already very old, at a time which, when we think of the long vista of past centuries behind it, may almost be said to be modern. We may argue back, indeed, from the state of religion revealed to us in the Vedas to the state which must have immediately preceded it. We may even hazard some conjecture as to what may, in its turn, have preceded that. But even if our arguments and conclusions were certainly correct, they would scarcely bring us, comparatively speaking, nearer to the original religious conceptions out of which these later developments arose. For an answer to this vexed question we shall have to seek elsewhere.

In the second place, it will be matter of surprise to many how late these sacred books turn out to be. They date, it is true, from an epoch in which it is dangerous to speak of dates. They were composed, for the most part, long before they were written. They incorporated, when they were composed, previously existing works as well as older traditions. And the exact dates, both of their being written and of their being composed, are in most cases uncertain. But the introductions of the various experts enable us to speak with, at least, approximate accuracy, and it will be of value to summarize here the results at which they arrive.

The Chinese boast of trustworthy history extending to more than three thousand years before our era, but that history has not as yet been subjected to a critical examination. Professor Legge is inclined to think of the bulk of the works which fill his four volumes of the Confucian texts that they date, even in their present shape, from the twelfth century B.C. But they were revised in the sixth and fifth centuries by Confucius and his immediate followers, to whom the rest of the works are assigned; it was certainly to Confucius that they owed their position of sacred books as distinguished from mere ancient works; and it has yet to be settled how much, or how little, of their actual wording is due to his pen, or rather to his brush?* The earliest of the Vedic hymns have undoubtedly preserved for us the records of beliefs held perhaps as long ago as fifteen

* See Professor Legge's Introductions; and especially vol. xvi. pp. 1, 6, 70; vol. iii., pp. 1–12, 280–285, 446–558; and vol. xxvii. pp. 1–9.

hundred

hundred or even two thousand B.C. But it is certain that the four great collections of the hymns, as we now have them, are many centuries later than the latest of these two dates; and very little progress has, as yet, been made in fixing the comparative age of the various hymns they contain.* The Zend-Avesta is believed by M. Darmesteter to have taken its definitive form from the hand of Âdarbâd Mahraspand at the beginning of the fourth century of our era, though it certainly incorporates texts which were composed by the sacerdotal caste of the Magi as early as the fifth century B.C.† The most ancient of the Buddhist texts, the Páli Pitakas, which were probably edited as we now have them about 250 B.C., were composed, in the opinion of Professors Rhys Davids and Oldenberg, only about three hundred years before.‡ And some of the most recent of the Buddhist sacred books, translated in this series from the Sanskrit or the Chinese, are even subsequent to the Christian era. These dates are all more or less liable to revision, but the uncertainty that hangs over them is as nothing to that which affects the sacred books of the Brahmins. Strange is it that men so highly gifted in many ways, as were the members of the priestly caste of India, should have been so deficient in the historic sense, that the labours of two generations of European scholars should have been insufficient to fix, even within centuries, the dates of their works. But we shall probably be erring rather on the side of antiquity than the reverse, if we place all those here translated at somewhere between the eighth and the third century before the Christian era. Finally, the Korán, as is well known, was put together, as we now have it, in 660 A.D.§

We see therefore that the number of sacred books whose final composition can be referred, with any certainty, to a date previous to the eighth century B.C., is very small indeed. Most of them are much later, and did not so much herald the rise, as signify the petrifaction, the loss of vital movement, in a religious system. And even the above dates refer to the composition, not to the first writing, of the books.

It was long before a work, after it had been put together, acquired a sacred character. It was still longer before a work, after it had been looked upon as sacred, was committed to writing. Writing was long known, and even widely used for all kinds of memoranda and short communications, before books

* Weber, 'History of Indian Literature,' pp. 8–12.

† Vol. iv. p. xxxviii. ‡ Vol. xiii. p. xxiii.

§ See, for instance, the Introduction to Professor Palmer's translation, vol. vi. p. lix.

were

were written at all. And sacred books, the most valued and the most revered of all, were not the first, but the last to be committed to what moderns hold to be the safe custody of written characters. And the reason is very simple. The invention and the gradual improvement of the means of writing, and especially of the materials for writing upon, took place only step by step and with exceeding slowness. During the long process of discovery, when the only means of writing was by scratches on bits of bark or leaves, or engraving on stone or clay, or painting on the smooth round surface of the bamboo, written characters were made use of for short communications chiefly of a secular nature, and the sacred books were handed down by memory. When the art of preparing the leaves or other materials had advanced sufficiently for longer compositions to be recorded with facility, it was considered on the one hand somewhat of a desecration to write the Divine words of Holy Writ; whilst, on the other, the powers of memory had been so carefully cultivated and severely tested, and mistakes in writings had been so frequent, that transmission by word of mouth seemed to conservative minds even less liable to error than the uncertain and untrustworthy forms of manuscript then known.

Most suggestive from this point of view is not only what is said, but also what is left unsaid, on this subject, in the rules of the Buddhist Order of Mendicants. Those rules enter into the minutest particulars with regard to the daily life of the members of the Order, and place clearly before our eyes the whole of the 'personal property' (if we may use such an expression of goods held in common) in use in their dwellings. Every movable thing, down to the smallest and least important, is in some way or other referred to and its use pointed out. And many things which laymen might possess, but not the Order, are mentioned in order that their use, by the members of the Order, might be condemned. But books and manuscripts are nowhere referred to.

Now there are several incidental references to writing, such as leave no doubt as to the art having been not only known, but generally practised, at the time when these rules were made, that is to say, at about 400 B.C. Thus we read that

'A certain man having committed a robbery, ran away and had himself received into the Order. *Now he was written up* in the king's palace (to the effect that) wherever he should be seen, there he should be killed. Men, seeing him, said: "Here is the proclaimed robber! Come, let us kill him!" &c.' *

* Mahâvagga, i. 43 (translated by Professors Rhys Davids and Oldenberg, vol. xiii. p. 198).

A kind

A kind of police notice of this sort would not have been resorted to, unless the number of those who could read was fairly considerable. And again we read—

'Now there occurred to Upâli's parents (this consideration): "If Upāli *should learn writing*, he might thereby, after our death, live at ease and not be troubled."' *

If a livelihood could be made by a paid letter-writer, even in a town, this is sufficient to show a considerable general knowledge of reading and writing. In explanatory notes on the rules, quoted by the translators from other sacred books, we find similar references. Thus, if a member of the Order '*engraves a writing*' to this effect—'Whoso dies, he gains thereby profit, or gains renown, or goes to heaven,' by so writing he is guilty of an offence. If the reader, determining to die, is filled with painful feelings, the writer's offence is greater still. And if the reader does actually, in consequence of that writing, die, then the writer can no longer be allowed to remain a member of the Order.† To the rule also forbidding the sisters of the Order to devote themselves to worldly wisdom, an especial exception is made in favour of learning to write.‡

Yet, strange to say, neither these very rules themselves, nor the sacred words ascribed to the founder of the Order, were then written. A case is put, in one passage, of no one of the brethren, dwelling in a certain place, knowing exactly what the rules of the Order were. The solution of the difficulty is that one of the brethren is to be deputed to go to a neighbouring confraternity, and there 'to learn' the rules of the Pâtimokkha by heart.§ In another passage there is a rule, that the brethren are not to travel about in the rainy season. But to this there is one remarkable exception. The case is put of a layman 'knowing' some important Suttanta (a Suttanta being one of those Socratic dialogues in which the Buddha, as the principal interlocutor, is represented as laying down the principles of his system of ethics). In that case they may go to him to 'learn' the Suttanta, and for that purpose only.‖ And the translators of these rules refer us to other texts, in which the duty of teaching others to repeat the Suttantas is earnestly impressed upon the more learned members of the Order lest, 'when they have passed away, the root of that Suttanta should be cut off, and it should find no place of refuge!'¶

* Mahávagga, i. 49 (translated, ibid. p. 201).
† Sutta-vibhanga on Pârâjika iii. (translated, ibid. p. xxxii.).
‡ Sutta-vibhanga on Bhikkhunî-pâcittiya, 49 (translated, ibid. p. xxxiii.).
§ 'Mahávagga,' ii. 17 (translated, ibid. pp. 267, 268).
‖ 'Mahávagga,' iii. 5 (translated, ibid. pp. 302–305).
¶ Quoted in the introduction to 'Vinaya Texts,' ibid. p. xxxiv.

These

These passages are significant and decisive. They can only be understood under the supposition, contradictory as it must be to all our modern views of such things, that to these old scholars, though acquainted with letters and familiar with written notes and messages and public announcements, it did not occur to use writing as a means of preserving their sacred literature. Voluminous as it was, it was entirely preserved by memory alone; and was not in fact, as a whole, committed to writing till four centuries afterwards, and in a foreign country, where under Vatta Gâmini of Ceylon, who began to reign in 88 B.C., these priceless historical treasures, guarded for us so long by the faithful zeal and industry of successive generations of these old monks, were at length written down, in solemn conclave, in the ancient cave of Alu Léné.

There remains only one important point to be noticed in the literary history of these sacred books. A book to a modern mind implies an author. It was not so then. No one of them can be properly said to have had an author. And by this much more is meant than the mere suggestion, that the books were at first anonymous, or that the names of their authors have not been handed down to us. In those early times a book was seldom or never composed originally in the shape in which it has come down to us. It was not made: it grew. Sayings, passages, legends, verses, were handed down in a school or were current among a body of disciples. These were gradually, and only gradually, blended together. They were added to, their connection or sequence was altered, they were collected by different hands and at different times into compilations of different tendencies. Finally one or other of these compilations became so much the favourite that—all being handed down by memory alone, liable to 'have their root cut off and find no place of refuge' if they were not popular—it alone survived. It is the old story of the struggle for life, and of the survival of the fittest—that is, of the fittest under special circumstances, the fittest for the needs of the school in which it existed, the fittest for its peculiar environment, not of course the fittest absolutely, nor the fittest for the purposes of modern historical research. The books lived, or rather were kept alive, not for the sake of the author, but for the sake of their contents. Hence it is that, though certain of the wise sayings or verses it contains may have authors assigned to them, no really ancient book claims to have an author—a human author. It is only later that the tendency is felt, to satisfy the natural craving for a cause by assigning books to individual hands. And then the name suggested is more likely to be that of some old and famous

famous teacher of the particular school than that of the real compiler of the 'book,' the real editor of the last compilation which drove out the earlier ones. Centuries elapsed after the beginnings of a religious literature before the canon was finally settled, before the line was strictly drawn between what was canonical and what was only apocryphal. For the most part the deciding instinct was sound. There was always a limit to the possibility of change. Words that had once come to be generally accepted as sacred or divine could not be altered, could not be added to. Anything new to be said must then be said in the form of commentary, of exposition, of sermon, of a new book palpably different from the old. Deeply grateful must we ever be to the noble spirit of reverence which led, in the earliest period, to the careful preservation of all things said that seemed to earnest minds most valuable to mankind; and no less to that which, in later centuries, handed down to us unaltered and unchanged, at the cost of industrious repetition now come to be almost incredible, the compilations into which these sayings had been gathered by the sages of old.

It will be seen, in other words, then, that these 'sacred books' differ in many ways from what would be implied by such an expression in its modern connotation. They were not written when first composed; they were put together after a method entirely unknown among later books; they grew different as they grew older, and they contain older strata intermixed with, covered over by later accretions. Old as they are, there is a long past lying behind them, lying behind even the oldest of the fragments they contain. They are not only much later than the origin of religion, but also later than the rise of the special forms of belief they represent, and they carry within them the evidence of their gradual growth and of their strange history.

Late, however, as these books are, compared with the time when religious beliefs began—late as they are even when compared with the rise of the ancient civilizations of Babylonia, Egypt, and China, they are the earliest and the most authentic records that we have of the successive stages of religious thought in the several countries from which they come. And these records, as far as the earlier stages of thought are concerned, are quite independent. In early times distance of space and difference of language interposed an insuperable bar to any borrowing of religious ideas. It is therefore most instructive to notice how great is the uniformity of belief, and, what is more important still, how great is the uniformity in the order of the successive changes of belief, which they record. Similar causes

causes must therefore have been at work in these widely separated homes of human culture, long before the period at which the earliest records begin, or those earliest records would not contain so much that is similar. And similar causes must have still continued to work, or the changes of belief would not have taken place along lines so similar.

Some of these points of uniformity are sufficiently striking. Thus, in all these countries, religion, as we first find it, was practically dissociated from ethics. It is only later that, in all of them, ethics gradually gains for itself a wider and wider sphere: and it is precisely the ethical side of their teaching, the emphasis they lay upon morals, which gave to the great religious reformers—to Zoroaster in a less degree, and in a greater to Confucius and to Buddha—their great hold upon the minds of their followers. A religion without ethics seems a contradiction in terms. These religions, at all events, have all passed through a stage in which they had none. Buddhism itself forms no exception. It began, it is true, with ethics; but it was not the beginning of a religion. It was the last stage, along one line of development, to which religion reached.

And more than this. There is uniform testimony to the fact, that at first what is right and what is seemly were mixed inexplicably together. Ethics includes manners, manners include ethics, and without propriety of deportment and dignity of demeanour goodness seems to be thought impossible. There is one side of the evidence on this point which is by no means unwelcome to the reader. Modern manuals of behaviour may be said, without casting doubt on the seriousness of the authors, to be among the most amusing of books. And the lessons in deportment given by these very serious and earnest moral teachers are sometimes, like jokes in court, all the greater a relief because of their serious, and even solemn, surroundings. What seems at first sight to be least edifying has the merit at least of being *naïve* and quaint, and at the same time of throwing side-lights on ancient customs and manners.

It is perhaps in the Chinese books that this union of ethics with propriety stands out most directly and clearly. Thus we read:—

'Yen Yen again asked: "Are the rules of propriety of such urgent importance?"

'Confucius said: "It was by these rules that ancient kings sought to represent the ways of Heaven, and to regulate the feelings of men. Therefore he who neglects or violates them may be spoken of as dead, and he who observes them as alive! . . . These rules are rooted in

in Heaven, have their correspondences on earth, and are applicable to the spirits."'*

The whole of a long book is devoted, in Professor Legge's fine series of Confucian texts, to these rules of propriety. It is laid down in it that:—

'Propriety and righteousness are the great elements for man's character. It is by means of them that his speech is the expression of truth, and his intercourse with others the promotion of harmony. They are like the union of the cuticle and the cutis, and the binding together of the muscles and bones in strengthening (the body). They constitute the great methods by which we nourish the living, bury the dead, and serve the spirits of the departed. They supply the channels by which we can apprehend the ways of Heaven, and act as the feelings of men require. It was on this account that the sages knew that the rules of ceremony could not be dispensed with. While the ruin of states, the destruction of families, and the perishing of individuals, are always preceded by their abandonment of the rules of propriety.' †

In accordance with this, the rules of ceremony enjoined on the good Confucian, 'the superior man' as he is somewhat unhappily called, are very elaborate and exact. And the politeness was to extend not only to men, but also to spirits.

'When the villagers were driving away pestilences,' we are told (in the Lî Chî, ix. 16), 'Confucius would stand at the top of his eastern steps, in his court robes, to keep the spirits (of his departed ancestors) undisturbed in their shrines.' ‡

The figure of the old sage, duly dressed in festive attire for the high duty, spreading out his robes with careful courtesy to screen the spirits from the unwonted intrusion of the noisy villagers, is no doubt touching, but it has also its comical side. There are innumerable injunctions in these Chinese books as to the behaviour and dress of all sorts of people on all sorts of occasions, and they go into the minutest particulars, sometimes of a very odd kind:—

'Sons and their wives should not move the clothes, coverlets, fine mats, undermats, pillows, or stools of their parents. They should reverently regard their staffs and shoes, and not presume to approach them. . . . While the parents are both alive, at their regular meals morning and evening, the eldest son and his wife will encourage them to eat everything, and what is left after all they will themselves eat. . . . When with their parents, sons and their wives, in going forwards

* Lî Yun section of the Lî Chî (translated, vol. xxvii. p. 367).
† Ibid. p. 388. ‡ Ibid. p. 423.

or

or backwards or turning round, should be careful and grave. While going out or coming in, while bowing or walking, they should not presume to eructate, sneeze or cough, to yawn or stretch themselves, to stand on one foot, to lean against anything, or to look askance. They should not dare to spit, nor if it be cold to put on more clothes, nor if they itch anywhere to scratch themselves,' &c. &c. (Lî Chî, x. 9-11).*

And that these rules do not always refer to small matters is sufficiently clear from the startling rule:—

'If a son very much approves of his wife, and his parents do not like her, he should divorce her. If he do not approve of his wife, and his parents say "She serves us well," he should behave to her in all respects as his wife without fail, even to the end of his life.' †

The days when such rules were observed must have been a golden age for mothers-in-law. And those here quoted are but a few among the many of similar tendency which had force in China. Ceremonial manners are not so much insisted upon in the Persian religion, where they are replaced by the rules as to personal impurity. But in India they reappear in full force. There also the right behaviour of men to men, and especially of inferiors to superiors, takes its place among the subjects of sacred law. A Brahmin student is not to gossip, or contradict his teacher, or to sit on a seat as high as or higher than his teacher's, or eat till his teacher tells him to eat, or sleep while his teacher is awake. There are elaborate rules for the salutations he is to make to different sorts and conditions of men.

'When he meets his teacher after sunrise he is to embrace his feet . . . having stroked the teacher's right foot with his own right hand below and above, he takes hold of it and of the ankle.' ‡

And the relations of the pupil to his teacher are further exemplified by the following rules of ceremony:—

'Every day he shall put his teacher to bed after having washed his (teacher's) feet and after having rubbed him. He shall not stretch out his feet towards him. (Some say that it is not sinful to stretch out his feet towards the teacher if the latter be lying on a bed.) And he shall not address the teacher whilst he himself is in a reclining position. But he may answer the teacher sitting, if the teacher himself be sitting. If the teacher stands he shall answer him after rising up. He shall walk after him if he walks. He shall run after him if he runs. . . . He shall approach his teacher with the same reverence as a deity, without telling idle stories, attentive, and listening to his words. He shall not sit near him with his legs crossed.

* Lî Yun section of the Lî Chî (translated, vol. xxvii. p. 453). † Ibid. p. 457.
‡ 'Âpastamba,' i. 2, 5, 19-22 (translated by Professor Bühler, in vol. ii. p. 21).

If,

If, on sitting down, the wind blows from the pupil towards the teacher, the pupil shall change his place . . . nor shall he, in going away, move round his teacher with his left hand towards him: he shall go away walking round him with his right side towards him. . . . He shall avoid touching a Gurn with his finger, whispering in his ear, laughing in his face, calling out to him, pronouncing his name, giving him orders, and such like acts.' *

And these rules of propriety are not confined to pupils. It is laid down in the sacred laws that a Brahmin, showing courtesy even to cows, must not say of a cow, even though it really has no milk, that it is not a milch cow.† And if he has entered a crowd, he shall leave it with proper politeness, 'turning his right hand towards the crowd.' ‡ And he shall preserve at all times, and towards all people, a dignified demeanour. Some of the suggestions on this point are curious:—

'Let him not answer directly a question that is difficult to decide. . . . Let him avoid ascending into or alighting from vehicles in difficult places. Let him avoid crossing a river by swimming, or going aboard boats of doubtful stability. And he shall avoid cutting grass, crushing clods of earth, and spitting, without a particular reason. And whatever else they forbid.' §

As might be supposed, the rules for the ceremonious treatment of guests, always especially honoured in the ancient religions, are not neglected:—

'He shall go to meet such a guest, honour him according to his age by the prescribed formula of salutation, and cause a seat to be given to him. (Some declare that, if possible, the seat should have many feet.) The householder himself should wash the feet of that guest (according to some, two Sûdras shall do that) . . . He shall converse kindly with his guest, and gladden him with milk and other drinks (or at least with water). He shall offer to his guest a room, a bed, a mattress, a pillow, and ointment, and whatever else may be necessary. If the meal is over, he shall call his cook and give him rice or barley for (a special meal for) the guest. If the meal is ready when the guest comes, he shall portion out the food and look at it (calculating to himself): "Is this portion bigger, or this?" And he shall say: "Take out the bigger portion (for the guest)." . . .

* 'Âpastamba,' i. 2, 6–8 (translated in vol. ii. pp. 22–31).

† Ibid. p. 95.

‡ Ibid. p. 97. The translator of another of these volumes, Professor Eggeling (vol. xii. p. 37), compares this Indian custom of *Pra-dakshina* with the Gaelic *Deasil*, as described by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Two Drovers.' 'It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil* walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun.' There is an analogous custom in Roman marriages (*Dextratio*). Dextratio, Deasil, and Dakshina are etymologically connected.

§ Ibid. pp. 97, 98.

He

He who eats before the guest consumes (not only) the food (but also) the prosperity, the issue, the cattle and the merit which his family has acquired by sacrifices and charitable works. . . . He shall not consume all the flavoured drinks in the house so as to leave none for the guests, nor shall he have sweetmeats prepared for himself (alone).

'On the following day he shall search for the guest, feed him to his heart's content, and accompany him on his departure. If the guest possess a carriage, he shall accompany him as far as that. Any other guest he must accompany till permission to return is given. And if the guest forgets to give that permission, he may return on reaching the boundary of his village.' *

The above examples are sufficient to show the spirit which animates the ancient Brahmin views of propriety. We can only find space besides for the following quaint old 'rule of the road':—

'The road belongs to the king except if he meets a Brahmin. But if he meets a Brahmin the road belongs to the latter. All must make way for a laden vehicle, for a person who carries a burden, for a sick man, for a woman, and others (such as old men and infants). And way must be made, by the other castes, for those men who are superior to them by caste. And, for their own welfare, all men must make way for fools, outcasts, drunkards, and madmen.' †

The Buddhist reformation, being directed against the theology and ritual of the Brahmins, and conducted by men who were the reverse of violent, carried on very naturally the existing ideas of propriety, so far, at least, as they were applicable to an order of mendicant recluses. On the occasion of some uninstructed members of the order going on their rounds for alms wearing improper garments, and being guilty of bad manners in the way they asked for alms, and by the noise they made at their meals, the Buddha is represented as laying down a general rule, that the younger members of the order are to be under the care of preceptors.‡ And to this general rule there are added a number of minor precepts, by which the conduct of such pupils to their teachers is carefully and elaborately regulated, very much in the spirit of those already quoted for Brahmin pupils and teachers. There are similar rules for the behaviour of the Bhikkhus (members of the order) resident at any monastery, towards 'incoming Bhikkhus;' that is, towards members of the order who, on their travels, arrive at that monastery as guests. Most of these rules are simple and sensible, but some of the details sound odd to modern ears:—

* 'Âpastamba,' pp. 114–121.
† Ibid. pp. 124, 125.
‡ Mahâvagga, i. 32 (translated, vol. xiii. p. 178).

 'Therefore,

'Therefore, O Bhikkhus, do I establish a rule of conduct for resident Bhikkhus, according to which they ought to behave.

'A resident Bhikkhu, on seeing an incoming Bhikkhu who is senior to him, ought to make ready a seat for him, provide water and a footstool and towel for him to wash his feet, go forwards to meet him, take charge of his bowl and his robe, ask him if he wants water to drink, and (if he can bring himself to do so) he ought to wipe his sandals. In wiping the sandals, they should be first wiped with a dry cloth, then with a wet one, and the cloths ought then to be washed, and put aside.

'An incoming Bhikkhu ought to be saluted. A bed should be spread for him, and he should be told, "This bed is for you." He should be informed whether the bedroom is already occupied or not, . . . where the retiring places are, and the drinking and the washing water, and the staves, and the places for the conferences of the Order, and what is the time when he can enter upon occupation of the room, and when he ought to give it up.

'If the incoming Bhikkhu be junior to him, then the resident Bhikkhu, keeping his seat, should tell him where he is to put his bowl and his robe away, and on which mat he is to sit down. The incoming Bhikkhu should be informed where the drinking and washing water are, and the cloths to clean sandals with. He should be allowed to salute the resident Bhikkhu, and he should be told which is his bedroom (&c., as before).

'Thus, O Bhikkhus, is the rule of conduct for resident Bhikkhus according to which they ought to behave.' *

Most interesting of all in this respect are, however, the elaborate rules for the dignified and proper behaviour of the members of the order in their daily life, which form a special section in the oldest document in the Buddhist Scriptures, a document which the translators consider to be probably as old in date as the time of the Buddha himself (about 500 B.C.).

There it is laid down, that in their rounds for alms the members of the Order are always to be properly clad, to keep their body under proper control, to walk with downcast eye, and with their robes, not tucked up, but falling to the ground. Not with loud laughter, quiet in motion, without swaying the body, or arms, or head about, not with their arms akimbo, or with the head covered, are they 'to go amidst the houses,' that is to say, to enter the village where they beg their food. When walking they are not to step on their toes or on their heels only: when sitting they are not to loll. They are not to accept more curry than is just suitable to the quantity of rice they have received. They are to beg straight on from house to house, not

* Cullavagga, viii. 2 (translated, vol. xx. pp. 281–3.)

choosing

choosing those out where delicacies may be expected to abound, nor are they to specify what kind of food they prefer.

When eating they are to make up the rice and curry into round balls that are not too large for a mouthful, and they are not 'to open the door of the mouth' till the ball is brought close to it. They are not to put their hands into their mouths, nor talk while eating, nor stuff out their cheeks, nor spill the rice about, nor put out their tongues, nor smack their lips, nor make a hissing sound, nor lick their fingers, or their bowls, or their lips.*

If this be religion, it is surely 'milk for babes.' And they are to be very careful when preaching the gospel to make their hearers adopt a proper attitude of respect. When preaching the law they are not to do so to a person with a sunshade, or a staff, or a weapon in his hand, unless he be sick; nor to a person wearing slippers or sandals, unless he be sick; nor to a person in a cart, or reclining, or lolling, or with a turban on, or seated on a high seat, or walking in front of them, unless he be sick.

These passages are sufficient evidence of the importance attached to propriety and dignity of manners in early ethics—a point which has not hitherto attracted the notice it deserves, even if, indeed, it has attracted any notice at all. And it may be added that this is not only a part of ancient ethics. Similar ideas enter very largely, even now, into the conception of right conduct, as it is held at least in India and China.

Another instructive characteristic of these ancient books, and one with which we are more familiar, is the stress laid upon the ideas of lucky and unlucky signs, and of things or persons being technically unclean. These ideas are completely absent from the Buddhist books, or are rather found there only to be condemned or laughed at. But they occupy so large a space in the Confucian, Zoroastrian, and Brahmin literature, that they must have pervaded the minds of the men who looked upon those literatures as sacred. So many actions are held unlucky, so many common things and common events are held to be signs of bad luck, that a curious conclusion might certainly be easily defended: namely, that all these peoples to whom bad omens were so much more frequent than good, and things impure than things purificatory, have, in accepting these beliefs, been guided by a deeply rooted pessimism for which otherwise

* Summarized from the Sekhiya Rules, vol. xiii. pp. 59–67. There are rules precisely similar to many of these—and elaborated of course quite independently—in the 'Li Chî' (vol. xxvii. pp. 80–85), 'Do not roll the rice into a ball. Do not bolt down the various dishes. Do not swill the soup. Do not make a noise in eating. Do not put back fish you have been eating. Do not throw the bones to the dog,' &c.

there is little evidence, and of which they themselves were apparently unconscious.

However this may be, it is certain that in many of these ancient customs we have invaluable evidence (uncontaminated by filtration through any European mind, and therefore much more trustworthy than the similar details given by travellers among savage tribes of the present day) of a kind of belief universal in early times. And though a few of the superstitions about impurity may have found their support, or even their origin, in a vague kind of early attempt at sanitary precaution, the greater part of these notions, and of those connected with good or bad luck, are simply corollaries from the animism of those early days, and arise from the fear of demons. Thus, to take as an instance a superstition specially interesting from the fact of its having survived (in weakened form, it is true) down to our own time and in our own country, the 'Sad Dar' has the following curious passage on sneezing:—

'The seventh subject is that when a sneeze comes forth from any one it is requisite to recite one *Yathâ-ahû-vairyô* and one *Ashem-vohû*.* Because there is a fiend in our bodies, and she is an adversary who is connected with (haunts) mankind, and strives so that she may make misfortune and sickness predominant over mankind. And in our bodies there is a fire which they call a disposition, and they call a sneezing instinct. It is connected with that fiend; and they wage warfare: and *it* keeps *her* away from the body of man. Then, as the fire becomes successful over that fiend, and puts her to flight, a sneeze comes, because that fiend comes out.

'Afterwards, because it is necessary, they recite these prayers; and they perform the benediction of that fire so that it may remain for a long period defeating that demon.

'When another person hears the sneeze it is likewise requisite for him to utter the said prayers, and to perform the benediction of that spirit.' †

Here we are brought face to face with the simple and striking belief, which really lies hidden at the root of all such notions. How men came to believe in spirits is matter of dispute. But once they did believe in them—and the belief certainly has been, and is practically still, universal—they used it as a kind of easy hypothesis by which to find a cause

* Passages of Scripture beginning with these words and called after them, as one might say, 'recite a paternoster.'

† In Mr. E. W. West's 'Pahlavi Texts,' vol. xxiv. p. 265. On the other hand, when the Buddha sneezed and the brethren thereupon exclaimed, 'Long life to the Blessed One! long life to the Happy One!' he is said to have rebuked them, and to have laid down a rule, that no such phrase should be used on a person's sneezing ('Cullavagga,' v. 33, translated vol. xx. pp. 152, 153).

for,

for, to give a temporarily sufficient explanation of, whatever effect, appearance, or sensation, they could not otherwise understand. And inasmuch as they understood very little, they saw spirits nearly everywhere. The new expression 'Animism,' invented as a name for this state of mind, may be an unhappy and ambiguous one. But the spirit theory itself, still used among ourselves to explain mysterious phenomena, is at least deserving of attention, and even of respect, as the oldest and the most persistent of hypotheses. It may not bear any of the tests which would now be applied by trained minds to a scientific hypothesis. It may be bad science, but it was, after all, the first rude attempt to find a cause for the sequence of observed events. It was the only embodiment possible in those days of that spirit of enquiry out of which science has arisen. There is a sense in which it may quite as fairly be said to be a form of early science, as it can be said to be a form of early religion. And in that sense science and religion met together in the past, just as they will meet together and kiss each other in the future.

Attention was drawn above to the uniformity of change apparent in these sacred books of widely separate peoples. In no respect is this uniformity of change so striking as it is in regard to this spirit-theory. The oldest books in each of the countries, which our collection represents, are entirely occupied with this queer animism. They are the work of men to whom the spirits seem to be the most important factor in existence, to whose eyes the air, and earth, and sea, are full of spirits, whose minds are dominated, and whose bodies are possessed, by spirits. The theory as yet is rude, it is applied in a bald haphazard way, and a different spirit is invented to explain each different force or mystery. Gradually the theory improves. Order is brought into the chaos. Kings rule among the spirits, and the dynasties change. And then the spirit of analysis is not satisfied without a king over the kings: and we find side by side, on the one hand scholastic and mystical interpretations of the older legends, and on the other hand a poetical and philosophical explaining of them away. There is no cataclysm. It is only a change, and a change always in similar directions. Beliefs fade away before what seems, at the time, to be a larger, broader view, just as the belief in witches vanished away among ourselves some few generations ago before other beliefs incompatible with it, which gradually took shape and flourished. So do gods to whom whole nations had bowed down, even invoked in hymns still looked upon as sacred words, to whose honour innumerable altars had blazed, in

in whose worship the costliest and rarest of men's productions had been used by the greatest of men, vanish and fade away; and in the very lands they had protected, among the descendants of the very men who had made them, become unknown. They never had been anything but hypotheses, and they made way for other hypotheses considered to be more in fitting with the facts. Their existence had had no objective reality; it was subjective only, in men's minds. They had been ideas; and the ideas were forgotten.

Sun-gods the brightest and best of them were, and the sunsets were not without a special glow and glory of their own. It is at sunset time in the history of the development of religious belief, as shown in these sacred books, that the deepest and most glorious colours tinge the sky. It must have been too at sunset time that the most delicate flowers bloomed, for if one were to make an anthology of those passages of the books that are truest and most beautiful, they would come from the literature of the sunset period. We shall not attempt to produce any such anthology here. The nosegay of wild, outlandish blossoms would not show well among the hothouse flowers of modern speculation, and they lose much of their beauty when wrenched away from their natural surroundings. The finest of such passages are to be found either in the poetical philosophy of the Brahmin Vedantists, or in the poetical Suttas of the Buddhist ethics. Of these the former are so tinged with Vedic and Vedantist allusions, and the latter with references to the simple but ill-understood Buddhist system of self-culture, that true appreciation of their real beauty depends in great measure on a knowledge of the literature of which they are the outcome and the highest fruit. But a passage or two to exemplify this last point may be welcome. In the Zoroastrian 'Dînâ-î Mainog-î Khirâd' a wise answer has a curious addition tacked on to it:—

'The sage asked the spirit of Wisdom thus: 'Which is that good work which is greater than all good works, and no trouble (or expense) is necessary for its performance?"

'The spirit of Wisdom answered thus: "To be grateful in the world, and to wish happiness for every one! This is greater and better than every good work, and no commotion (or expense) whatever is necessary for its performance." '*

Or in this passage—where a description, not without philosophical power and poetical expression, is given of the Brahmin idea of God—what will the reader, without a knowledge of Vedantist ideas and phraseology, make of the first and last verses?—

* Pahlavi Texts, vol. xxiv. p. 113.

'That

'That only god who *spontaneously covered himself, like a spider, with threads drawn from the first cause*, (may he) grant us entrance unto Brahman.

'He is the one god, hidden in all beings, all-pervading, the self within all beings, watching over all works, dwelling in all, the witness, the perceiver, the only one, free from qualities.

'He is the one ruler of many who (seem to act but really) do not act: he makes the one seed manifold. The wise who perceive him within their self, to them belongs eternal happiness, not to others.

'He is the eternal among eternals, the thinker among thinkers; who, though one, fulfils the desires of many . . . .

'The sun does not shine there (where he is), nor the moon, nor the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less fire. When he shines everything shines after him. By his light all is lightened. . . .*

'He makes all, he knows all, the self-caused, the knower, the time of time (that is, the swallower up of time)—he who assumes qualities, and knows everything, the master of nature and of man, the lord of the three qualities, the cause of the bondage of the existence and of the liberation of the world.

'He who has become That, he is the immortal, remaining the Lord, the knower, the ever present, the guardian of this world, who rules this world for ever—for no one else is able to rule it. Seeking for freedom I go for refuge to that God, who is the light of his own thoughts.'†

Or in this passage, put into the mouth of the Deity, and describing the ideal Vedantist view of a good man, who will not wish to know more clearly the meaning of several of the terms employed :—

'That devotee of mine who hates no being, who is friendly and compassionate, who is free from egoism, and from (the idea that this or that is) mine, to whom happiness and misery are alike, who is forgiving, contented, constantly devoted, self-restrained, and firm in his determinations, whose mind and understanding are constantly devoted to me—he is dear to me.

'He through whom the world is not agitated, and who is not agitated by the world, who is free from joy and anger and fear and agitation—he too is dear to me.

'That devotee of mine who is unconcerned, pure, assiduous, impartial, free from distress, who abandons all actions for fruit—he is dear to me.

'He who is full of devotion to me, who feels no joy and no aversion, who does not grieve and does not desire, who abandons both what is agreeable and what is disagreeable—he is dear to me.

'He who is alike to friend and foe, in honour and dishonour, in

* This beautiful verse seems to have been a great favourite in the seventh and eighth centuries, B.C. It recurs in three Upanishads, and is inserted from them in the 'Bhagavad Gîtâ.'

† Śvetâśvatara Upanishad (vol. xv. pp. 263–265).

cold

cold and heat, in pleasure and pain, who is free from attachments, to whom praise and blame are alike, who is taciturn, contented with whatever comes, homeless, and of a steady mind and (thus) full of devotion to me—he is dear to me.

'But those devotees who, imbued with faith, and regarding me as their highest goal, resort to this holy means of attaining immortality —they are, above all, dear to me.' *

We are familiar with discussions as to the relative merits of faith, reason, and works. Do we not run into danger of carrying misleading preconceptions into our reading of what these sacred books say on the point? When the Zoroastrian Spirit of Wisdom † gives to the question, 'Is wisdom good, or skill, or goodness?' the answer, 'Wisdom, with which there is no goodness, is not to be considered as wisdom; and skill, with which there is no wisdom, is not to be considered as skill'—wisdom is not worldly, but religious; and skill is not manual, but mental. But how near do wisdom and cleverness come to faith and reason?

So when the Vedantist makes his deity say to the disciple:—

'Place your mind on me only. Fix your understanding on me. In me you will dwell hereafter; there is no doubt (as to that).

'But if you are unable to fix your mind steadily on me, then endeavour to obtain me by the abstraction of mind resulting from continuous meditation (contemplation).

'If you are unequal even to continuous contemplation, then let acts for propitiating me be your highest aim. Even by performing actions (works) for propitiating me you will attain perfection.

'If you are unable to do even that, then resort to devotion to me, and self-restrained, abandon all fruit of action.

'For knowledge is better than continuous meditation; concentration is esteemed higher than knowledge; and the abandonment of fruit of action than concentration. From that abandonment tranquillity comes soon.' ‡

In this passage we have intellectual knowledge, religious contemplation, works, and devotion, arranged in a series in which each is higher and better than the last. But it would require a commentary to make the differentiation clear.

The Buddhist, on the other hand, seems to put reason at the head of the list:—

'And whilst the Blessed One (that is, the Buddha) stayed there on the Vulture's Peak, he held that comprehensive religious talk with

* 'Bhagavad Gîtâ,' xii. 19 (translated by Mr. Telang in vol. viii. pp. 101, 102).
† Vol. xxiv. p. 37.
‡ 'Bhagavad Gîtâ,' loc. cit., p. 100.

the

the brethren on the nature of upright conduct, and of earnest contemplation, and of intelligence (thus summarized): "Great is the fruit, great the advantage, of earnest contemplation—when set round with upright conduct. Great is the fruit, great the advantage, of intellect—when set round with earnest contemplation. The mind set round with intelligence is freed from the Great Influences (that are evil), that is to say, from sensuality, from individuality, from delusion, and from ignorance."' *

Here the general sense of the passage is clear enough—without good works religious feeling is of no avail, and without religious feeling mere intellect is vain. It is earnestness ('when set round with' good works) and intellect combined that deliver a man from evil influences, and especially from delusion and from ignorance. But the expression is as terse as the thought is deep. Each substantive used is used in a special, technical, Buddhist sense. And the modern reader, who wants to get at the exact force of the passage, will need a commentary on the precise connotation of each of the terms employed.

It is only in those few passages, which contain no words that are used in such special technical senses, and no allusions to pre-existing ideas or customs or beliefs unknown to the West, that we can read on without a break and without a commentary. Such passages are almost entirely confined to the later books, and in them to the parts which deal, not with the deeper thought, but with more superficial subjects, with the common stock, as it were, of moral ideas reconcileable with all phases of belief. Thus the following passage, though from one of the oldest documents incorporated into the Buddhist Scriptures, is yet easily intelligible to a modern European, and the beauty of its style is a fit setting for the beauty of most of its ideas. It refers, however, not to the Excellent Way, the highest stage of Buddhist morality, but only to a lower stage, open to every Buddhist. Those who walked in the Excellent Way are supposed, indeed, to follow its precepts, but to follow also something higher still.

'Uprightness is his delight, and he sees danger in the least of those things he should avoid. He adopts and trains himself in the precepts. He encompasses himself with holiness in word and deed. He sustains his life by means that are quite pure. Good is his conduct, guarded the door of his senses. Mindful and self-possessed, he is altogether happy!

'Now wherein is his conduct good? Herein, that putting away the murder of that which lives, he abstains from destroying life.

* 'Buddhist Suttas' (translated by Professor Rhys Davids, vol. xi. p. 11).

The

The cudgel and the sword he lays aside: and, full of modesty and pity, he is compassionate and kind to all creatures that have life.

'Putting away the theft of that which is not his, he abstains from taking anything not given. He takes only what is given; therewith is he content; and he passes his life in honesty and purity of heart.'

'Putting away unchastity, he lives a life of chastity and purity, averse to the low habit of sexual intercourse.

'Putting away lying, he abstains from speaking falsehood. He speaks truth; from the truth he never swerves; faithful and trustworthy, he injures not his fellow man by deceit.

'Putting away slander, he abstains from calumny. What he hears here he repeats not elsewhere, to raise a quarrel against the people here: what he hears elsewhere he repeats not here, to raise a quarrel against the people there. Thus he lives as a binder together of those who are divided, an encourager of those who are friends, a peacemaker, a lover of peace, impassioned for peace, a speaker of words that make for peace.

'Putting away bitterness of speech he abstains from harsh language. Whatsoever word is humane, pleasant to the ear, of good report, reaching to the heart, urbane, pleasing to the people, beloved of the people—such are the words he speaks.

'Putting away foolish talk, he abstains from vain conversation. In season he speaks; he speaks fact; he speaks that which is; he utters sound doctrine and good discipline; he speaks, and at the right time, that which redounds to profit, is well grounded, and is full of wisdom.' *

Such passages commend themselves to everyone. But they do so precisely because, though no doubt good Buddhism, they happen to contain no specially Buddhistic phrases, and no allusions to the Buddhist system of self-culture. And it may very safely be said that there are not, in all these volumes, half-a-dozen cases of a page of consecutive reading that is equally intelligible to Western minds, and at the same time equally elevated in sentiment and simple and graceful in form.

It is not then for the artistic merit of the works it contains, nor for the value of its direct and easily intelligible statements of either ethical or religious thought, that the project of this series of translations demands our hearty sympathy. It is because it brings together for the first time, and in a shape and manner which make their use easy to students, a number of the most valuable ancient records of the early ide[illegible] customs, and beliefs of mankind—because it gives t[illegible] which are the only means by which sch[illegible] training will be able to explain to us some [illegible]

* 'Buddhist Suttas,' loc. cit., vol. xi. p[illegible]

ing phases of that later, though still ancient, thought which grew out of those early beliefs—and because it thus affords the very greatest possible aid to the comparative study of the history of ideas, and especially of religious ideas. It is only by means of such connected effort that so magnificent a result as has been here achieved would be attainable. We may regret that there are at present no trained men set apart for the study of such records. Perhaps before long there may be professorships of the comparative study of the history of religious beliefs at both of our old universities. Meanwhile we rejoice to notice that a second series of these translations has been announced and has actually begun to appear. The stones, at least, out of which a stately edifice may hereafter arise, are here being brought together. Professor Max Müller has deserved well of scientific history. Not a few minds owe to his enticing words their first attraction to this branch of study. But no work of his, not even the great edition of the Rig Veda, can compare in importance or in usefulness with this English translation of the Sacred Books of the East, which has been devised by his foresight, successfully brought so far by his persuasive and organizing power, and will, we trust, by the assistance of the distinguished scholars he has gathered round him, be carried in due time to a happy completion.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Cyclades; or, Life amongst the Insular Greeks.* By J. Theodore Bent. London, 1885.
2. *Greek Folk Songs.* Translated by Lucy M. J. Garnett. With an Historical Introduction on the Survival of Paganism. By John S. Stuart Glennie, M.A. London, 1885.

IN studying Greek life of to-day, we find abundant traces of antiquity; not indeed in Greek life, properly so called, at Athens or on the mainland, where it is almost impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion respecting the descent of the wrecks of races, which strew the Balkan peninsula, but in the numerous islands of the Ægean Sea, into which no barbarous hordes have ever penetrated, where external influence during medieval and Turkish days has been scarcely perceptible, and where now a race of peasants live in their secluded mountain villages in a state of primitive simplicity little altered since classic times.

Before entering into particulars concerning the daily life of these people, let us consider a few very remarkable points, which prove the tenacity of customs and myths in these islands. The potters of Siphnos were celebrated in the days of Pliny,* and they are so still; every spring they start on their travels far and wide, and settle in towns and villages, until each place is supplied with large, well-made *amphoræ*, and cooking utensils. Tenos was the island close to which Hercules was fabled to have slain Zetes and Kalais, sons of Boreas, over whose tombs he set up sepulchral *stelæ*, which rocked when Boreas blew: an existing legend on this island relates how Michael the archangel once slew here two refractory north winds, and placed pillars on their tombs, one of which rocks when the north wind blows. The same island affords us another curious parallel, for here, during the revolution, a miraculous image was found, and the priests have here started the modern national Greek festival as close to the sacred centre of Delos as they conveniently could; and as a speciality of this Panhellenic shrine we still find doves, for this island alone boasts of countless dovecots, reminding us of the Δήλιος κολυμβήδης of old. A classical legend tells us that Homer died at Ios,† and the following is a modern legend there: 'Once upon a time there lived at Plaketos an old woman and her son in a little cottage; robbers penetrated into it one night, strangled the mother, and gouged out the eyes of her son. When they had gone, the son buried his mother, and set off to wander through the islands, singing

* Plin. 35, 41, 1; Theophrastus, περὶ λίθων, 7, 42.
† Herod. περὶ τῆς Ὁμήρου βιοτῆς.

songs

songs to earn his bread, songs which were even better than those of Riga, and which gained for him great fame. Eventually he returned to Ios to die, and was buried with his mother.' The inhabitants of the remote island of Karpathos are closely akin to their Cretan neighbours in dialect and in custom, and this dialect is distinctly Doric, η being usually converted into *a*, and all the ancient inscriptions from Karpathos are Doric; furthermore, an old Cretan legend has been transferred from the slopes of Mount Ida to Mount Lastos, the highest peak of Karpathos, for here the shepherds say there must be gold, since their flocks when browsing on the mountain have their teeth gilded by eating some herb. In Karpathos they still observe the old Byzantine calendar, washing out their houses and streets on the first of September, and wishing each other a happy new year, on the day that was observed by the Eastern Empire as the first of the year. The last stronghold of Paganism was in the islands; the founder of the monastery of St. John on Patmos towards the close of the eleventh century had to throw down a statue of Artemis that he found there, on account of the veneration in which it was held by the inhabitants, and as late as 1565 old statues of the gods were held in great veneration in Crete.

From these points, it will easily be understood that insular Greece is the fittest field for a study of the survival of Hellenism, and with a view to this we will discuss the present mode of life of the island peasants under different aspects; first, their ordinary life with their agricultural pursuits, their amusements, festivals and games, in which we shall find much to have survived from antiquity; secondly, their religion, which we shall find to be replete with relics of Paganism; and lastly, their medical lore, and superstitions, also rich in these elements.

The shepherd and his family pass the summer months in their mountain *mandra*, sometimes merely a cave in the rock. Outside is a large enclosure for the flocks; inside, the floor is of mud, on which the family sleep wrapped in their homespun cloaks. Stone benches run round the cave, piled with dairy produce. Hanging from the roof is a board covered with wicker baskets, into which the cheese and *myzethra* is pressed, called *τυροβόλια*, just as they are described in the 'Odyssey.'* Their cream they call 'food for the gods,' and they make at Easter time twisted cakes, *κουλούρια*, after the same recipe that Æschines gives, 'cakes composed of butter, flour, and aromatic

* Hom., 'Od.' 9, 219.

herbs.'

herbs.'* When the family go forth to tend their flocks, a stone is rolled to the mouth of the cave, or a stout piece of brushwood is put against it, so that no animal may intrude. In fact, the description of the cave of the Cyclops, as given by Homer, is altered in none of its details.† In Karpathos they called their goats 'their thousands,' a truly patriarchal appellation, and each goat is known by a distinctive name given to it according to its colours, which names retain a perfect glossary of classical words, which have been lost or otherwise appropriated in the modern tongue. Even in the shape and size of the goat's bell these shepherds are conservative, for theirs is the old classical shape which we see around the necks of victims destined for the sacrifice.

Curiously enough, the island of Kythnos (Thermià), which was celebrated for its cheese in antiquity, is so still. Epicurus tells us, that when he wished to sup most luxuriously he put cheese from Kythnos on his table.‡ This cheese differs essentially from that of all other islands, and is particularly rich in flavour. Pliny accounted for it as the peasants do to-day, by saying that a particular herb grows there, which contributes this rare flavour to the milk.§ And alone of all the islands does Kythnos now indulge in a cheese festival, which is held on one of the Sundays in Lent, when jovial parties are held for the express purpose of eating cheese and drinking wine, and children go from door to door with an image which they call Mr. Cheese, they sing songs, and expect in return a donation of cheese from each householder.

The shepherd is as active as his own goats, leaping from rock to rock, and wearing on his feet sandals of undressed ox-hide, fastened by thongs round his feet. They are most comfortable for long mountain journeys, and answer the description given of them by Homer exactly—

> Αὐτὸς δ' ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν ἑοῖς ἀράρισκε πέδιλα,
> Τάμνων δέρμα βόειον, ἐϋχροές.—'Od.' 14, 23.

The women in these establishments are mere chattels and slaves. They never eat with their husbands, and when there are guests they remain shyly in the background. They would quite come up to Hesiod's standard of good wives, for he considered it the worst feature of a bad wife to sit at meals with her lord.‖ 'You must start life with a house, a wife, an ox, and a plough,' was his advice to young men, and the wife of the

* Æschines, 'Epist.' 5.
† Hom., 'Od.' 9, 240.
‡ Laërtius, 10, 6.
§ Plin. 13, 47, 4.
‖ Hesiod, 'Works and Days,' 375.

Greek

Greek islander remains still in the same catalogue. But these women are singularly active and quick of foot, like those who accompanied Artemis to the chase. A peasant farmer exists in the island of Karpathos who is so proud of the fleetness of foot his daughter possesses, that he has promised her with a goodly dower of twenty sheep to the man who can beat her in a race; and though the trial has been frequently made, no one has yet been successful in winning the prize.

In the valleys where grain is grown in tiny fields, constructed in terraces up the hillside, the farmers are but little better housed than the shepherds on the mountain. They live in tiny cottages, consisting of one room, the common home of men and cattle; the roof of this building is made, like those Herodotus describes (v. 101), of reeds placed crosswise; on the top of this they put seaweed, and on this mud, which is pressed and rolled after every heavy fall of rain. Reeds form a very useful ingredient in the domestic economy of an island farmer. He makes hedges of them, to keep the wind from his plants; he uses them as fishing-rods, and with a prod at the end of them he drives his bullocks; and under the old name of *νάρθηκα* (*νάρθηξ*), the housewife uses them to carry fire with her to the oven, to prevent its being extinguished, showing how the myth of Prometheus was generated. Brushwood too from the mountain sides is equally useful; it serves for bedding for man and beast; it is hung over the milk pans to keep off the rats, and over the oil jars for the same purpose, for rats will often empty oil jars by inserting their tails and sucking them. Brushwood too is used for heating the ovens, and for passing milk through instead of a sieve. Gourds are also natural products of universal use; gourds with long handles serve for decanters, small ones cut in half for wine-glasses; the fishermen use them for baling water out of their boat, for floating their nets; the shepherds use them for milking into, and for keeping their small supply of wine.

Outside the house is a shed where the farmer keeps his plough, which is simply composed of the trunk of a tree with two branches, one branch serving for the tail, the other for the share, whilst the trunk itself acts as the pole; this plough resembles the ancient *αὐτόγυον*, so called because the tail, the beam and the pole were all made out of the same piece of timber. Its chief recommendation is its exceeding lightness; the farmer can carry it over his shoulder as he climbs the hill and drives his bullocks with the reed. The first thing he does is to plough out a circle in his field of no determined size; this he

he calls his ὅρος, or boundary, the οὖρα, doubtless, of Homer;* over this he ploughs in a rough careless manner, scarcely turning over the soil with his light plough, and when it is done, he sits down to eat his bread and olives.

In the shed are his other implements of labour, his wooden spade, his crowbar and his axe; if he has a vineyard, his two-pronged hoe for digging round his vines is there, called now a δίκλα, by Sophocles a δίκελλα;† on the wall hangs his φυλάκι, a skin in which the household grain is kept. Aristophanes ‡ gives the same name to exactly the same article. In two islands only, Keos (Ζιὰ) and Karpathos, the farmer retains a very ancient custom for the preservation of his grain. A hole is dug in the ground near the circular threshing-floor (ἀλῶνι), which is lined with straw; on this the grain is laid when threshed, and when sufficient grain has been put in so as to form a cone-shaped mound, straw is again put on, and over this some of the ever-useful brushwood; it is then covered and pressed down with earth, and is, they say, impervious to rain; they now call these holes λάκκοι, but in ancient times they were known as σιροί.§ There is not much inside the house to attract attention except the collection of saints, with the everlasting lamp burning before them, the ἄσβεστος λύχνος of antiquity, concerning which some housewives are very superstitious; and on the occasion of a move, the greatest care is taken lest the lamp should be extinguished in the transit, which is a matter of great difficulty in these windy islands. Perhaps there may be found a serpent in the house, ὁ τοπακὸς, the *genius loci*, as they call it, reminding one of the altars raised in ancient days in houses to serpents, which were never killed, and looked upon as a sign of happiness, as Theophrastus informs us.‖ There will be too the sacred olive-branch, which has been blessed in church at Easter, and is efficacious in warding off the effects of the evil eye. Beyond these things there will be nothing probably of attraction in these hovels, unless we notice the similarity of shape between the amphoræ of to-day and those of antiquity.

In these pastoral villages there are still preserved many of the old pastoral festivities; the swallow feast, for instance (χελιδόνισμα), when the children go round with a decorated figure from house to house, and sing, 'The swallow has come across the sea.' This is done usually on every first of March,

* 'Od.' 8, 124.
† Soph., 'Ant.' 250.
‡ Aristophanes, 'Plut.' 5, 763.
§ Demosthenes, p. 73. Ed. Sauppe.
‖ ὀφείδιον ἱερόν. Hemst. Eust. Opusc., p. 144, 2; and Aristotle (Theophr.), 'de animalibus,' iii. 170, 36, &c.

and

and was done in the same manner in the island of Rhodes 2000 years ago.* There are several flower festivals still to be found which correspond to the old custom of ἠροάνθια. At Kythnos they hang out garlands of flowers from their windows and balconies, also bunches of green ears of corn—a sort of dim relic of a feast of Demeter—on the 1st of May, and children, as at the swallow festival, go round and sing from door to door. In Chios the great flower feast is on Christmas Day, when all the tenants of the orange and lemon gardens on the plain of Chios, with sticks, called ῥάμναι, decorated with flowers, oranges, lemons and gilded leaves, come into the town to present them to their landlords; sometimes as many as 200 of these may be seen coming in together, and the sight is very imposing.

Before the sowing of seed they have a curious ceremony: the oxen are rubbed on the foreheads with garlic, which has been blessed in September at the Exaltation of the Cross; a handkerchief containing corn, barley, beans, two roses, figs, garlic, cotton, cocoons, flax, and a little beeswax, is hung on the sacred tripod, and after rubbing the oxen with the garlic, they say: 'May you, my oxen, and may you, my family, be strong;' after which the grain and all the remaining contents of the handkerchief are thrown into the earth of the first field they sow, like the sacrifices, or προηρόσιαι, that their ancestors made on this occasion, to ensure a productive harvest.

Likewise, the vintage feast is a scene of great gaiety; and it is customary to plant a vineyard on a sort of co-operative principle. On one of the many feast days the man who wishes to plant a vineyard calls together fifty or more of his friends; to each he gives a spade, and then he fills skins with wine, and has joints of goat's flesh roasted for the occasion, and they all start off together, with a boy bearing a white standard before them. In the evening they return home all the merrier for the wine they have imbibed, where the wife of the planter has prepared a large meal for them, which degenerates into a Bacchic orgie, and is carried on far into the night. Similar co-operation is common in house-building, and in preparing implements for husbandry, the only wages being unlimited wine. In Paros they tap their new wine in November, on St. George's Day, which has given to this saint in that island the strange appellation of 'The drunken St. George,' which feast day the men religiously keep by becoming intoxicated, and no Dionysos was ever worshipped more readily.

* Athenæus, 7, 60, 360.

Their banquets are regular symposia; the men sit round a table eating and drinking in excess, whilst the women retire to a distant corner and look on at a respectful distance at the noisy hilarity of their lords. Singing and music are inseparable from these feasts; each village has its recognized bards, whose duty it is to remember the national songs and invent those suitable for the occasion. Their musical instruments are usually three, which are played by the recognized musicians of the place. One is the lyre (*λύρα*), a pear-shaped, seven-stringed violin, unaltered from antiquity; another is the syravlion, the shepherd's pipe, the ancient syrinx; and the third is a sort of bagpipe, the *ἀσκαύλης* described by Dio Chrysostomus,* a cow's horn being fixed in at one end of the skin with blow-holes in it, and a reed at the other for the mouthpiece; and they play it now, as that writer describes, 'by blowing with their mouth, and by keeping the skin under their armpits.'

The islanders are inveterate dancers, and at Easter and on marriage festivals they will dance for days and nights in succession. Each island has its different form of dance; but in Karpathos the dance most closely resembles that which Homer describes, and Mr. Paley's criticism on the passage describing the dance represented on the shield of Achilles would suit a modern dance admirably. 'A circular dancing place is next represented; within it young men and maids are dancing with joined hands. The circular motion and interlacing steps are described to the life; an admiring crowd stands around, a man with a harp is in the midst.'† The bard sits in the midst, and the circle of intertwined men and maidens revolves round and round, now leisurely and singing as they go; now with a rapid bounding step, which, as they say themselves, 'rivals the fairies on the mountains': for they scarcely seem to touch the ground, so light is their step.

The games in which they largely indulge during the winter evenings, and at their festivals, are most of them doubtless of very ancient origin. Unluckily we have not the means of identifying many of them. 'How many?' *πόσα*, is a lineal descendant of the old game of *δακτύλων ἐπάλλαξις*. They divide into sides, and one side, calling themselves 'the mules,' *τὰ ζῶα*, lean up against a wall and are mounted by the others. One of the riders puts one hand over the eyes of the mule, and into the air extends a certain number of fingers, and cries 'How many?' When all the mules have guessed, they become riders in their turn; if a mule is stupid, he receives many cuffs on the

* Dio Chrys., Or. 71.

† Paley's 'Hom. Il.' 18, 592.

head,

head, and the rider appears to have unlimited power of maltreating his mule. Blind man's buff, as played by the insular peasants, is more like the game described by Pollux* than ours; the blindfolded man stands in the midst, the players dance round him and sing. He then touches with a stick one, who whispers up the stick; and from the voice he has to decide who it is. This is the old *μυΐνδα* or *ἀποδιδρασκίνδα*. The game of *κουνιὰ*, or 'swing,' as played in Karpathos, has, as of old, a religious import. It was played by the maidens of Athens in remembrance of the death of Erigone on the anniversary of her death; and as they swung, they sang songs to her memory. To-day the maidens of Karpathos during two Sundays of Lent have the custom of hanging up swings, and, seated two in a swing, they sing melancholy ditties concerning the death of Lazarus and the Passion of our Lord. In other islands they likewise have the Lenten game of swing; but it has more or less degenerated into a romp between the young men and maidens of the villages, and the religious purport has been lost.

The ancient game of *βασιλίνδα*, as described by Pollux,† is played under the new name of *πρόεδρος*, or president; these and many of our own homely games they play, which have been handed down and played by generations of islanders.

Another favourite amusement for the women as they sit at work at their looms, or as they ply the shuttle, is to have tales, *παραμυθία*, told to them. Old women are generally supposed to be the best tale-tellers, whether from the fact that their personal experience is greater, or they are unable to work, and most of these tales resemble the legends of old. They tell of dragons which live up in the old Hellenic walls, and wonderful men who could build walls of such stones as those. They tell of victories over these dragons, gained by princes like Theseus; of labours imposed on strong men, like Hercules; and some of them have a moral attached, like the fables of our old friend Æsop.

The customs observed by these insular peasants concerning births and deaths afford us many interesting parallels to antiquity. Concerning the birth itself we shall have to speak again under their medical lore; but, when once born, the child is surrounded by a complete network of superstitions. The handsomest man must be the first to embrace it, so as to impart to it his beauty; the strongest woman must be the first to suckle it, so as to impart to it her strength, reminding us of the change wrought over an ugly girl in Sparta by the heroine Helen,‡ and of how

* Pollux, 9, 110-113. † Pollux, 9, 110-113. ‡ Herod. vi. 61.

 the

the queen of the Æthiopians became the mother of a white child by holding a statue of Hesione in her hand.* Again, Apollodorus tells us, that seven days after the birth of Meleager the Fates told the horologue of the child.† In like manner, in Karpathos now, on the seventh day, the Fates are supposed to choose the child's patron saint, and the ceremony attending it is called the ἑφτὰ (ἑπτὰ). The family assemble together, and in the middle of the room place a large bowl; if the child is a male, they place some of the father's clothes in it, and on the top of the clothes the child. For the occasion a large wax candle with seven coats of wax has been made; this is cut into seven pieces, and each piece is called after a saint, lighted, and placed round the bowl. The guests sit around in silence and prayer until one of the candles is extinguished; this candle is considered as an indication from the Fates as to which saint is to be the child's patron. In the evening the bowl is placed full of food, barley and water, with honey on the top; this is for the Fates to eat. An old witch goes around to sprinkle the house with holy oil, muttering as she does so, 'Come, Fate of fates; come here, great destiny, to settle the fortune of this child, that he may have ships and diamonds and cattle, and that he may become a prince.' At this juncture the Fates are supposed to enter the room, and to give good fortune (καλομοιράζειν) to the child.

There is little difference between the Fates of to-day and the Fates of old; they are still supposed to be old women, three in number, who live in inaccessible mountains and weave the web of destiny: their decree is unalterable. Yet there are legends of girls who, dissatisfied with their personal appearance, have succeeded in finding them, and giving them salt to eat, which obliges them to answer the suppliant's appeal. A Naxiote legend tells of a poor ugly girl who contrived thus to become lovely and marry a prince; 'but,' concludes the legend, 'she had no children, for the Fates will never agree to any one's being entirely happy.'

After the fate-telling is over, the guests depart, and wish the mother a good forty days; for, as Censorinus (s. 28) tells us, 'mothers in Greece before forty days never go to the temple.' Nor do they visit their neighbours until that day, and when they do so they must place the handle of the key in their mouth, 'to make the plates as strong as the iron of the key,' as the saying goes. After baptism there is the curious ceremony of the 'incense of the share.' The mother, who has remained at home, meets the

* Heliodorus, 'Æthiop.' iv. 8.

† Apollodorus, 1, 6.

party

party on their return from church with the family ploughshare in her hand, in which are some embers from the hearth; this she waves before them after the fashion of the incense-bearers in church; and it is supposed thereby that the child will be made as strong as the iron of the share, and as successful in agriculture as the former owners of the share. This ceremony is also gone through at marriages, at which there are many strange customs; none, however, which seem to have any connection with those of antiquity, for the marriage ceremony now is a highly religious one, and consequently entirely remodelled.

But at the time of death there is much that is old. Charon is as much believed in to-day as he was 2000 years ago. 'Charon seized him,' is a common synonym for death; and the Greek death-ballads which hired mourners sing over the corpses were replete with ancient ideas. These mourners (*μοιρολογίσται*) remind us distinctly of a Greek chorus, that one especially in Æschylus,* where the virgins at the gate of Agamemnon stood beating their breasts and lacerating their cheeks. A death wail is a terrible sight in Greece, and one which the authorities unsuccessfully try to put down. St. Chrysostom did the same in his day, and so did Solon,† who forbade the excessive lamentation of women, but without avail.‡

They sing to you of feasts and banquets in Hades, where the dead are eaten for food; they tell you of the garden of Hades, where the souls of the departed are planted and come up as weird plants. King Charon is not the Death of the Middle Ages, the skeleton with the scythe in his hand; he is the Homeric ferryman, who rows souls across to Hades in his caïque; he is a hero of huge stature and flaming eyes, *πορφύρεος*,§ as he is described in the Iliad. Charon, too, can lurk in ambush to surprise his victims, and can change himself into a swallow like Athene, who perched on Ulysses' house on the day of the murder of the suitors.‖ Charon's palace is in Hades and is decorated with the bones of the departed, and the dead who haunt it are for ever planning to return to the upper air,

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* Æsch., 'Choeph.' 20, 28. † Plut. 'Sol.' 12 and 21.

‡ The following is a touching specimen of a modern Greek death-wail:—

'Out in the little moon's white light, his horse was Charon shoeing,
And thus his mama said to him, and thus his mother charged him:
"My son, when thou go'st to the chase, when thou go'st forth a-hunting,
Take not the mothers who have sons, nor brothers who have sisters;
Take not those who have just been wed, nor those just crowned in marriage."
"Where I find three I will take two, where I find two, one only;
And if I find one man alone, him, too, will I take with me."'

§ 'Il.' 5, 83. ‖ 'Od.' 10, 240.

and

and form schemes for so doing, which Charon always discovers; sometimes even they steal his keys, but in vain.

The islanders believe that a wicked man has a hard death-struggle, and cannot rest after death; at the expiration of a year after burial they remove the bones from the grave to a charnel house, and if the flesh is not decayed off them, they consider that the spirit of the deceased wanders about as a vampire, and 'feeds on his own,' as the expression goes; that is to say, he sucks the blood of his relatives, and thereby derives force for his ghostly wanderings. This recals Homer's story of the Shades in Hades, who considered that, if they could fill themselves with blood, they would be able to return again to life.*

In a Naxiote village there is a trace still left of the old 'obolos for Charon,' the freight money; it is a little wax cross with I. X. N. (Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς νικᾶ) upon it, which is put on the closed lips of the deceased. This is a custom common enough, but in this village alone does it appear to be called by its ancient name of the *ναῦλον*. Long after the introduction of Christianity it appears to have been the custom to place a coin on the mouth, for in Byzantine tombs coins of the Emperors of the East have constantly been found in skulls. This is an instance of how Christianity, as we shall see later, adapted to itself rather than obliterated the pagan ritual.

Scattered amongst the islands we find various customs connected with burial which carry us back into the past. First, it is the universal custom to bury at once—'the dead must not see the stars,' they say. This idea was current in ancient times, as the dream in which Patroclus chides Achilles proves.† At Seriphos alone is each landowner buried in a tomb in his own field, built like a little shrine, reminding us of the days when an Athenian left in his will instructions to a like effect.‡ In Karpathos the dead are buried in tombs attached to innumerable little churches, one of which belongs to each family. When they close the tomb they fix into the cement a number of household plates, for which custom they can give no reason; it is obviously a survival of the ancient custom of placing plates with food for the departed in the tombs. Again, there is the universal custom of the *κόλλυβα*, that is to say, of presenting on stated days, boiled wheat, adorned with sugar-plums, honey, sesame, basil, &c., to the dead; and at the ceremony of presenting them they have additional lamentations, reminding one forcibly of the ancient feasts for the dead, which were likewise offered on stated days; and the custom of offering boiled wheat is

* 'Od.' 11.

† 'Il.' 23, 71.

‡ Demosthenes, 'Euerg.' p. 1159.

but

but a survival of the idea, embodied in the story of Demeter and her daughter, and expressed in Christian language by 'sown in corruption and raised in incorruption.'

There may be found traces, too, of Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, in the death ballads sung by the hired mourners, as a river of which the dead drink and forget their homes and orphan children; and there is a parallel case, too, in animal life, for the shepherds will tell you of a certain grass on the mountain called 'the grass of denial,' of which when the flocks eat they forget their young, and these songs in many other ways remind us of a Greek chorus. The moirologists will sing of the loneliness of the living, of the horrors of death, of the black earth, and the cold dreary frozen Hades; and, in the strange language of hyperbole, in which they love to indulge, they will wonder how the sun could venture to shine on so lamentable a scene as the one before them. At a death-wail if a child sneeze, it is a portent of evil; if any one sneezes whilst another is speaking, some words of blessing must be said, just as a portent of woe was presaged by Penelope when some one sneezed as she was talking to Eumæus; and when Xenophon addressed his troops, some one sneezed, and they all offered up a prayer.*

Before leaving the subject of the island peasants' ordinary life, we must consider the question of fishing, for in their methods of catching fish they have preserved for us many parallels to antiquity. The scaros is caught now just as Oppian describes in his Ἁλιευτικά (iv. 40): it is a very affectionate fish, and will risk anything to save a female friend; and the expert fisherman, if he can secure a female fish alive, has no difficulty in attracting a large shoal of males, which his companion catches with a net; but if he only succeeds in getting a dead one, it is a great art to drag it through the water so as to assume the appearance of life. In catching the tunny fish, too, they follow the ancient method. May is the month for this fishing, consequently called *μαγιατικά*. They choose a bay with a convenient promontory, from a post on which they fasten one end of their nets, the other end they attach to a rock or post in the sea, where they leave a man to announce the arrival of the fish, whilst they row to shore by a circuitous route, carrying a rope with them attached to the net, so as to pull it in. When the fish are announced as approaching, they pull in the net; and if the haul is large, they drive those they do not want into creeks, which they close with brambles, until the fish are wanted. This method is described by Aristotle (*περὶ ζώων*, ch. i. 4).

* 'Anab.' 3, 2, 10.

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The instrument used for loosening sponges and other fish at the bottom of the sea is the *κάμαξ*, or trident, only it has now sometimes as many as five prongs to it instead of three. To see these fish they make use of a pail with a glass bottom to it, which, when inserted into the water below the ripple, enables them to see all that is going on quite clearly. Their boats have most of them canvas bulwarks; but some of them, those from Hydra especially, have wattled or osier bulwarks, made out of the *λυγαριὰ*, or *Agnus castus*, which grows in the beds of mountain torrents, very probably the same as the bulwarks which Ulysses made for his two-decked raft when he left the island of Kalypso. In remote corners of Greece this particular willow is held in veneration by women, who, when they go to the fields, cut off a bit of it, whispering verses as they do so; this will cure, they say, irritations of the skin, hence doubtless the name of *Agnus castus*, given to it by Dioscorides.

When a boat is launched by these fishermen a curious ceremony is gone through. It is customary to slaughter an ox, a lamb, or a dove on these occasions, and with the blood, during the benediction of the priest, to make a cross on the deck. When the boat is pushed into the water, the owner has to jump out of it into the sea with all his clothes on; and in the evening a banquet is given by the owner to his friends, who have assisted him in the launching; and then it is dedicated either to St. Nicholas, who, we shall see, is the successor of Poseidon; for wherever once stood a temple to this god, now stands a church to St. Nicholas, or to the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, who answers to Aphrodite *εὔπλοια* of antiquity.

This brings us to the point of religion, and under this head we shall find, as might be expected, the parallels to antiquity even more numerous than in the ordinary every-day life. Michael Psellos, a statesman and philosopher at the Byzantine Court in the eleventh century, gives us the keynote for this investigation; for he enunciates it as his theory that the Iliad was but an allegory, that Troy was the world, the inhabitants of which neglected celestial beauty and preferred carnal lusts—namely, Helen. 'Jupiter and the gods of the Iliad,' he tells us, 'are but the gods of the Christians, the angels, cherubs, and saints;' and such, apparently, was the idea of the founders of the orthodox Church when they built up the new religion on the old basis. Perhaps this gradual transition from paganism to Christianity was politically necessary, and for this reason doubtless it is that we find so much of paganism incorporated in the religion of the orthodox Church.

We may consider the existence of the modern saints, as representatives

representatives of the ancient gods, under three separate heads. First, those whose names and attributes have been but slightly changed, and amongst these we will first consider St. Dionysios as the modern representative of the god Dionysos. This is particularly noticeable on the island of Naxos, which was in antiquity the recognized home of the great wine-god, and where the ruins of his great temple are still to be seen. Place-names, too, point to the ancient cult: one of the mountains on Naxos is still called Koronon, recalling the name of Koronis, the nymph, and the infancy of Dionysos, and the name of the best wine on the island is 'the wine of Dionysos.' The continuity of the myth is embodied in a legend now told on Naxos about St. Dionysios, to the following effect. The saint was on a journey from the monastery on Mount Olympus to his home on Naxos. By the way he saw a pretty plant, which he wished to take with him; so to protect it from the heat of the sun he put it into the leg of a bird. Having proceeded further, he was surprised to find the plant so rooted in the bone that he could not remove it, so he put it, bone and all, into the bone of a lion; again the same miracle occurred, so he put his treasure into the leg-bone of an ass. On reaching Naxos he found the plant had rooted itself into all the bones, so he planted them all. From this came the first vine, from which the saint made the first wine. When he had drunk a little, he became as gay as a bird; when he had drunk more, he became as strong as a lion; and when he had drunk too much, he became as stupid as an ass.

In some cases the sex of the god has been changed, from the fact, doubtless, that the Madonna was supposed to contain in herself all the female attributes; consequently we find in the island of Keos St. Artemidos instead of Artemis, a goddess who was much worshipped here in antiquity, as is proved by the numerous figures of the fructifying Ephesian goddess which have been found in the island. Now St. Artemidos is the patron of weakly children, who have been 'struck by the Nereids,' as the saying goes. His church is some way out of the town, on the hill slopes; and thither a mother takes her sickly child, strips off its clothes, and puts on new ones, leaving the old ones for the priest; and when it recovers, she lights a candle to St. Artemidos, unconscious that by so doing she is perpetuating the archaic worship of Artemis, *παιδοτρόφος*, *κουροτρόφος*, *φιλομείραξ*.

St. Eleutherios is another instance of this change of sex. He is the saint to whom women appeal in childbirth for freedom from their pains, and thereby he has supplied the place of the goddess Eileithyia,

Eileithyia, which name, according to the modern pronunciation, has entailed but the slightest change of sound. St. Demetrios, in like manner, in many places has been given some of the attributes of Demeter, being frequently worshipped as the protector of flocks and agriculture; in this case he is termed 'of the dry land' (*στεριανὸς*), as opposed to St. Nicholas, the saint of the sea; he is also considered as the protector and promoter of marriages, the saint whose special province it is to look after fecundity and abundance.

Wherever in Greece there once stood a temple to the Sun-god Apollo, on the highest peak of nearly every island, there now exists a temple to the Prophet Elias. Here again the change of name has been but slight, for Ἥλιος the sun, we now have Elias the prophet. He has power over rain; in times of drought people assemble in crowds to his shrine to pray for rain; and in this he is the representative of another branch of the sun-god *ὄμβριος* or *ὑέτιος Ζεῦς*, for the oneness of sun worship was lost in later Greek mythology. When it thunders, they say the prophet is driving in his chariot in pursuit of demons. Where once stood temples to the great god Zeus, we now find churches or monasteries dedicated to the Almighty (*παντοκράτωρ*). Only in Naxos have the name and idea of Zeus been handed down to us. In this island the highest mountain is called Mount Zia, and on the slopes of it we read an ancient rock-cut inscription stating that this was the mountain of Milesian Zeus. Near the summit is a vast cave, which penetrates far into the mountain; and at its entrance is an altar which is still called 'the church of Zia,' where a priest goes once a year to hold a liturgy. At this altar it is customary for a shepherd to swear to his innocence if another charges him with having stolen a sheep or a goat. An oath by the altar of Zia is held very sacred by these mountaineers, and it is held as an earnest of innocence. This mountain and this cave doubtless in ancient times had much to do with the worship of Zeus. The old myth related how the King of the Gods was brought from his birthplace in Crete to Naxos, where he was brought up, and from whence he removed to take up his kingdom on Olympus; and it is highly probable that in this very cave the ancients imagined that the great god lived during his sojourn in Naxos. Curiously enough, a very favourite oath in this island is 'by my father's head,' recalling the ancient oath by the head of Zeus, the most solemn one known.

In the second place we may consider those gods whose names have been changed, but whose attributes remain in the possession of those saints who represent them; foremost amongst these we have

have St. Nicholas as the representative of Poseidon. This fact is especially noticeable in Tenos, where once stood the famous temple to the sea-god; here not only is the chief church dedicated to St. Nicholas, but the town itself is called by the name of that saint. Everything nautical has to do with St. Nicholas. In Mykonos, a little church built on a rock in the middle of the harbour is dedicated to him; another on the seashore at Paros is dedicated to "Αγιος Νικόλαος Θαλασσίτης; his sacred picture is painted on the inside of crabs' backs, which are gilded outside and held in great esteem. In nautical songs we find St. Nicholas constantly alluded to as having invented the rudder; and the sailors imagine him to be seated at their helm, whilst Christ guards the prow and the Virgin the middle of the boat; and in a storm, in time of danger, they call upon St. Nicholas for assistance, just as their forefathers addressed the Dioscouri in their distress, who, they believed, had power to allay storms given them by Poseidon. On the shore of the little towns the sellers of pictures of St. Nicholas drive an excellent trade, for no boat could put to sea without one.

St. Charalambos, again, is the Æsculapius of modern days; in every fever-stricken, marshy spot we find a church erected to this saint, who is represented as an old wizard trampling under foot a serpent, that is to say, disease. In his church, and in those dedicated to healing Madonnas, the peasants will often pass night after night with a view to curing diseases, just as in ancient days the sick performed the rite of ἐγκοίμησις in the temples of Æsculapius;* sometimes now a paralyzed individual will pass forty successive nights in this fashion, hoping against hope for a cure.

St. Michael the Archangel is now the angel of Death, the messenger of Charon, and thus occupies the place of Hermes. He it was who is fabled to have conducted the Madonna down to the lower regions on the occasion when she saw all the tortures of the wicked; and on the Apocalypse of the Panagia, said to have been written after this visit, are founded all the strange and horrible ideas of hell which we find depicted on the walls of churches. St. Michael is represented as a youthful warrior, with yellow hair and wings. Sometimes he has a sword in his right hand, sometimes merely a wand, whilst in his left are balances.

St. George is another of these mystic heroes of the Greek Church whose legend reads like that of Perseus. In some representations of him we find him riding a winged horse,

* Pausanias, ii. 27.

which

which is carrying him with all speed to the rescue of the fair princess who is being offered to the dragon; and the dragon furthermore is sometimes represented as coming out of the sea; and Eusebius curiously connects St. George with the Dragon of the sea,* the Leviathan mentioned in Isaiah xxvii. 1, and translated by δράκων in the Septuagint, clearly showing it as his impression that St. George, like Perseus, won a victory over a sea-monster.

In many islands we find St. Anarguris as the patron saint of flocks and herds; and in Thermià (Kythnos) he is the protecting saint of a grotto, to whom those who dread the evil spirits which are supposed to haunt this cave offer up prayers for protection. Thus St. Anarguris represents the god Pan of ancient days. And on the neighbouring island of Keos the little church of St. Anarguris is the scene of a curious annual sacrifice. When any of his cattle are ailing, the farmer takes them to this church, and here he solemnly vows to present them to the saint when their days of work are over; and in accordance with this vow, on the 1st of July most of the old useless bullocks are driven to this church and slaughtered on the threshold, the skin and the flesh being distributed to any poor person who likes to ask for them. Elsewhere curious traces of sacrifices to appease the mysterious individuals who are supposed to have sent a blight on the flocks still exist. In some places, when an epidemic has carried off any of the animals, they light a fire at the entrance of the village, and through this they compel their flocks to pass. Sometimes they will smear a pig with pitch, and when it is ignited by passing through the flames, they drive it amongst the flocks to die in agonies, a sacrifice to human superstition.

In the next place, we must consider the scattered attributes of ancient deities which survive in varied forms and names amongst the present people. The attribute of Apollo, Smintheus Apollo, who drove out rats and mice, has been given in some place to St. George. On the vigil of the two feasts of this saint they light fires in the streets, on which women and children delight to leap and dance, singing as they do so: 'Out with you, fleas and bugs and great rats;' and in other places to St. Tryphon, on whose day no work is done, a fast is observed, and special offices and prayers are offered up to this saint to ward off these pernicious vermin.

There seems also to be a connection of ideas between the modern belief in the rainbow and the virgin goddess Iris. The rainbow is called the men's girdle, and is generally supposed to

* Eusebius, 'de Vit. Const.' lib. 3.

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be a messenger from God to man to indicate some hidden treasure or some great good fortune; and in their imaginations concerning uncanny animals which appear at certain seasons and haunt their villages, we have exact parallels to the uncanny beings of antiquity. For example, the Kalkagaroi are evil spirits which appear on earth for ten days only, that is to say, from Christmas to Epiphany; and during these days they subsist, like the Amazons of old, on snakes and lizards. At night they dance till cock-crow, and enter houses by the chimney, so that a careful housewife during these days keeps a fire smouldering perpetually on her hearth. When Epiphany comes, these creatures are forced to flee underground, taking before they go a hack at the tree which supports the world, and which one day they will cut through. The people imagine them to be huge men with goats' or asses' feet; in short, they are the modern satyrs (*δύσμορφοι αἰγίποδες*).

The witches who are supposed in Paros to inhabit the caves and rocks of the mountains, and whom they call *στρίγλαι*, old women past a hundred, have a striking resemblance to the Harpies, for they can turn into birds at will, and sometimes are said to have women's heads and the bodies of birds when they issue forth on their uncanny search for human food, and nothing rejoices them more than to cut out the heart of a man and eat it. The Lamiæ of to-day are exactly the same as the Lamiæ of old mythology, evil-working women who live in desert places, ill-formed like their ancestors, daughters of Belus and Sibyl. They cannot sweep, and a bad housewife is said to make the sweepings of a Lamia; they cannot bake, for they put bread into the ovens before heating it; they have dogs and mules, but give bones to their mules, and straw to their dogs. They are very gluttonous, so that in Byzantine and modern Greek the word *λαμιώνω* is used to express over-eating. Greek mothers of to-day terrify their children by saying that a Lamia will eat them if they are naughty, just as was said to naughty children in olden times; for the legend ran that Zeus loved Lamia too well, and Hera out of jealousy killed her children, at which Lamia was so grieved that she took to devouring the children of others.

Of the Nereids which haunt the cliffs and torrent beds of the Greek islands, we hear a great deal; scarcely an old woman exists who has not some story to tell concerning them and their pernicious influences on mortals. On Siphnos, at an old centre of nymph worship, as we gather from an inscription cut on a rock over a cave, '*the temple of the nymphs*,' we still find many of these legends extant. Travellers who cross a certain stream close

close to this place, more especially at midnight or midday, are exposed to the danger of being struck by them (νυμφολήπτος); and to cure such cases it is customary to prepare and place at a spot, where three roads meet, or hang in the wells, some bread wrapped up in a clean napkin, and some honey, milk and eggs, to appease these nymphs. These *genii loci*, too, haunt certain well-known trees and cliffs, like our old friends the Hamadryads. Woodcutters fear to lie or sleep under a big old olive-tree called Megdanos, for this reason; and when they fell a tree supposed to contain a Nereid, they are careful when it falls to prostrate themselves humbly and in silence, lest the spirit should chastise them as it escapes; and sometimes they put a stone on the trunk of the tree, so as to prevent its egress. Wherever there is a healing spring, it is said to flow from the breasts of the Nereids; and he that wishes to be cured, must go holding a green lamp to fill his jar, and must leave a bit of his clothes behind, and must hurry away without looking back, otherwise he will lose his senses. When these waters are troubled, they say the Nereids have been bathing, and woe to the man who is unlucky enough to see them doing so; he is punished for his impertinence.

The Nereids are popularly believed to be devoted to the dance, for ever waving round and round in the mystic circle, their heads bound round with the long flowing scarves still worn in some of the islands. When a whirlwind rushes past, they say the Nereids are travelling; and many tales are told of men who have been carried off by them and found senseless, or obliged to follow them, and play the lyre as they dance. Many stories, too, are told of men who have fallen in love with Nereids, and how they have learned from old women to capture the one of these fugitive beauties they desire by seizing her by the hair, and not being alarmed when she turns into all sorts of forms; a snake, fire, camels, &c., just as Thetis did when she was seized by Peleus; but the modern hero always prevails by following the advice of the old witch, the modern Chiron, and then they are married, and a son is born. The great family of Mavromichaelis, of Manes, are supposed, like Achilles, to be the offspring of such a union. Sometimes they are wicked children, and a common expression is, 'Charon must have been your sponsor and a Nereid your dam.' Sometimes the mother, at the sound of some noise or name, vanishes from her mortal lover taking her babe with her. All these and many other stories about the Nereids may be heard to-day, and much that is poetical is connected with the popular idea of them; their smiles turn into roses, their tears into pearls; they have lovely long

long hair. 'Beautiful as a Nereid' is a common term to express beauty. Their work is weaving, and they produce most exquisite embroideries; as they work, a bewitched man plays the lyre to them. Such are the Nereids of to-day.

The baneful influence of these sprites on children is universally believed in; this is why they hang so many charms around their necks, and if once a mother believes her child to have been struck, there is no folly which she will not perform. In a certain tiny church on Melos there is a marble altar; mothers believe that if they can expose their weakling naked on this for a night it will be cured: luckily, however, the authorities are striving to put down this barbarous custom.

The myths about dragons have been alluded to above, and their superhuman power which is supposed to have produced the Cyclopean walls; they can, moreover, slay the peasants, tear up trees, and hurl huge rocks, like Polyphemus of old; and in one of the legends we have for *dramatis personæ* a dragon, and Spanos, a wily traveller, who conquers the silly dragon and reminds us of Ulysses. Everywhere they tell you, as their ancestors did, stories of the strength and prowess of their forefathers. Even in populous mercantile Syra, the popular belief is that two huge stone olive-presses were quoits which their predecessors used to hurl, and in similar fashion every old ruin of Hellenic masonry goes by the name of the Dragon's house.

In the next place we shall find that, as their ancestors delighted to personify the mysterious which they could not understand, so do the modern Greeks still. Charon, as we have seen, is still to them a personified idea of death, and so it is with all atmospherical phenomena.

The north wind they call Κὺρ Βορέας, Mr. Northwind, their constant and dreaded enemy in the winter season. He lives, they say, 'somewhere up there,' pointing towards the mountains of the mainland, in a palace of ice and snow. One day, says the legend, Mr. Southwind blew and melted this edifice away, so that nothing but his tears were left, which flowed riverwards.

The sun, to them, is a mighty giant like Hyperion, bloodthirsty when tinged with gold, who spends the night in his palace behind the world. 'The sun seeks his kingdom' (βασιλεύει ὁ ἥλιος) is the common expression for sunset; and here he is tended upon by his mother, who provides him with forty loaves, and if they are not ready when he arrives he is exceeding wroth, and eats his relative instead, which idea has given rise to the expression 'he has been eating his mama,' when he rises red in the morning. The Panagia, the Virgin, is often confounded with

with this mother of the sun. She is the modern representative of Eos, the dawn, and she opens the gates of the East that her son may pass through.

Rain is differently personified in different islands. In one place the vault of heaven is supposed to be full of holes like a sieve, on which God pours water out of skins; sometimes He squeezes hard and sometimes gently, according to the amount of rain that falls. In other places they say 'God is emptying His bowl,' imagining that God has a huge bowl which He shakes, and out of this come the clouds which descend to the earth in the form of rain. In a similar manner they personify thunder; 'God is marrying His son,' they say, arguing from their own custom of letting off guns at weddings; or else, 'God is shaking His hair,' which also they say when there is an earthquake.

The months are supposed to be twelve fine young men, Pallicari, who govern the world in turn, and live together in a palace somewhere up in the mountains. March is the fickle one, and most dreaded of this fraternity, and many are the stories told of him: how he was so angry with an old woman for thinking that he was a summer month, that he borrowed a day from his brother February, and froze her and her flock to death. He lives with a beautiful but hot-tempered mistress, and smiles at her beauty, but frowns at her displeasure. Until March is over the fishermen never venture far from the coast, for the storms of this month are more sudden and treacherous than even those of winter.

Modern insular astrology has some interesting points which prove its connection with antiquity. The star which in ancient days was called the Nile, is now called the Jordan, and a curious parallel to this change of name is to be found in the island of Delos, where there is a spring which mysteriously comes up from underground. In ancient days this was supposed to come from the Nile, now they say it comes from the Jordan. Also the chariot is now called David's chariot, and other constellations have been similarly Christianized.

Besides this survival of mythology in the religion of to-day, we have abundant instances of the survival of observances and points of doctrine; none more striking than the ideas of Charon and hell, with its fiery river and horrible tortures, the authority for which, as we have seen, is the Apocalypse of the Virgin. The aspect and names of Hades and Tartarus are still unchanged, and so is the doctrine of Paradise, which is considered in the same light as the Elysian fields of old, and its joys are entirely swamped by the dread of death and the descent into the lower world. To protect mortals during their passage through

through life, they believe that a guardian angel is provided, who walks on the right hand, and whose influence is always for good; on the left walks an angel of darkness, whose influence is always for evil. These two ghostly companions each have a book, in which they insert the mortal's good and evil deeds, and from them the Judge decides on the eternal destination of the man. Hesiod, in his 'Works and Days,'* describes a parallel belief current in his time. 'On the fruitful earth Zeus has thousands of immortal guardians of mortal men, who watch their just deeds and their evil.'

The devil is an individual rarely spoken of in these islands; and when he has to be alluded to, it is with a euphemism, such as 'the good man,' 'the benefactor,' &c. They would be as much shocked at our Western frivolity in drawing uncomplimentary pictures of him, as we are at their apparent blasphemy when speaking of religious subjects and making jokes about the Panagia. The devil is sometimes called 'the wind;' and when the tempest blows, the islanders, knowing no worse evil, imagine the devil to be in the storm-clouds, reminding us of the old Egyptian devil Τυφῶς. The devil too is the cause of all sudden diseases; but this point we will consider later. When the wind blows, old women may be heard to utter the words 'honey and milk,' which condiments are supposed to be efficacious in exorcising the demons of the air, as in ancient times they offered honey and milk to appease the nymphs who were supposed to raise these storms. In some places they still attribute storms to a marriage amongst the Nereids (ἡ πόμπη τῶν Νεραίδων) and the attendant festivities.

Similarly in Church worship the divines have incorporated much from heathendom. The eikons, or sacred pictures, which are miraculously found in all sorts of places—in the ground, in a tree, in the sea—are but the successors of the ancient ξόανον, which was similarly found in odd corners, where doubtless the priests had hidden it—'fallen from Jove,' Διΐπετες, as a ξόανον was called. Just as these ξόανα were but rough pieces of wood, conventional statues, so to say, such are the eikons of to-day but rude representatives of the Madonna of conventional form and ugliness. In one place we have 'the Virgin of the rushes,' for a black picture was found in a bed of rushes; in another place we have 'the Virgin of Athens,' because, says the priest, the picture was so disgusted when the Turks captured Athens, that she took to the sea on her own account, and was carried safely to the island of Keos. Most of these eikons have been so kissed

* Hes. 'Works and Days,' 250.

by the faithful that they are hardly recognizable; and thus we are reminded of the tribute paid by the faithful to the statue of Hercules at Agrigentum, which Cicero * tells us was so worn away by kisses as hardly to be recognized. In the churches where these miraculous pictures are kept we find all sorts of votive offerings, chiefly silver objects, representing limbs, babies, cows, ships, &c., or in whatsoever way the offerer considers his prayer has been answered. Such silver offerings as these were doubtless those in which Demetrius drove so excellent a trade; locks of hair, too, are often offered by women in accordance with a vow, and are to be seen hung in profusion around the picture; much as they were hung, as Pausanias † tells us, at Titane in Sicyonia, so that he could hardly see the statue of Hygeia to which they had been vowed.

To these shrines, one or two of which are to be found in every island, pilgrimages are made once or twice a year, pilgrimages of a truly archaic type, a mixture of joviality and religion, in which joviality generally gets the upper hand. Everything is in common on these occasions; the rich bring lambs and kids, the poor rice and onions; the meat is cut into lumps and boiled in a common pot. Down one side of the church inside is a stone table at which the pilgrims feed, and outside in the courtyard they afterwards dance and play their wild games. Sometimes there is a sad side to this gay picture, but not frequently so at the distant mountain pilgrimages where the sick cannot be taken; but if access is easy, you see all manner of horrible diseases collected together in hopes of miraculous cures. These are they who pass the night in the temple, and who will remain there for some time.

There are one or two prophetic sources in the islands similar to the Castalian spring of old, and still worked by priestcraft. That at Amorgos is perhaps the most in repute, and from the water of a stream which flows underneath the church the priest pretends to disclose to the credulous his future luck, whether it be in matrimony, or seafaring, or in emigration. At the island of Scyros there is another; and beside the prophetic stream there are plenty of naughty priests in the islands who, despite the condemnation of their archbishop, continue secretly to tell fortunes by magic books, psalters, and even by dice; these things are generally done at night, and for them the priest generally gets well rewarded. Before each a prayer is offered for divine inspiration, the dice are thrown before the altar, reminding one forcibly of the painter of that vase in which

* Cic. 'in Verr.' ii. 4, 43. † Paus. iii. p. 172.

Ajax

Ajax and Achilles are represented as throwing dice before the figure of Athene, to learn their luck in the Trojan war. And priests, too, countenance by their presence the incantations and soothsayings of the old women, who act as the only doctors to these benighted villages.

This brings us to our last point, the medical lore of the Greek islanders, which is full of ancient and time-honoured superstitions.

We have seen how their superstition teaches them, that the mysterious beings called the Nereids are the cause of many diseases, the nature of which they cannot understand, and it is the old witch-doctors of the villages who are considered the proper people to deal with them; they know the proper charms to ward off the influence, and when any one is 'struck,' they are the people to spread the cloth, put on it bread, honey, and sweets, a bottle of good wine, a knife, a fork, an empty glass, an unburnt candle, and a censer. The witch then utters her mystic words and goes away, that the Nereids may eat undisturbed, and, in their consequent good-humour, may allow the sufferer to regain his strength.

These old women keep their charms to themselves, and it is with the greatest difficulty they can be persuaded to divulge them to others, just as in Athens charms were zealously kept in families. They are generally of a religious purport, appeals to Christ and the saints, accompanied by some formula, such as waving a sickle over the head of the sufferer, or collecting forty stones from the shore brought in by forty successive waves, which they boil, and then administer a dose of the water to the invalid as they mutter over him their mystic words.

These old women are generally in close allegiance with the priests for deceiving the credulous, and whilst the old women preside over ordinary diseases, there are the sacred ones with which they do not attempt to interfere. Epilepsy is the sacred disease *par excellence*, just as it was in antiquity; in this form the devil is supposed to seize upon men, and nothing can prevail to drive him out except priestly influence. The relatives at once send for the priest, and over the sufferer he reads the office of St. Basil, who is supposed to have special influence in these cases. If this is not effectual, the patient must be taken to church, and there have the offices read over him three times a day for forty days, during which time he must be made to wear the priest's girdle, and at all the points where three roads meet the air must be fumigated with incense, for here it is that the devils are supposed more particularly to lurk. Akin to this disease is that known as Telonia, and it is brought

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on by those mysterious lights which appear at the masthead during a storm. In Italy this is known as the fire of St. Elmo, but the Greeks still call it by its ancient name of *telonia*, and when these lights appear the sailors try to exorcise them with magic words, or by shouting, or beating brass instruments; they personify them as birds of evil omen which settle on the masts, just as Ulysses did on his travels. When they consider a sailor has been affected by any of these beings, they at once take him to church, and the church bell is rung to drive the supposed devil away.

Another form of devil disease is considerably milder, and this is common nightmare, Ephialtes, which they say arises from the devil jumping on to the sufferer in his sleep, and trying to strangle him. He must hurriedly give the devil an arithmetical problem to solve, such as counting the sand of the shore, or the hairs of his head, and this will occupy the unwelcome visitor till cockcrow, after which time all devils are obliged to flee to the place they came from. In like manner was Ephialtes treated in olden times.

In some islands, Karpathos, for example, the priest's jurisdiction over diseases is wider; he can bind, they say, diseases to a tree. He goes to the house of the sufferer with an acolyte incense-bearer; is careful first to fumigate the man well, and then round his arm he binds a string, says a prayer, and then goes to the mountain side, where he binds the string to a branch, and thus pretends he has removed the fever from his patient.

As in ancient times, so now, epidemics are often said to be caused by priestly curses. A good instance of this is the town of Zephyria on Melos, now deserted and in ruins, but which was a hundred years ago the capital of the island. It is built at the end of a plain, over which a stagnant stream spreads itself out in winter, but which in summer is a waste of pestilential exhalations. Surrounded by the ruins of good houses, (for during the Middle Ages Melos was an important island, and the residence of a duke,) stands the Church of St. Charalambos. The roof has now fallen in, and the fresco of the saint, crushing disease under his feet, hangs with difficulty to the wall; and all this wide-spread desolation is said to have been caused by the curse of a priest.

The story of the priest's curse runs as follows, and it reminds one strongly of Chryses, the priest of Tenedos, praying for the pest to be used as an instrument for the recovery of his daughter. This priest of Zephyria was a notorious evil liver, who made no disguise of his immoralities; so one day the people stoned him

him as he passed by, so that he had to flee for his life. When still in sight of the town, on the brow of the hill towards Kimolos, he took off his hat, lifted up his hands and cursed the inhabitants, praying that no stone should be left on the other. Shortly afterwards a plague broke out, and other diseases succeeded one another in rapid succession, until the inhabitants decided on abandoning their homes altogether. Thus it is imagined that a priest can start an epidemic just as easily as he can check one. No wonder they are people of great importance in the eyes of the superstitious islanders.

The Meliotes relate curious stories of the methods they adopted to check the diseases which raged in their capital. About the time that the pestilence was at its worst, a cow had twin calves; this was looked upon as an indication from above, so consequently, after the lapse of forty days, the time that is to say of purification after a birth, they yoked the calves and ploughed out a portion of land,* in the centre of which they slaughtered the twins, and distributed their flesh to the poor. But even this sacrifice had no avail against the priestly imprecation. So on the 10th of February, the day sacred to St. Charalambos, they decided to 'boil the diseases,' that is to say, forty-one married women wrote the names of a lot of illnesses on scraps of paper, which they boiled in a caldron with some money and a cock; but all of no avail. Yet another plan was resorted to. The same forty women made a garment in one day, which they hung up in St. Charalambos's Church, and next day they cut it up, giving the pieces to the poor; but the result was the same. The priestly imprecation was triumphant, and unhealthy, swampy Zephyria was abandoned.

The idea of writing down diseases and tying them up is commonly resorted to. In Karpathos the priest must do it. He writes on a scrap of paper some words about divine mystery; this paper he binds with a red thread and ties it to the neck of the patient; this is considered most effectual in fever cases, and the usual payment is a basket of bread and figs.

The influence of religion in warding off the evil eye, the glance of the old god Fascinus, is still implicitly believed in all over the Greek islands, and charms for protecting children, the most liable to be influenced by the evil eye (*βασκανεῖα*), are blessed and sold by the priests. People who are possessed of this unfortunate glance are supposed to be able to wither up a fruit-tree by simply admiring it; and if stories of this kind are disbelieved, an overwhelming number of instances will be at

* An *ὅρος*.

once

once forthcoming. A good thing for everybody to wear round his neck to avoid the evil glance is a three-cornered amulet, containing salt, charcoal, and garlic, which the mother binds around her infant's neck, and as she does so must mutter: 'salt and garlic be in the eyes of our enemies;' but when their boys are grown up and affect to be ashamed of such things, it is curious to watch the anxious wives and mothers seize a surreptitious moment for tying up a pinch of salt in a corner of the sceptic's handkerchief, that the evil eye may be averted, and all manner of pains in the stomach. For with them the seat of the spirit is supposed to be the stomach; sometimes you may hear the stomach called ψυχή μου, and in Byzantine wall-paintings we see the devil dragging the spirit out of the mouth; hence anything that affects the spirit like the evil eye is supposed to produce a stomach-ache.

Thus the priest and the old women have joint jurisdiction over some diseases, but over childbirth the old women reign supreme; the old woman it is who knows where to find the 'male flower,' that mysterious herb which grows on the mountain-side, and which has power to avert that dreadful calamity to a household, namely, the birth of a daughter; she it is who knows where to cut the olive-branch which, from its shape, is like unto the Virgin's hand, and which the mother must hold in her hand as she brings forth; and she takes a malicious pleasure in keeping her rival, the priest, out of the house as long as she can, and then only admits him to give the blessing. All the horrible medicaments and strange customs are on this occasion administered by the old women; the priests are not initiated into these mysteries.

These old women answer distinctly to the race which we call witches, and they have influence over more things than diseases. A witch will wrap up, they tell you, eggs in her hair for forty days, after which they are hatched, if she does not leave her house for that space of time. These birds fly out at night, and on whosesoever house they perch the cows give no milk, and the milk is transferred to the udders of those cows the witch wishes to give plenty. Such are the medical practitioners into whose hands the Greek islander entrusts his most anxious cases. Even consumption, by no means a common disease amongst them, is treated by the old women amongst the peasants; and if a doctor does exist in the island, his practice is confined to the better educated and upper class. Consumption is said to be an Erinys which has seized on the individual, an Erinys being, according to their notion, a species of worm, numbers of which are sent out by God for the punishment of wicked men; hence these

these good people have arrived at the bacilli theory long before the learned medicine men of Western Europe. When a consumptive patient dies, they say that there are four Erinyes at each corner of the room, ready to pounce on the survivors; hence consumption is to them a highly infectious disease, and at the last moment all young children are hurriedly sent out of the room, or rather out of doors, as is usually the case, and a hole is made in the ceiling just over the head of the expiring individual, so that the four Erinyes may escape as soon as the sufferer has given up the ghost.

Cholera, they say, is an old man who lives in a vast cave; and he has been seen there frequently by benighted shepherds sitting with a row of lamps before him, and whenever he extinguishes one of them, somebody dies of cholera. There are, of course, innumerable diseases and innumerable cures amongst the islands; the sores on the legs which come from fasting and poor living are commonly reputed to come from washing on the first six days of August, until the 'candle of the Transfiguration is lit;' in like manner, if linen is washed on these days, the result is that holes come in it. An Andriote schoolmaster invented a theory, that during the early days of August microscopic animalcula settle on anything damp; at all events, these sores, *Drymes*, as they are called, are common enough, whatever may be the cause of them.

Again, even in their leave-takings they have a ceremony which we see depicted on vase-paintings. Hector, when he takes leave of his mother, spilt water on the ground out of a bowl, and this is done still; and a well-known ceremony in the islands, from which the men often go away for years in search of work, attends the departure. All the traveller's friends and relatives meet at the house, and as he goes out of the threshold of his home, one of the household pours out of a glass a libation of water, which is supposed to ensure for him abundance and success during the time of his absence. If he has a wife, she is supposed to remain in mourning; all ornaments are put away until his return.

ART. IX.—1. *Speech of Lord Hartington at Nelson*, Oct. 31, 1885.
2. *Speech of Lord Hartington at Accrington*, Dec. 2, 1883.
3. *Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Introduction of the Land Bill*, April 16th, 1886.
4. *Public Opinion and Lord Beaconsfield.* 2 vols. London, 1886.
5. *History of Toryism, from the Accession of Mr. Pitt to power in* 1783, *to the death of Lord Beaconsfield in* 1881. By T. E. Kebbel. London, 1885.

IT may, we think, be taken for granted, that one effect of the great political crisis, on which we entered with the current year, has been to force a large number of persons who had previously stood aloof from politics to regard for the first time with considerate attention the working of that Parliamentary machine, by which the Government of this country has been so long and, on the whole, so successfully directed. At first they would probably wonder that it could ever have succeeded at all; and that a system, by which the Empire had been brought to the very verge of ruin, before statesmen could be roused to discriminate between their major and their minor obligations, should have been tolerated for a day by a nation which prides itself on its knowledge of the art of government; or that such a system should be extolled to the skies as the most admirable contrivance for its purpose which the wit of man could have invented. Further reflection would doubtless correct this hasty judgment; and so far from seeing anything surprising or extraordinary in the freedom of language, which has recently been used in reference to the subject by the public writers of the day, such inexperienced persons would regard it as perfectly natural, and precisely what might have been expected. To others, however—to all, that is, who have grown old in political affairs, and are familiar with the tone in which they are commonly discussed—such comments will seem as startling as they are novel; indicating, as they do, that long cherished theories have suddenly undergone a great shock; that new ideas and new conceptions are creeping into our received code of politics; and that doubts and suggestions, which would at one time have been treated with contempt by those who take a practical view of public matters, have now been admitted within the region of debatable questions which political common-sense need no longer hesitate to recognize.

The new tone, the doubts and suggestions, to which we here refer, relate to the method of Party government, which has prevailed

prevailed in this country since the accession of George I., and which has accommodated itself to so many different phases of Parliamentary government in the past, that there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that it will continue to flourish in the future. But as the changes, which Party government may be called on to encounter, will not necessarily be the same as those which it has hitherto survived,—and even to the latter it has only adapted itself with difficulty—we are not among those who regard its position as secured. We are far from implying that the Party system is necessarily breaking up. But it certainly exhibits symptoms which should cause its adherents some anxiety. These symptoms may denote only a passing disorder, or they may indicate decay of vital power. What we now see and hear may point either to the dissolution of present arrangements, and the introduction of others better adapted to the divisions of opinion which prevail in the nation at large, or it may presage the disappearance of the system as a useless and mischievous anachronism; and we should do well to prepare ourselves for either alternative. The following remarks may perhaps help to elucidate a question which, as it is peculiarly susceptible of confusion, is also very easily converted into an instrument of mystification by those who find their account in throwing dust into the public eye.

Party has, by many great statesmen, been considered only an accident, not an essential, of our English form of government. Lord Bolingbroke so considered it, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech on the Land Bill, reminded us. Parties, he thought, ought to have expired at the Revolution, and would have done so, had not the Hanoverian Government artificially prolonged them. That, from Lord Bolingbroke's point of view, was done then, which many persons would say is being done now: the Party system was kept alive to serve a particular interest, when it no longer represented real differences of opinion. The difference of opinion which existed before 1688 as to the comparative dangers of a Popish Sovereign on the one hand, and a disputed succession on the other, was a real difference; and so long as these alternatives were offered to us, the division of the country into two parties was a natural and healthy one. But with the final expulsion of the Stuarts the controversy was really closed; and that it was reopened, although in a different form, was the doing of the Whigs themselves. During the reigns of William and Queen Anne, Whigs and Tories were employed indiscriminately by the Sovereign; and it was not till the accession of George I. that, at the instigation of the leading Whigs, a policy of proscription was adopted, which

which inevitably threw the Tory Party into the form of a regular Opposition. This was Bolingbroke's version of the second Act of the Revolution. The exclusion of so many able men, not really disaffected to the new dynasty, from every place of trust or dignity in the kingdom, led once more to the formation of a Court and Country Party, which, but for this impolitic mistake, need never have existed.

It was impossible for the Tory Party always to avoid the appearance of acting in concert with the Jacobites—the small remnant who would have restored the Stuarts at all hazards. But the Tories were not Jacobites; though, as Lord Shelburne points out, it was the interest of the Whigs to have them thought so; and to represent them to be as hostile as the Jacobites to the Protestant succession.* This, however, was not true; and as the Church of England knew that she had no better friends than the Tory country gentlemen, whom she supported on all occasions, the Whigs called in the Dissenters to aid them against the influence of the clergy, and the power of the moneyed interest to help them against the landlords. Bolingbroke's account of the matter is to be received with caution, as some of the points, enumerated by Shelburne, of difference between the Whigs and Tories, existed both before and after the Revolution. But what he seems to mean is this, that had not the unwise policy of the new Administration invested them with fresh significance, these points of difference need not have laid the foundation of Party government.

During the years that followed Walpole's death, under the peaceful administration of Pelham and the glorious administration of Chatham, Party almost died away. But with the accession of George III., an event which at first sight seemed likely to complete its destruction, it woke up again to new life. All fear of the Stuarts having vanished from men's minds, the Whigs no longer found it answer to accuse their opponents of Jacobitism. To Monarchy, in the abstract, the nation was cordially attached; and when the young King began to chafe under the ascendency of a Party, which claimed not only an

* 'There were,' says Lord Shelburne, 'during the first twenty years of the reign of George II., three parties: first, the old Whigs who entirely composed the Administration; secondly, the discontented Whigs, who one after another quarrelled with Sir Robert Walpole and the main body; thirdly, the Tories, to whose character and principles sufficient justice has not been done owing to the never-ceasing outcry of the Ministers in confounding them with the Jacobites, but, in fact, they were the landed interest of England who desired to see an honourable, dignified government, conducted with order and due economy, and due subordination, in opposition to the Whigs, who courted the mob in the first instance, and in the next the commercial interest.'—'Life of Lord Shelburne,' by Lord Edmund FitzMaurice, vol. i. p. 49.

exclusive

exclusive title to his favour, but also the right to exercise powers which constitutionally belonged to himself, the public sentiment was with him. But the Whigs were determined to hold the ground which they had won, and accordingly they now charged their opponents with being 'false to Revolution principles.' This was the new cry; and now came the great struggle, in which it was the object of one Party to recover for the Crown those functions and privileges of which it had been wrongfully deprived, and the object of the other to defend what they had usurped. Here, of course, real principles were at stake. Whigs and Tories represented distinct ideas of government, and so far the division was a healthy one. But it was largely leavened throughout with a factious and selfish element, which in the course of another quarter of a century had so thoroughly disgusted the people with the whole system as to place it in the power of the Crown to terminate it altogether.

Why this was not done, why the battle was left unfinished, and Party, scotched but not killed, soon recovered all its former vigour, may be read in Mr. Kebbel's volume, but is too long a story to be told here. The French Revolution, the King's health, possibly, too, the early death of Mr. Pitt, combined to prevent a great constitutional change which is generally thought to have been approaching at the close of the eighteenth century, when the *raison d'être* of Whiggism seemed to be extinct, and our Parliamentary system was too firmly established to be in any serious danger from the power of the Crown. Once more, it had seemed as if Party was on the brink of dissolution; not, on this occasion, because all differences of principle between Whigs and Tories had disappeared, but because the public had grown weary of the endless strife which it engendered, of the evil passions which it kindled, and of its constant tendency to dwindle into a mere struggle for place and power in which public interests were sacrificed to personal ambition, and all higher motives lost sight of in the one paramount object of defeating or discrediting a rival. But the opportunity passed away. Party recovered its position and influence; and from 1793 to 1832, though with certain cross-divisions, again exhibited a genuine antagonism founded on distinct principles and appealing to great public objects.

Lord Beaconsfield seems, at one time, to have expected from the Revolution of 1832 the same result which Bolingbroke expected from the Revolution of 1688. The constitutional differences between Whig and Tory having been terminated by the Legislation of 1828–1832, and the old conditions on which the Party system rested having been removed, the system itself, he

he thought, could not survive for many years. After a sarcastic description of Party majorities, he says that, 'Such a system may suit the balanced interests and periodical and alternate commands of rival oligarchical connections, but it can subsist only by the subordination of the Sovereign and the degradation of the multitude, and cannot accord with an age whose genius will soon confess that power and the people are both divine.' In plain language, this may be taken to mean that a whole nation, endowed with the Parliamentary franchise, and liberated from most of those influences which formerly controlled its exercise, can hardly be brought within the harness of the Party system, except at the risk of crushing their spontaneous energies and reducing them to a state of pupilage, in which their newly acquired rights would be robbed of more than half their value. Yet almost while he was writing the words we have here quoted, Mr. Disraeli was declaring in the House of Commons, that to object to Party government was in fact to object to Parliamentary government:* and in the following year† he said again, 'Now I say, Sir, it is utterly impossible to carry on your political constitution except by political parties.' Sir George Cornewall Lewis spoke to much the same effect in his speech on the Vote of Want of Confidence in 1859. So we see that the Party system which survived the Revolution of 1688, when, according to Bolingbroke, it should have expired, which survived the collapse of 1783, though it was expected by no less competent judges to have the same effect, has survived also the Reform Bill of 1832, which, perhaps with equal reason, Lord Beaconsfield thought certain to destroy it.

Now, for the fourth time, the cry has arisen that there must be an end of Party; that it makes the national will of none effect by its traditions; and if it does not yet 'stink in the nostrils of the nation,' this is due to the exertions of a very few righteous men whose example may perhaps be able to obtain a respite for the State. Had it been otherwise, had the moderate Liberals and the Whigs succumbed to the influence of connection and shown themselves unequal to the demand upon their patriotism which the present crisis has occasioned, we cannot help thinking that the end would have been very near; and that some fundamental change in our ancient scheme of government would have been insisted on without delay. Lord Hartington has probably prolonged its existence by the very act which was denounced as treason to it;

* Speech on Maynooth, April 11th, 1845.
† Speech on Address, Jan. 22nd, 1846.

and

and he may have saved Party, as his ancestors helped to save Monarchy, by showing that it is possible to confine it within its proper limits. This remains to be seen. It is not while we are in the thick of the battle that we can calculate to a nicety its permanent influence on our affairs. Both Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain have done something to render Party spirit a little less odious than it was before. But the country has had a sharp lesson; it does not like to feel dependent on the chance patriotism of individuals, which may not always be forthcoming. Party is still looked on with an evil eye. Nobody would now venture to speak of it as Sir G. Cornewall Lewis spoke of it in 1859. Contrast his words with those of Mr. Bright in his letter to Mr. Caine on the 22nd of last June.

'It is not pleasant to see how unforgiving some of our heretofore Liberal friends are if their representatives refuse to surrender judgment and conscience to the demands or the sudden changes of their political leader. The action of our clubs and associations is rapidly engaged in making delegates of their members, and in insisting on their forgetting all principles, if the interests of a party or the leader of a party are supposed to be at stake. *What will be the value of party when its whole power is laid at the disposal of a leader from whose authority no appeal is allowed?* At this moment it is notorious that scores of members of the House of Commons have voted with the Government who in private have condemned the Irish Bills. Is it wise for a Liberal elector or constituency to prefer such a member, abject at the feet of a Minister, to one who takes the course dictated by his conscience and his sense of honour?'

Equally significant are the remarks of the 'Times' on the 6th of March.

'The British people have lost control over their own destinies, they have fallen under the dominion of an alien faction, and the first question demanding their attention, the only question worth attending to for the moment, is how they are to regain self-government. Nothing stands in the way of their emancipation except Party badges, long since become meaningless; superstitious subservience to a leader who has gone over to the enemy; miserable competitions for place, and the personal jealousies which long indulgence in partisan squabbling has engendered. If the sword now hanging over this country should fall, the disaster will be due, not to Mr. Parnell or to Mr. Gladstone, for both together would be powerless against a single wave of genuine patriotism, but to the wretched vices of our own political system.'

With the above may be compared an article which appeared in the same journal on the 9th of June, in which it is written that 'at

'at any moment during the past three or four years the removal of Mr. Gladstone from political life would have demonstrated the unreality of existing political distinctions, and have disclosed to the world the completeness of the decay which his leadership has precipitated.'

No such words as these would have appeared in this or any other newspaper five years ago. They are surely a sign of the times, if anything can be. Coming from a journal which justly prides itself on its practical common-sense, and on never being entrapped for a moment into anything that is puerile or fantastic, they seem bursting with significance. The enquiry naturally suggested by them is, whether the 'vices of our political system' are not now beginning to dwarf its virtues, and whether, consequently, we are not really on the brink of the change which Lord Beaconsfield predicted; or 'Oft doomed to death though fated not to die,' will Party pass through the present crisis as it has passed through others, or did the first step taken on the road to democracy contain the germ of consequences destined to be fatal to Party government, though only now beginning to be apparent? This is a question to which it would be absurd and presumptuous to offer any positive answer. But, by looking back to the period when the Government of the country ceased to be determined exclusively by 'the balanced interests of rival oligarchical connections,' we may be able perhaps to throw some light upon it. The process, we must remember, by which the author of 'Sybil' expected Party to be extinguished, was not completed in 1832. Now it is. And this must count for something in our calculations.

The Reform Bill of Lord Grey broke up the House of Commons into four parties, quite as distinct from one another as those which sat last month at Westminster. There were the Tories, the Whigs or moderate Liberals, the Radicals, and the Repealers; and the differences between them were quite as strongly marked in 1833 as they are in 1886. Hansard proves this; and if the Party system was to continue at all, it was absolutely necessary that the effect of these divisions should be neutralized, by combining two or more of these sections into a single Party under one authority as of old. Such a combination was found, almost as a matter of course, in the union of the Whigs and the Radicals, which lasted nominally down to the present day; and, as it was impossible for the Tories to unite with the Repealers, the new Allies were for the most part masters of the situation. But it is a great mistake to suppose that the Whig-Radicals ever exhibited the solidity of a homogeneous party, or that the connection was ever free from those internal

internal dissensions, which are sometimes supposed peculiar to a more recent stage of Party history. On the contrary, we have the authority of Sir Robert Peel for saying, that in the first Reformed Parliament the Whigs were constantly kept in power by the support of the Opposition, who could have turned them out on several occasions without either compromising their own principles, or violating any of the recognized rules of Parliamentary warfare. That they did not do so was due in great part to considerations to which we are now about to call attention.

Between 1832 and 1885 the Liberals have had majorities in nine Parliaments, and the Conservatives in two. We do not include the Election of 1832, because that was a leap in the dark, and Party tactics had not been developed; while in 1885, the result was a drawn battle; but in the eleven intermediate elections the result was as we have stated. This great inequality, however, was brought about for the most part by the Scotch and Irish votes, and in five out of the eleven elections the Conservatives had a clear English majority. We indeed should be much disposed to class the General Election of 1865 with the Conservative successes, as the majority was a purely Palmerstonian majority, which went over to the Conservatives as soon as Lord Palmerston died; and that is probably what induces Mr. Kebbel to say that the Conservatives have had an English majority in most of the elections between the Reform Bill and 1880. The statement is not literally accurate, though true enough, it may be, in the spirit. But to waive that point, a much more important consideration remains, *the reason*, namely, of the apparent inequality between the two Parties throughout the middle of the nineteenth century. That it cannot have been due to any passion for organic change is shown by the fact, that this long succession of Liberal majorities down to 1865 produced none. For a whole generation after the great change which enthroned the Liberals in power, England continued to be governed on Conservative principles.* The Radical policy of Mr. Gladstone from 1869 to 1874 produced a very violent reaction; and in 1880 his return to power was only made possible through the disavowal of Radical principles by his most influential colleagues, and the general belief thus created, that the policy of the new Ministry would be one of Liberal conservatism, and not one of Radical destruction.

The truth is, then, that the predominance of the Liberal Party during the period we have mentioned was due in a great

* 'History of Toryism,' pp. 262–264.

measure

measure to the Conservative instincts of the English people.* Thousands of voters, who were Conservatives in all but the name, thought the safest way of holding Radical principles in check was to maintain the Liberals in power. The danger from Radicalism lay in the Liberal Party being obliged to bid for its support in order to regain office. Obviously the best plan was to keep the Whigs quiet by indulging them with the loaves and fishes, trusting to them, for their own sakes, to keep the Radicals in order. The Radical Party, as the left wing of the Liberals, and in strict subordination to the Whigs, would be practically harmless; and such an arrangement would be much better calculated to avert a dangerous collision than a division of all Conservatives and all destructives into two opposite camps, with nothing to break the force of the encounter. This was the view which for many years predominated in English politics, and even now, though it is often forgotten, it still sounds like a commonplace. In order to understand the state of parties at the present moment, we must constantly bear this conjunction and its object in remembrance.

Such was the character of the Party system from 1833 to 1880, when for the first time signs became apparent that the

* 'Peel's ultimate object was to build up a great middle-class barrier, combining popular progress with constitutional principles, against the Radical revolution which seemed imminent; and in this, in my opinion, he entirely succeeded. It is a simple truth that from 1835 to 1865, a period of thirty years, the country was governed throughout on Conservative principles. The revolution was stayed: and that it was so was due, not exclusively, but in a great measure, to the policy of the statesman to whom fell the task of reconstructing the Conservative Party after the great crash. Peel's position, however, was a much stronger one; the materials at his disposal more abundant and more solid, than might have been supposed from his Parliamentary following. Not only had he contrived to catch up and appropriate to himself, with wonderful tact and readiness, the spirit of the new constituencies—the sentiment of that numerous class which, though bent upon improvement, had never intended that improvement should extend to the overthrow of existing institutions—he represented what, till within the last three years, had been the dominant system of the country for more than half a century. Long habit, prescriptive right, vested interests, hereditary sympathies, and the reflected glories of the great war, were all upon his side. The old faith had been only superficially shaken by the hurricane of reform. It still retained its hold on large masses of the nation. The ideas and traditions of a lifetime were not to be uprooted in a day. When the intoxication of the moment passed off, and England woke up to look reality in the face, she instinctively reverted to the party of order and prescription. Three years, in a word, had been far too short a term in which to consummate a social revolution commensurate with the constitutional revolution which took place in 1832. It had been comparatively easy for the French nation to throw off an upper class which had no connection with the lower, and lay on the surface of society without any anchorage at the bottom. In England the ancient *régime* was entwined with the roots and fibres of the national life, and bound to the hearts of the people by a thousand cords of association, which the revolution had perhaps slightly loosened, but had by no means eradicated.'—'History of Toryism,' 263.

understanding

understanding between the Whigs and the Radicals, on which it had reposed for half a century, would work no longer. From that year we may date the great Radical revolt. Then for the first time the leaders of the Party were heard openly declaring, that they were determined to have a will of their own, and that, if admitted to office, it would be upon their own terms, and with no understanding to abstain from propagating their principles. The patron and client system had been borne long enough; and what made it worse was that it was a barren servitude. It was time to show their teeth; and as soon as they did, it became evident to all outside spectators that the old game was up. The arrangement so convenient to the Whigs, in which a great number of the Tories, some from conviction, some from indolence, tacitly acquiesced, was—to use an expressive Americanism—'played out;' and it now only remains for the Tories, who can no longer rely on the Whig-Radical alliance to do their work for them, either to wait for a purely Tory majority of a strictly Party character, or to try the other combination —a Whig-Tory combination. Failing either, Party returns to the point from which it started after the first Reform Bill; three English connections, neither of which is strong enough to rule alone;* and waited on by an Irish Party, who hover on the skirts of each, and make confusion worse confounded.

It is plain, therefore, that if the Party system is to continue in force, one of two things must happen; either a general election must give to one of these three parties a decisive majority over the other two, or two of the three must again be melted into one. If the materials exist in the country for a permanent Tory majority, or a permanent Whig majority, or a permanent Radical majority, the question is solved; and we have been disquieting ourselves for nothing. If not, our further progress is limited to one of two ways; either a fusion of parties, or a deviation from the practice of conducting the government of the country through the agency of Party majorities. At present it must be owned that the materials for an old-fashioned Tory majority do not seem to exist. A Radical majority without the Whigs, or a Whig majority without either the Radicals or the Tories, is equally impossible. We must, therefore, turn our thoughts to the only alternative schemes which are now left open to us, the reconstruction on the only basis still remaining, or the abolition of the system altogether of Party.

* The Liberal Party was never strong enough to do without the Radicals, at all events after 1835. But see a very interesting remark of Sir Robert Peel's in the 'Greville Memoirs,' Second Series, vol. ii. p. 390. See also Lord Hartington's speech at Nelson, Oct. 31st, 1885.

The Whig-Radical connection, on the principle of Radical subordination, did to some extent answer the purpose for which it was maintained from 1832 to 1880. The attempt to carry it on upon a different principle, the principle of equality, broke it up. And a revival of it being assumed to be impossible, what are the prospects of the rival solution of the problem by a Whig-Tory confederation? By a reference to Lord Hartington's objections to it, we shall be able perhaps to answer two questions at once. His objections seem to be rather negative than positive. He does not like, he says, to leave his own Party. But what is the Party which he does not like to leave, and what is his object in belonging to it? This he explained very clearly in a speech at Accrington the 2nd of December, 1883:—

'I confess I am not dissatisfied with the position that the Whig Party have in former times occupied, and that I believe they occupy at the present time. I admit that the Whigs are not the leaders in popular movements, but the Whigs have been able, as I think, to the great advantage of the country, to direct and guide and moderate those popular movements. They have formed a connecting link between the advanced party and those classes which, possessing property, power, and influence, are naturally averse to change, and I think I may claim for the Whig party that it is greatly owing to their guidance, and to their action, that the great and beneficial changes which have been made in the direction of popular reform, in this country have been made, not by the shock of revolutionary agitation, but by the calm and peaceful process of constitutional acts. That is the part which the Whigs have played in the past, and which I believe the Whigs, or those who represent them now, may be called upon to play with equal advantage in the future.'

In these words he gives utterance to the old tradition, that the Whigs have a special mission to perform in breaking the force of political collisions: that it is their part to act as moderators, and to preside over the progress of reform so as to keep it within constitutional limits, and, if we may use such an expression, 'to let the country down easy.' But *Ex vi terminorum*—by the very terms of our argument their power of doing so has expired; ceased with the revolt of the Radicals, and their refusal any longer to submit to the necessary conditions. This is one conclusive argument against the reunion of the Whigs with the Radicals on what Lord Hartington apparently believes to be its only justifiable basis. It would not last a single day. The very break-up of the Cabinet last March flaunts the truth in our faces. What influence can Lord Hartington suppose that his presence in a Whig-Radical Cabinet would be likely to exercise? He sees what respect the Radicals entertain for leaders

leaders of acknowledged genius, long-established authority, and strong Radical sympathies. If the Radical leader broke away from Mr. Gladstone, is he likely to be restrained by Lord Hartington? Is he more likely to submit to Lord Hartington when pulling in a Conservative direction, than he was to Mr. Gladstone, when pulling in a Radical direction? To discharge the functions which Lord Hartington spoke of at Accrington, he would have to spend his life in constructing and destroying Governments. It is not only Ireland on which Lord Hartington has his own opinions; he differs from the Radicals on the Land question. He opposed the amendment of Mr. Jesse Collings. If he found himself in a Government of which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Collings were members, and it came to a dispute with these gentlemen on either of the above-mentioned subjects, what reason has he to believe that they would sacrifice their opinions to his own? Recent events assure us that they would do nothing of the kind. He could only defeat them, and so 'let the country down easy' by breaking up the Cabinet.

Moreover, Lord Hartington's theory presupposes the existence of a purely obstructive Party on one side, and a purely revolutionary Party on the other, between whom the Whigs are to act as moderators. But at the present day no such moderating party can be found. The Tories are as willing as the Whigs to prevent the shock of revolution by undertaking temperate reforms, and the old Whig function is obsolete. But even were it not so, it is perfectly certain that the Whigs in connection with the Radicals would no longer be permitted to fulfil it. They may still discharge a corresponding function by making Conservatives move faster; they will never be allowed to make the Radicals move slower.

Lord Hartington is not of opinion that he could act permanently with the Tory Party, though he may do so for the present moment. He has stated most distinctly his disbelief in the possibility of forming a Party of his own*—a middle Party which should be able for any length of time to conduct the government of the country. He refuses to recognize more than two parties in the State; and still worships the *eidolon* of a great Liberal Party, homogeneous and united. The two historic Parties seem to him to be too deeply-rooted in the soil; they overrun the field of politics too widely to permit of a third one growing up. It would droop and wither away, he says,

* Speech at Nelson, Nov. 2nd, 1885.

like the Peelites, some going to the Radicals, and some to the Tories, and would soon be remembered but in name.

We do not share Lord Hartington's views; first of all, because we believe that they do not correspond with public opinion, and that a very considerable body of the electors are prepared to welcome such a Party; secondly, because there is the nucleus of such a Party in the House of Commons already; and thirdly, because if one-half of such a party *were* ultimately absorbed into the Tories, the element so infused would be large enough to make the Tory Party as liberal as Lord Hartington could desire. However, we must for the present accept his own estimate of his position, and abandon all further consideration of that particular alternative. What the country wants is the restoration of permanence and stability in its political life.

Seeing, therefore, that the Tories cannot ally themselves with the Radicals, and that the Whigs will not ally themselves with the Tories; that a strictly Tory majority, though one should be returned to-morrow, cannot be relied upon for the future as the mainstay of our political system, simply because there are not enough persons who recognize any sufficiently wide distinction between Whig-Conservatives and Tory to make it worth their while to exert themselves exclusively for either; and seeing, finally, that the old combination to which Lord Hartington looks back so fondly, with the Radical Party in the shafts, and the Whig aristocracy on the box, is no longer possible,—it can hardly be premature to look about for the signs of any new system which may be silently growing up in the midst of us; a system under which Her Majesty's Government, while dependent, as it always must be, on the general support of the House of Commons, shall cease to be dependent on the varying majority of the hour, or on the success of every particular measure which the Cabinet may think fit to introduce.

It is remarkable that when the appeal to the country last November left Lord Salisbury in a minority, he was not generally expected to resign. It may be said that, as long as the action of the Parnellites was undecided, he was not in a minority; and in fact the Tories and the Home Rulers put together did outnumber the Liberals by some three or four votes. But even when it became known to all the world that the Tory programme included no concession to the Parnellites, and that the latter could not therefore be counted on the Ministerial side, the same opinion prevailed. Moreover, when Mr. Jesse Collings's amendment was carried against the Government by a majority of seventy-nine, men still asked themselves

themselves the same question, Why Lord Salisbury should resign? The House of Commons, they said, was split up into several sections, each jealous of the rest, and rejecting any real amalgamation. The country was weary of Mr. Gladstone; yet could not nerve itself to the effort of returning a clear majority against him. The old method of governing by Party majorities seemed almost to have run its course. Might it not be time to try whether we could do without it?

Now when a practical people like the English begin to talk in this manner, it behoves its rulers to give ear. It is quite true that governments in a minority have been tolerated in the House of Commons ere now; but they were tolerated before, not after, an appeal to the people. This makes all the difference. Sir Robert Peel in 1835, when, with the assistance of the seceders, he could muster some three hundred votes, tried to hold his own, and rely on the goodness of his measures. But the Whigs would not hear of it for a moment, and public opinion was with them. In 1852 it was known that Lord Derby would dissolve and abide the issue; and when he failed to obtain a majority, no one thought it possible that he could retain office. In 1858 the Parliament which had turned out one Minister could hardly refuse to another the opportunity of producing his measures. But the Reform Bill of 1859 was rejected by a regular Party opposition, and after the General Election the Vote of Want of Confidence was carried on strictly Party principles, as Sir G. C. Lewis himself acknowledges. Lord Derby might have had a majority if the Blue-book had been produced in time. But there was no talk for a moment of his holding power on any other terms. Again, in 1867, the Tories would not have been allowed to continue in place for a day had they not produced their Reform Bill; and it was known that when that passed a dissolution must take place. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Disraeli resigned. In none of these cases was it ever contemplated for a moment that a Ministry, supported only by a minority of the House of Commons in a new Parliament, should continue permanently in Her Majesty's service.

But last January a very different tone was perceptible among both Liberals and Conservatives in the discussion of this question; and, as we have said, even after Lord Salisbury's defeat on the Allotment question, the tone was not materially altered. The reason alleged was that Parties were now broken up, and that as it was useless to look for a united and unanimous majority, it was best to go on with a Ministry which had proved its capacity for government, and had conducted the

affairs

affairs of the country with such marked success as to extort even the admiration of its adversaries. Now here we have the very antithesis of the Party system: government by the fittest, independent of 'that thing called connection'—Bolingbroke's idea, Chatham's idea, Pitt's idea. Setting the Home Rulers on one side, Mr. Gladstone had obtained a majority of eighty. Yet the intelligent and educated opinion of the nation, which would at one time have considered that one fact to be decisive, now took a different view. Men of both political parties seemed to think that, in spite of the vote of the newly-enfranchised electors, public opinion would support Lord Salisbury in office, rather than see the men restored who had blundered so disastrously for five years in succession, and had covered us with dishonour before the eyes of the whole civilized world. Such language implies the belief that there is another public opinion now, besides that which is represented by the majority of the House of Commons—a public opinion which will not allow itself to be swamped, and to the moral power of which a Minister may successfully appeal from the mere tyranny of numbers. But the only way of giving effect to such public opinion is by shaking off the yoke of Party, and setting men free from those traditional obligations which are now, as a general rule, more powerful than their own convictions. The working classes are made partisans by the Party-managers who pull the strings. They would be as ready as any other class to give independent votes, if they were left to themselves, and freed from the professional attentions of practitioners, who regard a Party triumph as a synonym for political truth, and exultation over a local rival as the noblest emotion with which the human heart can thrill.

A growing contempt and impatience of the whole machinery of Party; disgust with a method which compels us to accept bad rulers instead of good at the hands of a class, which is as yet incompetent to distinguish good from bad; and shame at the waste of time, the interminable wrangling, and the ignoble ambitions which, in spite of certain splendid exceptions, have marked the course of Party government for some years past, are certainly the most conspicuous phenomena of the present day. We must be cautious of exaggeration or of misinterpreting appearances. As we have already said, Party, which in 1783 seemed on the verge of annihilation, was in reality on the eve of resurrection, and of acquiring a more definite and durable form than it had ever worn before. The division on the Home Rule Bill has done something to modify the bad impression which six years of factious intrigue had created. We must not therefore

therefore judge too hurriedly. At the same time we detect symptoms at the present moment which, however relieved for a time by the patriotic conduct of a section of the Liberal Party, denote the existence of disease which may at any time become virulent, and there is a current of opinion flowing steadily in one direction, such as, perhaps, no isolated or intermittent efforts will be able permanently to counteract.

The people of this country have now seen what it is to have the House of Commons split up into numerous rival sections, no two of which are willing to co-operate with each other; and Government reduced to the necessity of courting each of them in turn, in order to obtain the necessary majority for the transaction of the most ordinary business. They have seen to what shifts and straits Cabinets in this position may be driven; and to what dangerous extremities ambitious statesmen may be almost unconsciously conducted by a succession of desperate efforts to maintain themselves in power: catching first at one device and then at another, and living in an atmosphere of machination in which the voice of principle is unheard. They have seen that Parliamentary anarchy breeds political paralysis, and introduces weakness, indecision, and vacillation into every department of government both at home and abroad: and it is only reasonable to suppose that sooner or later they will begin to argue that, if the House of Commons is to consist of five or six Parties, each refusing to coalesce with any other, either government must come to an end, or majorities can only be decisive when they represent the same body of unanimous public opinion which they always represented formerly. The Party theory was founded on the existence of two parties, and works very inconveniently with more. But in a House of half-a-dozen sections, each under a separate leader, Party government becomes impossible. It may be said that, if we cannot gain the old formation, we must go forward—go forward to a new one, in which Parliamentary majorities, no longer representing either united parties, distinct theories, or a settled and continuous policy, shall cease to control our destinies with the absolute authority which they exercise at the present day.

We cannot, we repeat, help attaching great importance to the experiment which was contemplated last winter of trying to govern without a fixed Parliamentary majority, and to the fact, that it was recognized as possible by both Whigs and Radicals. It may hereafter be looked back upon as a step in advance towards the development of a new *régime:* for there was really no reason for it, except the fact that the Party system had

had actually for the time being ceased to exist. The circumstances of 1835, 1852, and 1866 were, as has been shown, entirely different. Then the Party system was in full vigour, and minority governments were only tolerated for a particular reason. In this case a minority government would have been tolerated, because there was no Party ready to succeed to it commanding the absolute confidence of the House; and the idea of maintaining such a government implies that majorities must be accorded to each separate measure on its own merits.

Public opinion on this subject is not matured: it has not got beyond dissatisfaction with the actual condition of affairs, and has not yet formed any definite conception of what is to succeed should the present system ultimately collapse. But certainly there are signs that any further prolongation of the conditions under which parties have been acting for the last five or six years, and more especially within the last twelve months, would make opinion ripe for any change which an able, resolute, and popular statesman might attempt in the direction we have indicated.

Not that we look forward to the extinction of the Party system with equanimity. On the contrary, we foresee the gravest inconveniences arising from it. In its favour it may be urged, that though up to a certain point it would increase the power of individuals, already perhaps a danger of the future, since a Minister with no organized opposition to encounter would under ordinary circumstances be able to do nearly as he liked, yet that the evil would be balanced by important countervailing benefits. In the first place, the very fact, that the rejection of Ministerial measures did not involve a change of Ministry, would allow many men to vote against them who now feel obliged to support them for fear of provoking that catastrophe. The liberty to throw out bad Bills, without involving the necessity of throwing out the Government too, would be one of the greatest advantages to be derived from the abolition of Party government. In the second place, if men were not bound together by Party ties, there would be no reason why they should all attack and defend the same measures; reason and conviction would have fair play; while, in great emergencies, the leading statesmen of the House would have less difficulty in coming together and making it impossible for a really bad Minister to retain office.

Thus, though the general absence of combination would be an advantage to one who was going on steadily, doing useful work, and committing only minor errors, its occasional influence could,

could, even more easily than now, be brought to bear on him when he was guilty of gross blunders and dangerous misgovernment. He would be safe from those who attack every government in turn, and who, because the Party must be kept together, often drag better men along with them to such paltry combats; but he would be less safe than ever against a justly indignant people, and against the cogent criticism of real statesmen. It would be easy to distinguish between a majority merely got up within the walls of the House of Commons and one which faithfully reflected the public opinion of the country. The spontaneous agreement of men not compelled to act together by the force of Party discipline, and each one coming forward on the strength of his own convictions only, would certainly carry more weight than a majority composed of men who are bound by the rules of their system to stand shoulder to shoulder, and obey the commands of their leaders, whether they approve of them or not. This last kind of organization has been found an admirable political instrument at various periods of our history; but it can at no time have had the same moral effect as the independent opposition of men unconnected with each other and brought together only by the power of a common faith.

These would be great gains. Yet it is easy to see that the above arguments may be turned inside out, and that every one of them has its dark side as well as its bright one. When Burke said that he could not conceive how the business of Parliament could be conducted without 'connection of some kind,' he may have been thinking of the necessity for concert and a common understanding even about trifles. But if we refer to the highest objects for which Parliament is called together, the arrest of misgovernment, and the prevention of political crimes, it may be that in a Parliament without Party the old proverb would be illustrated; that what was everybody's business would be nobody's business; and that for the *stimulus* supplied by Party zeal and the immediate prospect of a victory, from which every member of the Party hopes to gain something, public spirit alone was no sufficient substitute. Again, when the House of Commons is composed of small cliques and coteries, it would be difficult or impossible to oppose any one definite counter-policy to that of the Government, or to exhibit it to the country on a large scale, and with the full weight which is derived from the concord of numbers. Individuals and sections, moreover, would be more easily managed than they are now, not only because they could be taken in detail, but because by any sudden change of opinion a man would no longer expose himself to the charge of deserting or betraying his Party. Party honour has its good and its bad side.

side. It occasionally bears a suspicious resemblance to the honour which exists among thieves; but there are probably occasions when it saves men from sacrificing their conscience to their interest, by accepting offers from opponents which have nothing but the golden promise of quarter-day to recommend them. In the absence of this sentiment, an unscrupulous Minister might find little difficulty in dealing with troublesome individuals. If each one fought for his own hand, he would owe no allegiance to any one except himself: and if he chose to renounce that, none but himself would have any right to call him to account. It might become necessary even that the Sovereign should take a more prominent part in Ministerial arrangements than has been customary in recent times, to supply those checks on personal government which had vanished with the Party system. In short, putting the case as favourably as we can, it is impossible not to see that the conduct of Parliamentary government without Party, though it would remove great abuses and deliver us from great embarrassments, would be accompanied by many unpopular circumstances; and that, while securities against a Ministerial dictatorship might still exist, the difficulties of opposition would be heightened, and the facilities for corruption multiplied.

Yet what are we to say? If parties in their old form have died out in the country, it is useless to try to prolong their existence in Parliament by artificial means. If, to repeat what we have already said, the public no longer see sufficient difference between Whig and Tory Conservatives to make them enthusiastic partisans of either, and if parties cannot be redivided into Constitutionalists and Radicals, into those, that is, who wish to preserve, with all necessary improvements, the existing constitution of society, and those who are anxious to subvert it, why go on playing at parties in the House of Commons which correspond to nothing outside of it? This game of ghosts can hardly be expected to satisfy a living people, inspired by a new order of ideas, and anxious for a new kind of political life which shall allow their convictions free play. If Lord Hartington is firm in his resolution not to unite with the Tories, and if he adheres to the opinion which he has already expressed on the favourite ideas of the Radicals, how is Party to be saved except in the improbable event of a pure Tory majority, not the accident of the hour, but expressing the deliberate and durable convictions of the present and the rising generation?

Of course this is not impossible. The Whigs, be it remembered, as a distinct party from the Radicals, have never had a majority of the House of Commons since 1832. The Tories

Tories have had a clear majority of the House twice since that time. But the question is, not whether a Tory majority can be returned again, but whether it can be kept up for any considerable term of years as representing the normal condition of public opinion in the country. A Conservative majority composed of Whigs and Tories undoubtedly could be. But we fear that a lesson has to be learned, and a good deal of trouble to be encountered, before that union is accomplished. Other general elections will agitate the country, and other Ministries will bite the dust, ere that consummation is witnessed. That it will come, we believe; or else Party must perish. But the sections must unlearn their traditional antipathies, and that obstinate *non possumus* which is specially characteristic of the Whigs, before the time arrives.

We have lived to see a Parliament in which minorities are determined to make government impossible unless they can have everything their own way. The Whigs, the Radicals, and the Home Rulers, are three such minorities. In spite of the very honourable and patriotic behaviour of Lord Hartington on Mr. Gladstone's Bill, he is still infected with the spirit of Whig exclusiveness. He says to the Conservatives, 'stand off.' He will never join cordially with the Radicals on the only terms on which they will unite with him. Each holds out for something which the other is either unwilling or unable to concede. And matters are not mended when they sit in the same Cabinet. It was this same intractability which brought Mr. Gladstone's Government to a standstill between 1880 and 1884, and gave rise to the Egyptian war with its long attendant train of troubles.

The House of Commons has gradually absorbed the whole authority of the Executive Government. A dead-lock in the one means a dead-lock in the other. A remedy for the political malady, which has thus been brought upon us, is an object paramount to all others. The evil has been growing worse and worse since the construction of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in 1880, till it is felt to be intolerable. The intractability of minorities has been encouraged by the frequent changes of Government which have taken place since 1832, and which are one of the consequences of the Reform Bill. When Parliament was accustomed to see one set of men in power, and one set of principles maintained for long terms of years, there was nothing to be gained by the profession of peculiar views. When there was little chance of the general principles of the Opposition coming into popular favour, it was useless to cultivate crotchets, or to form parties within parties, according to the present fashion. But

But now, when the majority of to-day is the minority of to-morrow, and place and power seem the objects of a general scramble, there is a chance for every one. And here we see another very active cause of the distraction and confusion which during the last six years has made Government a bye-word; it comes of trying to act on the old Party system when the conditions essential to its success no longer exist; and of refusing to understand that, unless we can restore these conditions, we must learn to do without Party government. Anything is better than the sham system under which we have been living lately, which resembles rather the factious struggles of the first ten years of George III.'s reign than the action of the Party principle in its genuine and healthy form.

In the eyes of the independent public, we fear the antagonism of parties has latterly seemed little better than a fight for place, to which everything else is sacrificed. What did even Mr. Cowen say on the subject not two months ago? 'I am indifferent,' he said, 'to Party organization: I think the objects which lead men to union very paltry. They bring out the worst features of human nature.'* We may depend upon it the feeling is spreading very widely. Place! Place! Place! 'Si possis recte, si non quocunque modo.' That is the sole meaning which large masses of the nation are beginning to attach to politics. We trust they are mistaken; and in some respects they certainly are. But the public takes broad views. It does not spare systems for the sake of ten righteous men. Place and power! Is that indeed now all? This question is the crucial test of Party: the answer to it is the note 'aut stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ.' When Party cannot stand this test, it has lost all that keeps it sweet, and has degenerated into pure faction. It has nearly come to that once or twice before; but unforeseen events, or remarkable individuals, have interposed to set it on its feet again, and give it a new lease of life. But what is likely to do this in the immediate future? We recognize, to the full, the effect which cannot fail to be produced by the noble example of Lord Hartington and the gentlemen who have acted with him. But unless it leads to something more, unless a new division of parties is to date from the secession of the Whigs, that effect can be but transient. Whether it is to be or not, is from our point of view the most interesting question of the day. Our old Party lines are almost obliterated, and the system now is like a labyrinth without a clue. Where is the hand and where is the cause that

* 'Newcastle Chronicle,' May 27th. See also 'Spectator,' May 29th.

shall

shall mark out new lines? The dread of one Revolution did so a hundred years ago. The dread of another may do so at the present time. But if the old method is really found incapable of revival, we shall have to try whether there is sufficient political virtue remaining among us to make it possible to carry on Parliamentary government without its help. The difficulties in the way of such an attempt we have already indicated. But we should find some compensation in the discontinuance of a system which seems gradually to be losing all its original virtues, and to exercise a demoralizing influence out of all proportion to the benefits which it is still calculated to confer.

Recent events may do much to ward off once more the goal to which for the third or fourth time it appears to be hastening. But the fact, that a small section of the Radical Party has detached itself from the main body, and is now in concert with the Whigs, though highly satisfactory as evidence that the tone of public life has not been irretrievably lowered, affords no reason for supposing that the old Whig-Radical Party, as it existed under Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, and for a time under Mr. Gladstone also, is likely to be reconstituted. The debate and division on the Home Rule Bill, as far as we can judge of their effects at the present moment, do not seem to touch the positions laid down in this article, or the propriety of the criticisms they have suggested to us. If the ultimate effect of late events should be to prove that we are wrong, and that the country is prepared to return and to maintain in power a pure Tory majority without any extraneous assistance, none would rejoice more heartily than ourselves. But on looking back to the history of Party during the last fifty years, and particularly remembering what has occurred and what has been said during the last six, we can only come to the conclusion, that in a great Conservative combination, embracing both Whigs and Tories, lies our only chance of prolonging the existence of Party. The Whig-Radical connection has answered its purpose, and is dead; or, if it should ever be revived, it will be with a very different result from that which was previously attained by it. In any new connection of the kind, instead of the Whigs giving law to the Radicals, the Radicals would give law to the Whigs. And for this we do not believe that Lord Hartington and his Party are prepared. If, therefore, no Party majority can be formed, except on conditions which those by whom it must be constituted are as yet unwilling to accept, there seems no alternative but an effort to dispense with its machinery; and for Ministers to

to rely on their measures for securing the support of the great body of independent men.

Of the dangers and abuses which such a system is calculated to generate, the press would be an effective censor; and with this safeguard and stimulus, some of the objections we have mentioned might perhaps turn out to be imaginary. At all events, whatever degree of co-operation between Whigs and Tories may be brought about by present circumstances can only be regarded as provisional, and we must look over it and beyond it for the permanent polity of the future. Of one thing we may all rest assured—and on this point it is impossible to speak too emphatically—that if the Party system is to revive as a substantive and permanent organ of our political life, it must be founded on some real principles, and not on obsolete distinctions which have lost their original significance. The division of the country into Liberals and Conservatives has long been an utterly unmeaning one, a mere form out of which the spirit has departed; and it has been prolonged, as it has been on former occasions, by mechanical contrivances to suit the convenience of particular classes and individuals. Artificial differences have been cultivated where no natural ones existed; and, what has been worse, the Whigs, having no differential policy to mark them off from the Tories, have been obliged from time to time to fall in with the designs of the Radicals, in order to impart to their own position some semblance of reality. After the various reforms which have been accomplished, some by one party and some by another, during the last fifty years, there is little left to quarrel over now but the fundamental institutions of the country. About these, of course, there may be honest differences of opinion. But not among practical Conservatives, such as are the Whigs and Tories. It is by pretending that there may be, and then, when the time for action comes, proving that there are not, that the Whigs have done so much to bring themselves into disrepute. We have no doubt that in his description of their functions, which we have quoted from his speech at Accrington, Lord Hartington was perfectly sincere. But the time has gone by for that kind of party strategy. What the people want to see now, if the system is to survive at all, are two great national parties based on positive principles. They have no longer any sympathy with one which halts between the two, advancing with one set of men to the brink of revolution, and then falling back upon another to avert the consummation. Such a policy might be appreciated by a highly trained class of professional politicians, but can only tantalize and irritate a whole people. We

We write these words in no spirit of hostility to the Whigs. They have been guilty of nothing more than the very common error of not understanding the signs of the times, and of hugging a tradition from which all the principle has evaporated. They have deceived themselves, but we entirely acquit them of attempting to deceive others.

The Party system, then, can no longer be conducted on these terms, terms which compel honourable men to stoop to evasions and subterfuges, which in any other walk of life they would despise; and produce on the public mind the unfortunate conviction, that the game of politics is played only for selfish objects, in which principles have no part. In other words, if the Party system is to be resuscitated, Party principles must be resuscitated also. The old Liberal connection, compounded of Whigs and Radicals, has been resolved into its original elements, and exists no longer. Mr. Gladstone's hand dealt the last blow; but the edifice had long been tottering to its fall, and the fiction of a 'great Liberal Party' had already for some years been exploded. No such party, indeed, had ever existed with all the attributes ascribed to it by its worshippers. It was a convenient understanding for purposes already mentioned, and nothing more. But it was reserved for Mr. Gladstone to put the finishing stroke to the illusion, and that phase of our Party history is now at an end. Before another begins, it is to be hoped that the moral of the last twelve months will have been duly taken to heart, and borne its legitimate fruit. The Radical Party has principles; and there are principles also which belong to all classes of Conservatives, whether they are Whigs or Tories. Is Conservatism for ever to be a house divided against itself, or will the next evolution of parties obliterate a line of demarcation which has long been useless, and exhibit a new and enlarged constitutional confederacy founded on intelligible principles, embracing Conservatives of every shade, and representing by far the greater part of the educated opinion of the country? Once more we repeat, that in a Party so constituted, inspired by genuine faith and embodying a distinct theory, is to be found the only force capable of resisting an adversary who is armed with both, and of preserving in its integrity that method of government to which statesmen of the old school still cling with such tenacity. Of the Party system itself we should be inclined to say, that the advantages and disadvantages are nearly equally balanced. But they are only so while the system works healthily and honestly. Party spirit without principle, is like passion without love; the mere selfish appetite of a political libertine, and worse than the worst

to

to be apprehended from the disappearance of Party altogether. Party, at its best, is not always a very wholesome draught; but if we cannot have the wine, at least we will not drink the dregs.

It is, we trust, unnecessary to add that, in speaking of a Conservative combination, embracing both Whigs and Tories, as the only apparent means of prolonging the existence of Party government, we do not forget that such a union is essential to still more important objects. While the Radicals remain an organized Party, and Conservatives are separated from each other by an unmeaning tradition, to which, nevertheless, they jealously adhere, the Radicals can always act on the maxim of *divide et impera*, drive themselves in like a wedge between the two wings, and defeat an army much larger than themselves by simply cutting it in half. By these Napoleonic tactics, the Constitution may be destroyed by assailants inferior to the defenders in every point except generalship, and very far from representing the political convictions of the nation.

ART. X.—1. *Hansard's Debates*, 1886.
2. *Electoral Addresses of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, &c.*
3. *Speeches during the Elections of* 1886.

IN the long and disheartening story of England's connection with Ireland, there is nothing that will more astonish future generations than the record of the course first adopted by Mr. Gladstone in 1868, and culminating in 1886 with a measure for the separation of the two countries, loaded with a bribe of at least 150,000,000*l.* as the price of the landowners' consent to that separation. Mr. Gladstone's entire career is like a romance. In vain will English history, or the history of any other country, be searched for a parallel to it. There are, no doubt, instances on record of remarkable changes of opinion —or at least of policy—among statesmen. Fox adopting Whig principles, Canning consenting to shelve the question of Catholic emancipation, Peel condemning Catholic emancipation and then supporting it, and afterwards being elected to defend a policy of Protection, and then consenting to lead the Free Trade movement—these and other remarkable examples of 'flexibility' of view are, no doubt, extremely instructive. But Mr. Gladstone has surpassed them all. It is, indeed, 'Eclipse first and the rest nowhere.' He will stand out in our annals as the great model for every public man who, in coming times, finds it necessary or expedient to discard by wholesale the doctrines which he has once solemnly advocated, and to adopt a totally new set whenever the shifting wind of popular favour seems to call for it. There is no act of political apostasy which the popular leader of the future will not be able to justify by some precedent in Mr. Gladstone's life. If we wanted to quote specimens of passionate advocacy of old-fashioned Toryism, we could not do better than go to Mr. Gladstone's speeches and writings for them. We all remember his devotion to Toryism until he found that the reversion of the leadership of the Tory party could not possibly fall to his lot. We remember his bitter hostility to Lord Palmerston, under whom he had served, and how he tried his utmost to weaken Lord Palmerston's Government in the prosecution of the very war which he had helped to bring about, and how he sought to strengthen the hands of Russia. He accused Lord Palmerston of unbridled recklessness and incapacity, and declared that 'his sun had set,' never to rise again. Then we may further recal the fact, that in 1859 Lord Palmerston's sun did rise again, and that he deemed it discreet, for one reason and another, to offer Mr. Glad-

stone the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. From that time forth, Mr. Gladstone's language in reference to Lord Palmerston was that of extravagant, almost servile, eulogy. There are many reasons for believing that in 1859 he was on the eve of joining Lord Derby's Administration, and had it remained in power a few months longer, his Toryism might have been confirmed in him once for all. But Lord Palmerston re-entered the field too soon; Mr. Gladstone turned himself without difficulty from the work of disparaging his chief to that of extolling his very faults. But he was still a Conservative, until Oxford rejected him in 1865, and by that time Mr. Disraeli had entrenched himself in too strong a position in the Tory party to be easily dislodged. The death of Lord Palmerston opportunely opened up to an adventurous spirit the prospect of leading the Liberals, and from that time till March, 1886, Mr. Gladstone has been at least true to one party, if not to one cause. He has finally succeeded in shattering the Liberal Party into fragments, just at the very time when its old opponents seemed almost powerless in Parliament, especially in the face of a combination between Mr. Gladstone and the National League, which no single party in the State could resist. He has fulfilled the prophecy made by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis in our hearing, that 'Mr. Gladstone, if he ever became Prime Minister, would lead the Liberal Party to perdition.' When some competent hand undertakes to set forth the actual facts in Mr. Gladstone's life—the more briefly and the more simply the better—we say again, that no romance will be found equal to it in sudden surprises and changes, in un-looked for incidents, in bold and daring transformations of character. It is not Mr. Gladstone's eloquence that will perplex posterity. It is the confidence which a large section of the people of England reposed in him after the stupendous series of blunders and mistakes registered against his name, from the days of the Crimean War down to the slaughter in the Soudan, the sacrifice of Gordon, and the attempt to cut off Ireland from England as the price of eighty-six Parnellite votes in the House of Commons.

It would, no doubt, be possible for Mr. Gladstone to point us to something resembling his alliance with Lord Palmerston after so bitterly assailing him, in the shameful story of Fox's coalition with Lord North. In like manner, he might, perhaps, discover a justification for his surrender on the Irish question in the sudden change of tactics towards the American colonies adopted by Lord North in 1778. Lord North not only offered to reverse his entire policy, and to give up everything for which

which England had been fighting in a long and costly war, but he also stoutly maintained that his new proposals were perfectly consistent with the opinions he had always held. These are 'precedents,' and Mr. Gladstone can always find something of the kind to sustain him in any course which he chooses to adopt. But whether a high-minded statesman would feel inclined to stake his own reputation upon his success in imitating these peculiar examples, we take leave to doubt. Sir Robert Peel broke up his party in 1846, in carrying a measure which he had always opposed. The effects of Sir Robert Peel's influence upon Mr. Gladstone, exercised as it was at a very impressionable period of life, may be traced in many passages of the pupil's subsequent history, but he can at least boast that he has gone beyond his master in two respects. He has taken the integrity of the Empire, and not a mere change in our fiscal policy, as the subject of his most daring experiment, and he has driven into opposition all the ablest and most reputable men of the Liberal party, besides dividing that party, in every locality throughout the Empire, into two hostile camps. What are the steps which have led to these ever memorable results? We wish it could be assumed that the public recollected them all; but how can we take that for granted, when it is almost certain that Mr. Gladstone himself has nothing but the vaguest visions of them? It is the first duty of every public man, at the present time, to explain the sad and humiliating facts to the people, so that the real issue before us may not be clouded or misunderstood. The Radical and Parnellite combination can only be finally routed by bringing the nation to comprehend, that perpetual concessions to the Separatists have led us into our present position of danger; that Mr. Gladstone has predicted the happiest consequences from each successive concession, and that all his predictions have been falsified; that he was first the dupe of his vivid imagination and unbounded belief in himself, and then duped the people who trusted in him, and that there is no earthly probability that he foresees the results of his present measures any better than he foresaw the results of all the measures which preceded them. He has led us to the brink of the precipice with unwavering confidence that the 'divine light' was leading him on, and now he is trying to push us over it, strong in the same delusion. Is there the slightest excuse for entrusting the destinies of this great country to his hands any longer? Let every rational man look back a little upon the past, and then judge for himself.

It was in 1868 that Mr. Gladstone launched out upon that Irish policy which has led to nothing but disappointment, con-

fusion, and disaster. The circumstances of the time might have indicated to any one who had carefully studied Mr. Gladstone's character, that a new conversion was near. In 1867, Lord Derby was in power, and Mr. Disraeli had brought in a Reform Bill, which everybody saw must necessarily set the suffrage question at rest for a considerable period. Hitherto, that question had always been available for any Liberal Minister who found himself out of office and in want of a 'cry.' Now it had to be abandoned, and it was requisite to look in some other direction for the means of recovering power. Mr. Gladstone's perceptions were sharpened by an incident which gave him the deepest umbrage. In February, 1868, Lord Derby resigned office, and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister. That Mr. Gladstone would quietly sit down and see his rival installed in the highest office was, to those who understood his disposition and aims, simply incredible. He felt it a sacred duty to displace Mr. Disraeli, and step into his office—the only difficulty was to find an instrument which should be strong enough to accomplish his purpose. Events which had occurred a few months before seemed to point to such an instrument. In September, 1867, Police-sergeant Brett was murdered at Manchester while conveying some Fenian prisoners to gaol. The following December, an attempt was made to blow up the prison at Clerkenwell, and twelve persons were killed. These crimes, as Mr. Gladstone has admitted since, and as the Fenians have repeatedly boasted, aroused his conscience to the necessity of abolishing the Irish Church. There was always the Irish vote ready to be transferred to the highest bidder; it was neither so numerous nor so well organized as it is now, but it was important. Moreover, on the question of Disestablishment, the Nonconformist vote was sure to go with it. Catholics everywhere would reinforce it, and a rallying-point would again be provided for the scattered and discouraged Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone has placed upon record the process of reasoning which led to the adoption of his Irish Church policy:—

'Down to the year 1865, and the dissolution of that year, the whole question of the Irish Church was dead; nobody cared for it; nobody paid attention to it in England. Circumstances occurred which drew the attention of the people to the Irish Church. I said myself in 1865, and I believed that it was out of the range of practical politics, that is to say, the politics of the coming election. When it came to this, that a great gaol in the heart of the metropolis was broken open under circumstances which drew the attention of the English people to the state of Ireland, and when in Manchester policemen were murdered in the execution of their duty, at once the whole country became alive to Irish questions, and the question of the

the Irish Church revived. It came within the range of practical politics.'—Speech at Dalkeith, November 26, 1879.

These frank admissions are more than confirmed by the Fenian manifesto published in the 'Times' on the 21st of June last.* After urging various reasons for depending upon violent means only for the 'regeneration' of Ireland, the Fenian leaders go on to say:—

'It was the "intensity of Fenianism" that first enlightened Mr. Gladstone, by his own admission, as to the iniquity of imposing on the Irish people, the support and recognition of the supremacy of a Church, the tenets of which the vast majority of them did not believe, and without doubt it was the same salutary agency, combined with the action of the much maligned Ribbonmen, that impressed the same statesman with a proper sense of the enormity of the crimes of landlordism which British law sanctioned and upheld, and induced him to make a feeble effort to abate them. Neither is it possible to controvert the fact, that the enactment of the further Gladstonian measure for the protection of Irish tenants against landlord rapacity was directly and solely owing to the active co-operation of our brotherhood by, as it has been figuratively expressed, "setting chapel bells ringing" at the cost of the sacrifice of the lives of some and the liberty of others of them.'

It is true that Mr. Gladstone has also confessed, that he had seen the possibilities which lay concealed to ordinary eyes in the Irish Church. In his own expressive phrase, 'the wind was gradually veering to that quarter.'† In June, 1865, he had written a letter to Dr. Hannah, the Warden of Trinity College, in which he said, 'the question is remote, and apparently out of all bearing on the practical politics of the day.' He also said, 'I scarcely expect ever to be called on to share in such a measure.' When Mr. Gladstone declares of any proposal or scheme that he never expects to be called upon to take a part in carrying it out, the world may know that he is merely holding it as a weapon in reserve. He intends to use it, but not till it will do his work effectually. In 1882 he said of the Irish demand for Home Rule, 'it is highly unlikely that I shall ever be called upon to take a practical part in relation to those opinions.'‡ No doubt he was sincere in saying this; let it be

* An attempt has been made to throw doubt on the authenticity of this document, but without any good reason that we can discover. Who has the right to repudiate the 'Manifesto,' except the 'Head Centres,' whose names are unknown? The whole tone of the address, every argument adduced, every allusion made, go far to prove that it is genuine. No one can doubt that it is a true and exact expression of Fenian opinions and aims.

† 'A Chapter of Autobiography,' p. 45.

‡ Debate in the House of Commons, February 17, 1882.

distinctly

distinctly understood that we do not question his sincerity. It is no more than a coincidence that when these postponed questions clearly denote the road to power, Mr. Gladstone springs upon them, and uses them with tremendous effect. It must be admitted, however, that such coincidences occur so frequently in Mr. Gladstone's career that to the casual eye they might almost seem to be governed by some fixed law.

He was more cautious in 1868 than he proved to be in 1886. Perhaps he felt that he had a longer time for action before him; perhaps he was not quite so sure of the ground upon which he was treading. He had not been flattered by the Caucus into the belief, that he was omnipotent in his party—that he could twist and bend it to any shape he pleased, and that no important section of it would dare to disobey his commands. He therefore decided to feel his way by means of tentative resolutions. His previous observations, as to the direction of the 'wind,' were confirmed by his successes in the House of Commons. The great end was achieved of ejecting Mr. Disraeli from office, and Mr. Gladstone triumphantly took his place. Mr. Gladstone's speech upon bringing in his Disestablishment Bill, on the 1st of March, 1869, is quite forgotten now; but in general features it resembled all his subsequent speeches on Irish affairs. There were the same dazzling promises, the same 'magnificent peroration.' The Act of Union was to be 'altered' a little, no doubt; but, said Mr. Gladstone, 'we shall confidently contend that we are confirming its general purport and substance.' On that and on subsequent occasions, he professed his belief, that he was about to exorcise for ever the spectre of Irish discontent. 'I know well,' he said, 'the punishment that follows rashness in public affairs, and that ought to fall upon those men, those Phaetons of politics, who, with hands unequal to the task, attempt to guide the chariot of the sun.'* Whether this was a prophecy, or only a flash of rhetoric, remains to be seen.

His supporters shared his enthusiasm. Some of them have grown wiser since, and no longer put faith in the phantasms which disport themselves before Mr. Gladstone's eyes. Sad experience has shown them that Mr. Gladstone has no gift of foresight; that he is mentally incapable of judging accurately of the effects of any particular action or measure which he so strenuously recommends to the public. His belief in himself is unshakeable; but the ordinary forces of the world refuse to accommodate themselves to this belief. The consequence is that he plunges with the same sanguine confidence from one

* 'Times' report, March 2, 1869.

irreparable

irreparable mistake to another, and has the same faith in himself at seventy-six, with shipwrecked hopes on every side of him, that he had at twenty-five. But men whose judgment has not been unhinged — among them, many of his oldest friends—have dropped from him one after another. In 1869, Mr. Bright shared his illusions. 'I look at this great measure,' he said, speaking of the Irish Church Bill, 'as tending to a more true and solid union between Ireland and Great Britain. I see it giving tranquillity to our people, greater strength to the realm, and new lustre and new dignity added to the Crown.' The difference between Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone is that the one sees that he was misled and deceived in 1869, while the other does not. In 1886, Mr. Gladstone again invited his old colleague to set off in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp which dances over the bottomless bog of Irish disaffection; but Mr. Bright can no longer be led astray by the fumes of an over-heated brain. 'I cannot,' he says, in his Address to the electors of Rochdale (June 24), 'trust the peace and interests of Ireland, north and south, to the Irish Parliamentary party, to whom the Government now propose to make a general surrender.' And again: 'The experience of the past three months does not increase my confidence in the wisdom of the Administration, or of their policy with respect to the future government of Ireland.' The sophistries and evasions spread before the people with so prodigal a hand by Mr. Gladstone cannot survive this simple application to them of a little common honesty and good sense.

There was another 'secession' equally significant. In 1868, one of the most indefatigable of Mr. Gladstone's assistants out-of-doors was Mr. Spurgeon. He laboured night and day for the Prime Minister, and rendered him services which, had the great Nonconformist been an ordinary politician, would doubtless have been rewarded with a peerage. One of the largest meetings ever held in the Tabernacle assembled in April, 1868, for the support and encouragement of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright presided; Mr. Spurgeon delivered a stirring address. But what has Mr. Spurgeon to say of the Separation Bills of 1886? 'The whole scheme is as full of dangers and absurdities as if it came from a madman.'* Decidedly, the mouthpieces of caste, wealth, and a corrupt aristocracy, turned upon Mr. Gladstone in a most surprising manner.

Now it must be remembered that when Mr. Gladstone first began to play with Ireland as the stakes in the political game,

* Letter to Alderman Cory, of Cardiff, morning newspapers, May 28, 1886.

that

that country was in a state of prosperity which it had rarely attained before, and which it has never reached since. The relations between landlords and tenants were becoming more friendly; a larger area of land was under cultivation; the industrial resources of the country seemed likely to be rapidly developed by the influx of capital. In 1868, the potato-crop in Ireland was estimated at 4,062,207 tons; in 1880, it was 2,985,859 tons. Wheat was grown in 1868 to the extent of 954,818 quarters, and oats, 7,628,857; in 1880, the quantities of each were 519,801 and 6,845,464. If Ireland could have been kept out of the arena of party conflicts a few years longer, and been allowed to pursue her way undisturbed by the struggle for power in England, there is every reason to believe that by this time she would have advanced far on the road towards substantial prosperity. But Mr. Disraeli was in office, and Mr. Gladstone was determined to get him out. In these few words is summed up the history of the misfortunes and sorrows which have been rained upon Ireland ever since 1868.

The effects of the first 'great healing measure' might well have 'given pause' to a statesman less liable than Mr. Gladstone to mistake the illusions of imagination for actual facts. The Irish Fenians soon perceived that they had a man of the yielding kind to deal with. Their numbers increased, their plans became bolder and more dangerous. They pushed forward their organization in Ireland, and elected O'Donovan Rossa for Tipperary—the precursor of many still more remarkable victories in the electoral field. It was soon seen that fresh fuel had been thrown by Mr. Gladstone on the devastating fires of religious animosity. A new panacea was evidently called for, and it was produced in less than a year after the other, followed a few weeks later by a Coercion Bill, on the method of treatment subsequently explained by Mr. Gladstone himself, as the 'exhibition' of 'judicious mixtures.'

The new panacea was the Irish Land Bill of 1870. It was to be final and effectual—the last of the 'healing measures.' There was to be no injury or loss inflicted upon the landlords. 'Are you prepared,' Mr. Gladstone asked the House, 'to denude them of their interest in the land; and what is more, are you prepared to absolve them from their duties with regard to the land? I, for one, confess that I am not.'* He objected strongly to the theory, that the land 'should be carried over from the class that now possess it to that which, though infinitely larger, is still a class, is not the whole people of the country.' One 'vital principle'

* Revised report of Mr. Gladstone's speech in the House of Commons, February 15, 1870, p. 22.

after

after another was laid down in order, apparently, that he might in after years have the satisfaction of acting in direct opposition to it. The landlord was not to be a 'loser' by the new legislation; 'we wish to alarm none; we wish to injure no one.' Pass the Bill, and 'a settled and cheerful industry would diffuse their blessings from year to year, and from day to day, over a smiling land.' Read in the light of subsequent events, what a ghastly mockery do all these predictions seem!

The voice, the magic voice, once more prevailed, and the Bill was passed. But once more it was seen that the people of England, who had put their trust in Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship, were doomed to disappointment. The old feuds were not set at rest; rather were they reopened and embittered. The 'smiling land' was in a darker and more menacing state than ever. 'Home Rule' suddenly reared its head. Another panacea was necessary, and it was produced in 1873 in the shape of the Irish University Bill. It was described by Mr. Gladstone in terms which were now becoming familiar to the public, but which were destined to be pressed into use on many a subsequent occasion. It was a measure, 'vital not only to the honour and existence of the Government, but to the welfare and prosperity of Ireland.' But the public were getting, for the time, weary of this work. The panaceas began to be a burden. The Roman Catholics did not like the last new prescription, the Dissenters were no better pleased, and the House of Commons rejected it. Mr. Chamberlain was bold enough to step out of the ranks of his party and blurt out the plain truth. The healing measures, he declared, were only taken in hand 'as a matter of expediency.' 'It was to regain office, to satisfy the Irish Irreconcilables, to secure the Pope's brass band, and not to preserve the glorious traditions of English Liberalism, that Mr. Gladstone struck his two blows at the Upas tree.'* The Pope's brass band of 1873 was soon merged into a more formidable body, and upon that body Mr. Gladstone ever afterwards kept his eye fixed as the pole star of his course.

In the state of parties which existed in 1873, Mr. Disraeli could not form a government, and there was no alternative but to call Mr. Gladstone to office again. But he had not forgotten or forgiven the desertion of some of his supporters on the Irish University Bill. He was convinced that the country was with him. It was in his power to inflict a heavy punishment upon the Liberals who had risen in revolt. He prepared the blow secretly, and on the 24th of January, 1874, it fell. A dissolution

* 'Fortnightly Review,' September, 1873.

was

was announced, to the dismay of all sections of Mr. Gladstone's supporters, and the astonishment of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, most, if not all, of whom had been kept in ignorance of the meditated *coup*. Mr. Gladstone loves a resort to the *plébiscite* as much as Louis Napoleon ever did. It is his favourite device. His experience in 1874 must, however, have shaken his confidence in it for a time. He expected to return to Parliament with a larger majority at his back than ever. In reality, he lost everything; general and army were ignominiously routed. Parliamentary despotism had found its Sedan. Amid the crash of falling trees at Hawarden there fell upon Mr. Gladstone's ears the tidings of hopeless and irretrievable disaster: 350 Conservatives were returned to the new Parliament, and only 244 Liberals. There were, in addition, 58 Home Rulers, but even if they could be detached and secured, the united forces would be powerless against the Conservatives. An elementary operation in arithmetic soon convinced Mr. Gladstone that no conceivable combination could possibly make him Prime Minister, and his conversion to Home Rule was delayed for at least twelve years.

For once, then, the *plébiscite* had failed; strategy was useless; the game was utterly lost. The most fertile and subtle brain in England would necessarily fail in the attempt to hit upon an expedient for drawing aside a large body of the Conservatives from their chief, or for leading the disorganized and broken Liberal forces to victory. There was no new question to be taken up. It was useless to talk of Reform; Ireland had pierced the hand which had leaned upon it. What, then, was to be done? Only one course had the faintest promise in it—to withdraw altogether from the public eye, and to work skilfully upon the public mind somewhere in the background; to undermine an opponent's policy without incurring the trouble or risk of Parliamentary warfare; to let fly envenomed shafts from the 'sacred seclusion' of private life, thus inflicting damage upon the adversary, and evading as far as possible the responsibility which ordinarily attaches to the acts of a public man. This was the most tempting plan, and Mr. Gladstone adopted it. He wrote pathetic letters to Lord Granville and others, alluding to the need of 'repose,' and to his desire to spend 'the closing years' of his life in retirement. 'I see no advantage in continuing to act as the leader of the Liberal party.' In short, he bade a last farewell to public life, and left Lord Hartington to undertake the arduous and thankless duties of leader of the Opposition.

But the seed which he had sown in Ireland was fast ripening. The

The spirit of turbulence had been let loose; the leaders of the agitation had been made to see that nothing could bring real or supposed grievances within the domain of practical politics like violence and disorder. They acted upon the suggestion with their usual promptness and skill. Within the walls of Parliament they began those obstructive tactics which afterwards deprived Parliament of no small share of its high repute and of its ancient authority. They were led by well-known Liberals, and defended in the pages of a popular periodical by Mr. Gladstone himself. In 1879, the Irish Land League was formed by Michael Davitt, the 'no rent' agitation was set on foot, and the condition of Ireland became once more a source of anxiety to all far-seeing men. Lord Beaconsfield, just before the election of 1880, warned the nation, through the medium of a letter to the Duke of Marlborough, of the perils which lay before it. 'A danger,' he wrote, 'scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine . . . distracts that country [Ireland]. A portion of its population is attempting to sever the Constitutional tie which unites it to Great Britain in that bond which has favoured the power and prosperity of both.' Mr. Gladstone took the earliest opportunity of denying these statements. He gave all the weight of his authority to the assurance, that there was at that time in Ireland 'an absence of crime and outrage, with a general feeling of comfort and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of that country.'* Acting upon that theory, which Mr. Gladstone himself was obliged to acknowledge in September, 1884, had been framed in entire ignorance of the facts, the new Liberal Ministry declined to renew even those moderate and reasonable measures for the preservation of order in Ireland which Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues had found necessary. The object then was to secure the Irish alliance. Therefore nothing which bore the least resemblance to a repressive measure was to be even looked at. Mr. Gladstone afterwards found it convenient to forget this precedent of his own. When he brought forward the first part of his Separation scheme, on the 8th of April, 1886, he tried, in accordance with his usual rule, to make out that the Tories were responsible for it. It had clearly been very hard to invent any kind of reason for this view of the case; but at last he hit upon this one—the Tories had made an effort, during their brief interval of power in 1885, to govern Ireland without a Coercion Bill. He dwelt upon the 'immense historic weight' of that determination. 'Depend upon it,' he said, in

* Speech at Edinburgh, March 31, 1880.

his

his most impressive tones, 'the effect of that decision of July never can be effaced—it will weigh, it will tell upon the fortunes and circumstances both of England and Ireland.' For Mr. Gladstone to remember all the theories he has successively advocated and repudiated, or to recal a tithe of the various policies which he has first recommended and then denounced, would require an almost superhuman memory; and even an ordinarily good memory is not among his gifts. But he might have remembered that he refused, on coming into office in 1880, to renew the Peace Preservation Act which Lord Beaconsfield deemed indispensable to the good government of the country.

The election of 1880 was won by the Liberals chiefly by their alliance with Mr. Parnell and his followers—an alliance which they have now renewed, after a wondrous display of virtuous indignation over the turpitude of the Conservatives in 1885, in receiving a portion of the Parnellite support. In 1880 as in 1886, the Gladstone party placed their chief reliance upon the very men who were described by Mr. Gladstone in 1881 as 'marching through rapine to disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire.' The whole of the passage in which these words occur has 'immense historic weight,' and considering the recent total surrender of Mr. Gladstone to the Parnellites, it cannot be too strongly pressed upon the attention of the public:—

'The immediate object which is proposed is rapine—I don't call it by any other name. . . . It is a great issue; it is a conflict for the very first and elementary principles upon which civil society is constituted. It is idle to talk of either law or order, or liberty or religion or civilization, if these gentlemen are to carry through the reckless and chaotic schemes that they have devised. Rapine is the first object; but rapine is not the only object. It is perfectly true that these gentlemen wish to march through rapine to disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire, and, I am sorry to say, even to the placing of different parts of the Empire in direct hostility one with the other. That is the issue in which we are engaged.' *

Infinitely more true are these words now than they were in 1881. What have those who profess faith in Mr. Gladstone to say to this warning? Can the 'Master' himself absolve them from all responsibility for disregarding it?

No doubt the letter of Lord Beaconsfield to the Duke of Marlborough contributed to the restoration of Mr. Gladstone to power. There was not then a counterbalancing strength in English public opinion to compensate us for the loss of the

* Speech at Liverpool by Mr. Gladstone, Oct. 27, 1881 ('Times,' 28th).

Irish

Irish vote. Lord Hartington had not then seen how great and insidious was the danger which lurked behind the specious pretence of Home Rule. Lord Ramsay (now Lord Dalhousie) went to Liverpool as an advocate of Home Rule, not knowing what it meant, any more than he seems to understand it now, and Lord Hartington wrote a letter commending him to the electors. Everywhere the Liberals coalesced with the Parnellites. Mr. John Morley admitted that the Irish represented 'a large, and in many constituencies a vital, factor in the Liberal majority which was polled in 1880. If it were to be subtracted from the Liberal and added to the Conservative vote, the balance of parties will be more widely changed than some of us care to contemplate.'* Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who in the month of June last undertook to make some wonderful revelations about an imaginary alliance between his party and the Conservatives in 1885, and who was found to have absolutely nothing to tell, has related, to much greater effect, some details of the veritable alliance between the Parnellites and the Liberals in 1880; and we have no doubt that, when the proper time comes, he will have still more surprising disclosures to make concerning the secret negociations between his associates and the Gladstonians in 1886. The Parnellites will tell all they know, and a little more, whenever they want to discredit a man or a party which refuses to do their bidding. We have only to wait patiently, and all the truth will come out concerning the new secret Treaty concluded on behalf of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell some time in December, 1885, and ratified in the House of Commons in January, 1886.

As for the alliance in 1880, we already know the truth. Mr. T. P. O'Connor has put it down in black and white. 'The anti-Irish manifesto of Lord Beaconsfield,' he tells us,† 'had suggested the idea that the defeat of the Tories became the first duty of Irishmen everywhere. The leaders of the Home Rule Confederation in England and Scotland issued a manifesto, calling upon the Irish electors in every English and Scotch constituency to go solid for the Liberal candidates. This advice the Irish electors had too well obeyed, and in every constituency marched in unbroken battalions to vote solidly Liberal. . . . The Liberal candidates, on their part, showed themselves not ungrateful for this support. Their addresses and speeches overflowed with words of sympathy and affection for Ireland, of denunciations of Lord Beaconsfield and his

* 'Pall Mall Gazette,' Nov. 21, 1881.

† See 'The Parnell Movement,' by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., pp. 313–14 (London, 1886).

manifesto,

manifesto, and with solemn vows of eternal hostility to coercion.' Mr. Parnell, it seems, did not approve of this alliance. 'To him,' writes Mr. O'Connor, 'the most pregnant moral of Irish history had been that, whenever Irish Nationalists had trusted the fortunes of their country to English Liberals, treachery, coercion, delayed or half-hearted reform, had been the return.' Mr. Parnell must, therefore, have been considerably less surprised than Mr. O'Connor at the Coercion Bills of 1881 and 1882.

But, for the first few months, 'sympathy and affection for Ireland' continued to be the catch-words of the coalition which Mr. Gladstone had brought back to power by the old road. The 'party of rapine,' acting once more upon the principle that to outrages and violence everything would be conceded, set to work with redoubled energies. Crime again stalked unimpeded through the land. The number of actual outrages reported in 1880 was 1253. The Land League ruled Ireland, and the winter of 1880 saw a reign of terror established throughout the country. Mr. Parnell plainly perceived that Mr. Gladstone would succumb. 'Let us,' said he at Waterford, on the 5th of December, 1880, 'leave to the enemy the offer of compromise. Let the first offer of compromise come from them, for they are the beleaguered and isolated garrison.' And he added these words, which well deserve to be considered in the midst of a new and terrible crisis: 'Before a very long time has elapsed, perhaps much sooner than any of us expect now, the people of Ireland will be enabled to enter for the first time on the paths of prosperity and *national independence.*'

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Gladstone brought forward another panacea, doubtless believing, and certainly leading others to believe, that it would finish his work. At the beginning of the Session of 1881, Lord Hartington drew the darkest picture of Ireland which any English statesman had ever been obliged to place before the eyes of the House of Commons. As the organization then referred to is composed of the very men whom Mr. Gladstone now proposes to place in authority over all Ireland, Lord Hartington's words deserve particular attention:—

'So it is in Ireland at this moment. Under the forms of constitutional liberty the substance is disappearing. It is not, as described by some, a condition of anarchy. A law does prevail, but it is not the law of the land. For the law of the land has been substituted the law of the Land League; for the judge and the magistrate, an irresponsible committee; for the police constable and the sheriff's officer—for those who work in the service of the law in the

the full light of day, the midnight assassin and the ruffian who invades the humble cottage, disguised, by midnight. From this tyranny there are thousands suffering at this moment, and it is for them—not for the landlord classes alone, but for hundreds of thousands who desire to gain honestly their living, but cannot do so except in fear of their lives—that we ask you to give us, not a permanent, but temporary measure to restore the functions of liberty, though it may be by a temporary abridgment of some of the forms of the Constitution.' *

Then came another application of the 'judicious mixture.' The Coercion Bill of 1881, which enabled informers to cause the arrest of any person on the authority of a warrant from the Lord-Lieutenant, without bail or trial, was followed by a new Land Act, in which most of the principles taken as the guide for legislation in 1870 were set aside. The landlords were 'brought to their knees;' many of the smaller class found all their means taken from them, and were reduced to actual want. The only effect of the measure was to drive the conviction home more deeply into the minds of the Parnellites, that in the long run they would be able to extort from Mr. Gladstone the whole of their demands. Lord Lansdowne, who had resigned his post in the Ministry, pointed out that the Bill was 'an attempt to quell rebellion by an indiscriminate concession of proprietary rights to the tenants. It would not prove a settlement of the Irish question. On no single line of it was anything like finality written. It had been won by agitation, and it would be a point of departure from which a new agitation would proceed.' † Similar warnings came from all who understood the Irish people, and knew the real objects and ends aimed at by the Parnellites. All was useless. The spell of Mr. Gladstone's name and eloquence was again luring the nation on to the breakers and the rocks. The Bill was certain to be final. When was Mr. Gladstone wrong—how was it possible that he could be wrong now? Had he not been nearly fifty years in public life? Was he not always sincere and conscientious? These were the questions put then, as they are now. Failure after failure, wreck upon wreck, marks Mr. Gladstone's course in life, but infallibility is still attributed to him, and not one man in a thousand looks into his past. Experience, unhappily, teaches nations as little as it usually teaches individuals.

The Land Bill became law in August, 1881, but the Parnellites never pretended for a moment that it would satisfy

* Speech in the House of Commons, Jan. 11, 1881.
† Speech in the House of Lords, August 1, 1881.

them

them. Mr. Gladstone chose to say it would; that was all. We had his 'guarantee,' just as we have the same security now that the Separation Bill is the last—the very last—of the 'healing measures.' What Mr. Gladstone ought to have said to the House of Commons on the 8th of April, 1886, was: 'Put your confidence in me, for all my measures have been followed by disappointment and disaster. I have brought Ireland within "measurable distance" of civil war, and to the very brink of revolution; I have made the conspirators against the Crown of England masters in Parliament; I now propose to place Ireland under their feet. If you ask me why you should trust me any further, I answer, because I have failed in the past.' What he really said was: 'Law is discredited in Ireland upon this ground especially—that it comes to the people of that country with a foreign aspect and in a foreign garb.' (Loud Home Rule Cheers.)* For the first time in history, a Prime Minister of England was found willing to encourage Irish treason by describing English laws as 'foreign' laws. When Mr. Parnell talks again about a 'foreign yoke,' he will be able to summon Mr. Gladstone into court as a witness in support of his case.

All that Mr. Gladstone demanded from Parliament in 1881 was conceded, and what was the result? In less than two months from the time his Bill was passed, the greater part of Ireland was in anarchy, Mr. Gladstone himself had to be protected from Irishmen, and Sir William Harcourt, now so valiant, had detectives sleeping in his house to protect him from the organization which he is now bespattering with fulsome and slavish compliments. He stands to-day the flatterer of the party which he described in 1881 as 'a cancerous sore in Ireland'—'a foul disease,' to which 'it is necessary that the surgeon's knife should be applied. We have to cauterise and to extirpate it.' He is once more able to hang his boots out on a tree:—

> 'Who does this pair of boots displace,
> Must meet Bombastes face to face.'

Things were somewhat different when Bombastes Furioso stood trembling for his life in those same boots, before the threats of Irish patriots.

On the 30th of August, 1881, Mr. Parnell went to Strabane and told the people that his 'hon. friend, John Dillon,' wished to oppose the Land Act, because he feared it would 'disinte-

* 'Times' report of Mr. Gladstone's Speech, April 8, 1886.

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grate the national forces.' Mr. Parnell did not agree with that view. 'This Land Act,' he said, 'properly used and carefully guarded against, far from being likely to introduce demoralization into our ranks, will be of importance in putting people in a better position to push forward *and to gain the full effect of our platform.*'* If we wanted a glimpse into the future, we should be well advised to consult Mr. Parnell rather than Mr. Gladstone. 'We will go on,' continued Mr. Parnell in this speech at Strabane—now altogether forgotten, and Mr. Parnell will therefore thank us for reminding the public of it—'we will go on, not attempting to fix the rent, like Mr. Dickson, but to abolish it, like Michael Davitt . . . The Land League is not in favour of fixing rent, but wants to abolish it.' As to Ulster, he said: 'This Whig Ulster party has no longer a place in Ireland. There is no longer room for them in Irish politics.' This language in the House of Commons lately was considerably toned down. He stroked the Ulster party with a gentle hand. 'We want you all,' he said; 'we cannot spare a single Irishman.' In October, 1881, he denounced Mr. Gladstone, at Wexford, as the 'greatest coercionist, the greatest and most unrivalled slanderer of the Irish nation that ever undertook the task . . . No misrepresentation is too patent, too low, or too mean for him to stoop to.' On the 9th of October, he further declared that Mr. Gladstone had expressly adopted the principle of 'public plunder' by his Land Act of 1881. 'There are some persons very much better entitled to call him a little robber than he is entitled to call me a big one.' 'My hon. friend, John Dillon,' joined in the chorus. 'Gladstone's reputation in politics,' he said,† 'is, I believe, a false reputation, based upon a most extraordinary gift—perhaps the most extraordinary possessed by any man in England—of, I will not say conscious, but—whether conscious or unconscious—deliberate, skilful misrepresentation of facts.' Mr. Gladstone has at this moment a boundless admiration for the 'discernment and the acumen' of the Irish leaders. We must say that they have sometimes shown that they thoroughly deserve this admiration.

Space would fail us if we attempted to trace in detail the history of Ireland since 1881. It is a history concerning which we can only say, that we wish every incident in it could be brought vividly to the mind of every man in this country. What a light it sheds on Mr. Gladstone's new and wholesale surrender to the Parnellites! Much of it has doubtless faded

* Morning papers, August 31, 1881.
† Speech at Dublin, October 11, 1881.

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from public recollection; but there must be some, at least—and we hope that many intelligent working-men are of the number—who remember the long and weary attempts of Parliament to regain the control over its own machinery, boldly seized by the Home Rulers; the Kilmainham Treaty, negociated by that Captain O'Shea, who has somehow set up a bitter revolt in the very heart of the Parnellite party, and whose appearance in the House of Commons last Session was greeted with such unctuous effusion by Sir William Harcourt; the base desertion of Mr. Forster by the Ministry which he had served so faithfully; the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phœnix Park; the new Coercion Bill, introduced with so much genuine relish for the work by Sir William Harcourt, the 'friend of Ireland;' the 1200 men kept in prison without a trial; the suppression of the Land League, and the speedy growth from its ashes of the National League; the dynamite outrages at Whitehall, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, and in various parts of the country. All prepared the way for the general election of 1885, when the followers of Mr. Parnell resolved to exact redress for the Coercion Bills, and to cast off the Liberals for ever. They boast now that they helped the Conservatives; if they did, it was because they were burning for vengeance on the Liberals. Their support was suggested by the fierce passions which the ruthless repressive legislation of 1881–82 had kindled. The language of the 'Manifesto' issued last November by the authority of Mr. Parnell, and signed by T. P. O'Connor, Thomas Sexton, and other leaders of the party, leaves no doubt upon these points:—

'The Liberal party are making an appeal to the confidence of the electors at the general election of 1885, as at the general election of 1880, on false pretences. In 1880 the Liberal party promised peace, and it afterwards made unjust war; economy and its Budget reached the highest point yet attained; justice to aspiring nationalities, and it mercilessly crushed the national movement of Egypt under Arabi Pasha, and murdered thousands of Arabs rightly struggling to be free. To Ireland, more than to any other country, it bound itself by the most solemn pledges, and these it most flagrantly violated. It denounced coercion, and practised a system of coercion more brutal than that of any previous administration, Liberal or Tory. Under this system juries were packed with a shamelessness unprecedented even in Liberal Administrations, and innocent men were being sent to the living death of penal servitude. Twelve hundred men were imprisoned without trial; ladies were convicted under an obsolete Act directed against the degraded of their sex; and for a period every utterance of the popular press and of the popular feeling was as completely suppressed as if Ireland were Poland, and the administration

tion of England a Russian autocracy. Under such circumstances we feel bound to advise our countrymen to place no confidence in the Liberal or Radical party, and so far as in them lies to prevent the Government of the Empire falling into the hands of a party so perfidious, treacherous, and incompetent. . . . We advise our countrymen to vote against the men who coerced Ireland, deluged Egypt with blood, menaced religious liberty in schools and freedom of speech in Parliament, and promised the country generally a repetition of the crimes and follies of the last Liberal Administration.'

We need not take the trouble to explain to any one who reads the above highly interesting quotation, that there was no necessity for the Conservatives to seek for the Irish vote. It came to them quite voluntarily, and *why* it came, Mr. O'Connor and his associates have told the world in language which probably had its part in bringing about the latest and most startling of all Mr. Gladstone's conversions.

For it is now quite obvious that, early in November last, Mr. Gladstone had some presentiment with regard to what was likely to happen. He began to appeal in excited tones for a 'large majority.' He uttered warnings to which he has since given a profound significance:—

'It will be a vital danger to the country and the Empire, at a time when the demand of Ireland for large powers of self-government is to be dealt with, if there is not in Parliament a party totally independent of the Irish vote.

'Let me now suppose, for argument's sake I may suppose it possible, that the Liberal party might be returned to the coming Parliament—that is rather a staggering supposition—but I beg you to indulge me for an instant—might be returned to the coming Parliament in a minority, but in a minority which might become a majority by the aid of the Irish vote, and I will suppose that owing to some cause the present Government has disappeared and a Liberal party was called to deal with this great constitutional question of the government of Ireland, in a position where it was a minority dependent on the Irish vote for converting it into a majority. Now, gentlemen, I tell you seriously and solemnly, that though I believe the Liberal party to be honourable, patriotic, and trustworthy, in such a position as that it would not be safe for it to enter on the consideration of a measure in respect to which, at the first step of its progress, it would be in the power of a party coming from Ireland to say, "Unless you do this and unless you do that we will turn you out to-morrow."'*

These passages will never be forgotten in the future history of this struggle. They show that Mr. Gladstone knows himself far

* Speech at Edinburgh, November 9, 1885 ('Times,' 10th).

better than the majority of his countrymen yet know him; that he anticipated last November the temptation to which he might be exposed, in the event of his not being rendered entirely independent of the Irish party; that he distrusted his own powers of resisting that temptation; that he faced the prospect of having to carry himself and his army over to the Parnellites, 'bag and baggage,' with some reluctance. All this he seems to have felt and understood. Perhaps he made up his mind at the same time that, if the people disregarded his warning, he would prove to them that it was not needlessly given.

The elections did not yield Mr. Gladstone the majority he asked for. As soon as this was seen, a series of operations went on, compared with which any other intrigue in political history which we can recal seems innocent and praiseworthy. Towards the middle of last December, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who has frequently been required to play the part of diplomatist in Ministerial difficulties, was observed to be in active communication with certain journalists and wire-pullers of Leeds. Whether he had then held any correspondence with Mr. Parnell, or with persons commissioned to treat on behalf of Mr. Parnell, has not yet been disclosed. We shall know more about that when Mr. Parnell and Mr. Herbert Gladstone come to loggerheads. Whatever may be the secret history, signals were exchanged between Hawarden and Leeds, and the outcome of it all was a *communiqué*, despatched one morning to several important newspapers, to the effect, that 'Mr. Gladstone had formulated a scheme' for Ireland, and that practically he gave all that Mr. Parnell had ever asked—at least in his English speeches. The public could scarcely have been more amazed if an earthquake had shaken the ground beneath their feet. At first it was thought that the whole story was a hoax. But day after day passed, and no contradiction of it appeared. The 'plan' was left to make its own way in the country. It included a separate Parliament for Ireland. The terms, in which the propositions were put forward, bear a singular resemblance to the speeches made by Mr. Gladstone in his new Midlothian campaign of June, 1886. Thus, for instance, spoke the 'National Press Agency,' or as some people maintain, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in December last:—

'Lord Spencer is practically convinced that no other policy is possible, and his authority as the Minister who has governed Ireland during a most troublous time is unimpeachable. There are only two alternatives—coercion and conciliation. Coercion has been made well-nigh impossible by the action of the Tories, its chief champions; and in no circumstances will the Liberal party ever consent to exceptional

exceptional repressive legislation for Ireland again. Conciliation can be effectual on one condition—the support of Mr. Parnell, and this would be granted only to a measure for the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin. . . . Mr. Gladstone is sanguine that this policy of settling the Irish question once for all will commend itself to the majority of his party and to the English people when it is clearly understood that no other course can bring real peace. If he is enabled to eject the Government on this issue he will have a large majority in the House of Commons for his Irish Bill, and he believes that the House of Lords, weighing the gravity of the situation, will not reject it. Should there be a sufficient defection of the moderate Liberals to encourage the Lords to throw out the Bill, a dissolution would be inevitable; but, except in the event of any serious explosion in Ireland that would have the effect of exasperating the popular feeling in England against the Irish, the country would in all probability endorse Mr. Gladstone's policy, and give him an unmistakable mandate to carry it into law.'

And the hand which was being directed from behind the curtain in the Castle went on to write: 'there is reasonable expectation that both Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen will come round to Mr. Gladstone's views, and Mr. Chamberlain . . . could not consistently oppose it.' The gentlemen referred to have not 'come round' to the extent that was anticipated. The scheme thus unfolded has otherwise answered pretty closely to the plan actually submitted to Parliament. It was thought advisable, after a considerable interval, for Mr. Gladstone to put forward a guarded repudiation of the plan. It was not an 'accurate expression' of his views; he presumed it was a 'speculation' upon them. After that, people who were deceived as to Mr. Gladstone's real intentions had only themselves to blame.

There was a bit of by-play in connection with this transaction which is far too remarkable to be left out of the narrative. In July last year, Mr. Herbert Gladstone—whether inspired by the 'old Parliamentary hand,' or moved by his own native genius, we shall perhaps never know—prepared the way for opening up communications with the Parnellite party by accusing the Tories of having made a bargain with Mr. Parnell! The idea was ingenious, but not new. No doubt Mr. Herbert Gladstone had read in his 'Oliver Twist' how, when Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger had stolen the handkerchief out of the gentleman's pocket, they joined with the crowd in shouting 'Stop thief' after the innocent Oliver. The suggestion was not lost upon the Charley Bates of politics. In a speech at Leeds, delivered in the month of July, he declared that an agreement had been entered into between Mr. Parnell and the Tories. This was his statement:—

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'The Tories wanted the Parnellite vote in the House and the Irish vote in the country, and the Irish members wanted three things:—(1) The dropping of the Crimes Act; (2) the Bill for the benefit of the Irish labourers; (3) a Land Purchase Bill on liberal terms. *Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Winn promised them these three things, and in return the Parnellites were, on all critical divisions in the House of Commons, to give their undivided support to the Conservative Government. He defied them to get a denial of these facts from the parties principally concerned—from Mr. Parnell, from Lord Randolph Churchill, or from Mr. Winn.* These gentlemen, even if they would tell a falsehood, would not dare to do so in the face of the evidence and the facts.'

The parties principally concerned were severally appealed to by Sir Frederick Milner. Lord Randolph Churchill denounced the story as 'absolutely false.' Mr. R. Winn (Lord St. Oswald) emphatically declared 'there was not a word of truth' in it. Mr. Parnell wrote: 'There is not the slightest foundation for any of these statements of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. I have no knowledge of any such alliance, nor have any of my colleagues. I have held no communication upon any of the public matters referred to with any member of the present Government, or any of their officials, directly or indirectly, except across the floor of the House of Commons.'* It might have been supposed that these denials and exposures would have shamed Mr. Herbert Gladstone into a withdrawal of his fictions. But the sense of shame is not so easily aroused in the 'rising statesman' who is guided by an 'old Parliamentary hand.' So far from retracting anything, Mr. Gladstone's supporters exerted themselves dutifully to improve upon the pattern which had been set them. Sir Barrington Simeon stated at a Liberal meeting, held on the 15th of October, 1885, '*on the evidence of an eye-witness*,' that Lord Salisbury and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had held a conference with Mr. Parnell in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, had smoked their cigars and drunk their brandy and water together, and had agreed to drop the Crimes Act, so securing the Irish vote in Parliament. Some one—an Irish member—wrote to Lord Salisbury enquiring into the truth of this statement. He received the following in reply: 'I am desired by Lord Salisbury to say—first, that he has never smoked; second, that he has never been in the smoking-room of the House of Commons; third, that he has never spoken to Mr. Parnell, and, as far as he knows, has never seen him; fourth, that he certainly had no compact with him.' Therefore,

* Letter dated July 31, 1885.

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it was added, Sir B. Simeon's statements 'are downright untruths.'

No retractation followed. The 'untruths' had several days' start of the contradictions, and the authors of them were doubtless well satisfied. Now that similar stories fill the air, it is to be hoped that the public will not forget the previous inventions which were concocted by Mr. Gladstone's relations or supporters. While they were being circulated, we are quite sure that no intelligent reader will suppose for a moment that Sir William Harcourt was idle. His hopes of office depend for fulfilment entirely upon Mr. Gladstone, and under those circumstances his 'fidelity' is always assured. Never will he turn against his benefactor, if he is not driven to do so by the public setting him the example. Consequently, he carefully followed up the cue given by Mr. H. Gladstone and Sir B. Simeon. Speaking at Lowestoft in December last, he said that the Tories proposed to govern the country—

'by an intimate alliance with men who openly avowed their object was the dismemberment of Ireland from England. Was it possible the country was going to tolerate such a transaction? Liberals must not be in a hurry to turn the Tories out. He would let them for a few months stew in their own Parnellite juice, and when they stank in the nostrils of the country, as they would stink, then the country would fling them, discredited and disgraced, to the constituencies, and the nation would pronounce its final judgment upon them. They would hear no more of Tory reaction for many generations.'

Whether or not Sir William Harcourt knew the whole truth at this time, may or may not be open to doubt; but throughout the Parliament just brought to a violent and an untimely end, he has presented an instructive spectacle to cynical eyes—reposing comfortably in an office for which he had not the slightest experience or training, and revelling in a salary of 5000*l.* a year gained by submitting to be 'stewed in Parnellite juice.' What sort of savour he affords to 'the nostrils of the country' he must know pretty well; but high office and 5000*l.* a year are great compensations for minor drawbacks.

When Parliament opened in January, it was very soon perceived by those who had some insight into Mr. Gladstone and his ways that everything had been satisfactorily arranged with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gladstone addressed all his remarks to the Nationalists, with a deferential air which he never adopts without the best of reasons; and every sentence that fell from the Parnellites he received with exaggerated attention and sympathy. The misguided Mr. Jesse Collings drew up an Amendment to the Queen's Speech, vulgarly known as the 'three acres and

and a cow dodge.' Mr. Chamberlain, no doubt, had a hand in this device. They little knew at the time that the pit which they had digged for others was destined to receive *them*, and that Mr. Gladstone was chuckling in his sleeve at their simplicity. Mr. Jesse Collings may be 'clever,' but he is no match for 'the old man.' The trick succeeded, but it recoiled heavily on the heads of its authors. There were other disquieting signs visible. The Queen's Speech had referred to the Act of Union as a fundamental law. Mr. Gladstone pounced down angrily on that description and tore it to pieces. There was no fundamental law. Again he directed his remarks almost exclusively to the Parnellites, who suspected or knew what was coming, and cheered him vociferously. Some of Mr. Gladstone's chief supporters were alarmed. They knew Mr. Gladstone better than the outside public; they saw that he was once more pursuing his favourite deep and crafty tactics. Lord Hartington made a statement on this point, in the House of Commons, on the 9th of April, which must on no account be forgotten. It forms an important part of an unprecedented and most scandalous story:—

'The debate on the Address will be within the recollection of hon. members, and also the speech of my right hon. friend at the head of the Government (Mr. Gladstone). *I will not deny that that speech caused to those who, like myself, attached importance to the maintenance of the legislative union, great anxiety.* The careful avoidance of my right hon. friend of any declaration in favour of the maintenance of the legislative union, the repudiation of the existence in our Constitution of any fundamental laws, and the *general tone of the speech of my right hon. friend led me*, and many of us, to believe that my right hon. friend *had intentions, at any rate, of a very wide and far-reaching character.* My right hon. friend said he should reserve his own judgment, that he should listen with attention to what hon. gentlemen opposite had to propose, and, above all, that he should listen to what might be urged by hon. members representing the great majority of the Irish people. Now, has the course taken by my right hon. friend been altogether consistent with the spirit of these declarations. My *right hon. friend did not wait to hear the proposals of hon. gentlemen opposite.* (Cheers, and cries of "Yes.") *He took the very earliest opportunity of ejecting hon. gentlemen who now sit opposite from office.* (Mr. Gladstone.—After the notice.) (Opposition cheers.) My right hon. friend says after the notice. (Mr. Gladstone.—Coercion.) (Home Rule cheers.) *But my right hon. friend did not wait to hear any reasons which might be urged by the late Government in support of their proposals,* and the notice appeared to have been a sufficient intimation to my right hon. friend. If my memory does not deceive me, a summons had been addressed to hon. gentlemen on this side of the House to attend and support the motion of Mr. Jesse Collings (Opposition cheers)

cheers) *on the evening previous to the giving of that notice of which my right hon. friend has just reminded me.*'

It was this distrust of Mr. Gladstone's intentions which led Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James to decline entering into the Ministry. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan were less cautious; they had more faith in the 'old man,' or in their own power of managing him. They have had plenty of time and cause for repentance since.

The first part of the Separation scheme was produced on the 8th of April; the second part, or Land Purchase Bill, on the 16th. The effect upon the Liberal party was as if a thunderbolt had struck it. A spectacle was presented to the public such as never before was seen by this generation. All the men of high character or great repute in the Liberal party, with the solitary exception of Mr. Gladstone, were on the back benches. There remained Sir W. Harcourt, the soldier of fortune, ready to serve in any army and under any flag; some respectable officials of the second-rate order; Mr. John Morley, a closet 'philosopher,' with no knowledge of practical politics; a few dull and plodding bureaucrats. Most of them had declared themselves decidedly hostile to Home Rule, but had 'found salvation,' as the ingenuous Mr. Campbell-Bannerman put it, when the finger-post of Home Rule pointed to office. If consistency in advocating an evil and a mischievous policy be a virtue, Mr. Morley alone in the Ministerial group may claim the credit of it. It was obvious from the first that in argumentative or debating strength, the advocates of the Bill—always excepting Mr. Gladstone—had no chance against its opponents. In the ranks of the Liberal Opposition were Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, Sir George Trevelyan, and other men of great ability. The speeches delivered by some of these gentlemen were among the ablest, most closely reasoned, and most conclusive, ever addressed to the House of Commons. Against them there could be brought up nothing more formidable than Mr. Morley, with long and prosy essays read from manuscript, full of covert threats of dynamite and assassination, or the melancholy efforts of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, entangled in the meshes of a Constitutional argument, and endeavouring to reply to Sir Henry James—a spectacle to move gods and men to pity.

The weight of intelligence and experience of public affairs, even in the House, was clearly and decidedly against the scheme. In the country it was the same. Mr. Bright, Mr. Spurgeon, and other old friends and faithful followers of Mr. Gladstone, energetically repudiated his new policy. The two Bills were completely

completely riddled by the fire of their critics. It was seen that they carried with them the Repeal of the Union—Mr. T. P. O'Connor made no great secret about that beforehand. Speaking at Kennington, on the 4th of April, Mr. Parnell's lieutenant said: 'Mr. Gladstone would make three or four speeches during the next few weeks against the Union *which must seal its doom.* If on Thursday next, Mr. Gladstone began his speech by five o'clock, by seven o'clock of the same evening the *Act of Union would be dead and in its grave*, and not all the powers of earth would lift it up to life again.' Mr. Gladstone has vigorously denied that his measure could possibly have this effect, but the Irish leaders, who are to be entrusted with the working of it, understand it far better than its author. They know perfectly well that when they once get it into their hands, the destruction of the Union and of the 'last link between Ireland and England,' would only be a question of time.

The Twin Bills, declared by Mr. Gladstone to be 'inseparable,' involved the following consequences:—

1. A separate Parliament for Ireland, with an independent Executive.

2. Ultimate control over the Constabulary to be in the hands of the Irish Parliament—i.e. of Mr. Parnell and his followers.

3. The present judges, magistrates, and Civil Service, replaced by a new body, appointed by the Nationalists.

4. England to be required to pay at least 150,000,000*l.* for the purchase of Irish land, to be handed over to the same body.

5. Ulster and the Protestants generally to be placed under the authority of the very men whom they have most reason to dread.

6. Capital driven out of Ireland, with the result of compelling Irishmen in ever-increasing numbers to seek employment in England, thus helping to still further over-stock our congested labour markets.

7. No promise or hope of 'finality'; so far from that, a new and all-potent weapon to be placed in the hands of the Separatists for carrying out their unalterable purpose.

8. The certainty of Civil War between the Protestants and the Catholics in Ireland, and of serious complications with the United States and other foreign Powers.

The inventor of the scheme could see none of these consequences. But others were not so blind. Warnings were poured in upon him from all sides, but they fell upon deaf ears. We have incidentally referred to one or two of these warnings, but we may place them more fully side by side, for they represent the views of men of enormous influence, Liberals of the straitest sect,

sect, Nonconformists, and down to the present time, devoted—we might even say, bigoted—followers of Mr. Gladstone:—

'I feel especially the wrong proposed to be done to our Ulster brethren. What have they done to be thus cast off? The whole scheme is as full of dangers and absurdities as if it came from a madman, and yet I am sure Mr. Gladstone believes he is only doing justice, and acting for the good of all. I consider him to be making one of those mistakes which can only be made by great and well-meaning men.'—Mr. Spurgeon (Letter to Alderman Cory, May 27).

'My sympathy with Ireland, North and South, obliges me to condemn the proposed legislation. . . . If Mr. Gladstone's great authority were withdrawn from these Bills, I doubt if twenty members outside the Irish party in the House of Commons would support them. The more I consider them, the more I lament that they have been offered to the Parliament of the country.'—John Bright (Letter to Mr. T. G. Lee, May 31, 1886).

'An evil counsel has troubled the realm, and the days of strife are nigh. Surrender to violence, surrender to plots, surrender to men who behind your back excite to all manner of crimes, and to your face speak fair; surrender to a court of Ecclesiastics, whose lower officers in Ireland keep in touch with the agitators, whose officers in lawn sleeves or red stockings keep in touch with ministers, and gently offer their good offices with those "unreasonable people"; and for the Church want nothing, only—only this and that. Surrender with loud declarations of what and whom you are afraid of. Surrender of principles, of promises, of professions, flinging to the ground as if lumber, a million or two of harmless citizens; and after surrender captivity. They to whom to lay down both sceptre and sword will know how to make your chains rattle. That John Bull will not stand, worse days for your captors will come; John will make his will prevail, though most of your friends will then be in Irish graves or on foreign fields; and the evil counsel, that brought back the evil days as before the Union, will be ever marked in the memory of England as one of the most sombre passages in the annals of unwisdom.'—The Rev. Wm. Arthur, ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.

The means adopted to force the Separation scheme upon the Legislature were quite as extraordinary as the scheme itself. We refer only to the operations which have been carried on openly, and not to the more mysterious devices of which Mr. O'Connor or Mr. Parnell will some day have much to tell us. On the 9th of June, there appeared a letter in the 'Times' from 'A Liberal ex-M.P.,' in which it was said:—

'If some of the secret history of the promises and threats used by the Government on the occasion of the Irish Home Rule Bill comes out, I think it will be found that Mr. Gladstone is not justified in animadverting so severely on Pitt's conduct in carrying the Union with

with Ireland, for I suspect that his own conduct has been worse than Pitt's in trying to carry a measure which would necessarily end in the repeal of the Union, and probably in civil war.'

We, at any rate, make no accusations of this kind. But it is undeniable that the pressure brought to bear upon Liberal 'waverers' was infinitely varied, incessant, and unexampled in severity. It was found possible to convince Mr. Schnadhorst, the Birmingham caucus-monger, that Mr. Gladstone would win, and therefore he had no hesitation in deserting Mr. Chamberlain, who had brought both him and the 'machine' into existence. Mr. Schnadhorst, the wire-puller, was actually admitted to consultation with the Cabinet Council—a 'precedent,' which alone ought to make Mr. Gladstone's third Administration memorable. Wire-pulling is a favourite pursuit in the United States, but we never yet heard of a local 'Boss' being invited to sit with the President at a Cabinet Council. We improve rapidly upon our models when we *do* condescend to imitate. Schnadhorst at a Cabinet Council in Downing Street might form an interesting subject for a great historical picture, or for a fresco in the Houses of Parliament. As for his transfer of the caucus machinery from Mr. Chamberlain, he might have pleaded that he was not alone in his betrayal of one who had rendered him great services. He could have pointed to a still more glaring case on the Treasury Bench. In this way, then, the party organization was 'kept straight,' and the waverers were stretched upon the rack. Wherever they went, morning, noon, and night, they found themselves pursued by a member of the Grand Inquisition. Threats, promises, blandishments—everything was tried. 'You will lose your seat unless you vote for the Bill,' was the cry that continually resounded in their ears. Soon came threats of Dissolution—threats which never fail to inspire terror. What might not the effect be on a Parliament not yet six months old, composed to the extent of more than one-half of new members? They had worked hard for their victory last November; now the fruits of it were suddenly to be snatched from them. Day after day these threats were circulated, and some few of the waverers found them too strong to resist. Then frantic appeals were made to the remainder—the main body—to vote only for the 'principle' of the Bill, and to let the 'details' go. This was Mr. Gladstone's 'last card.' 'Never mind the details,' he or his emissaries went about saying; 'you may disregard them. It is a mere matter of form you are asked to go through on the second reading. Consent to it, and you shall be spared all the worry, expense, and anxiety, of a general election. We will put the Bill in the fire, and

and bring out another next autumn.' But in the midst of this cunning attempt, a little incident happened which defeated it. Mr. Gladstone, who can control so many other things, cannot always control his own temper. Being pressed hard on the night of the 27th of May by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Lord Randolph Churchill for explanations as to a speech he had made at the Foreign Office, he hotly declared that he would 'never, never,' reconstruct his Bill. That was fatal. The industrious member who had acted as chief go-between on behalf of Mr. Gladstone, in the negociations with the waverers, went about denouncing his Chief in language which we should be sorry to reproduce in these pages. The Ministerialists were in despair. Everything was ruined because Mr. Gladstone had no command over his tongue. The 'simple matter of form' was shown to be a mere *ruse* to deceive the unwary. All the efforts that were made afterwards—and they were many—to entice back the frightened covey of waverers were found to be ineffectual. The Ministerial journal—and to the great credit of the English press, there is but one in all London—began to call people 'asps' and 'pole cats.' It was very clear that all was over, and that the most unblushing attempts ever made to coerce or overreach a British House of Commons had conspicuously and ignominiously broken down.

Not the least wonderful part of the 'strategy' connected with this strange, eventful history has yet to come. Parliament was still in session when Mr. Gladstone hurried off on a 'stumping' tour, and proclaimed that 'the Bill'—for he preserved a judicious silence about the Land Transfer Bill—'was dead.' What a commentary was this upon the measure and its author! Before even the Session had come to an end, the Ministerial whip and the Prime Minister went about the country crying aloud, 'the Bill is dead,' and urging *that* as their chief claim to the support of the country! Could there be put into any form of words a stronger condemnation of the authors of the Separation scheme, or a more complete vindication of its opponents? Throughout the long speech at Edinburgh on the 18th of June, there were no cheers so loud and so general as those which followed Mr. Gladstone's official announcement of the death of the Bill. Did those cheers convey no meaning to his mind? Did they not reveal to him, once more, that the 'heart of the people' is against his measures, and that nothing but respect for his great name and long service prevented the country rising as one man against him?

What the result of the appeal to the nation may be is unknown to us, but there are some things which are certain, and

which

which nothing can alter. One is that the evil wrought by the introduction of these Bills into Parliament can never be undone. Some fair settlement of the Irish difficulty, on the basis of reasonable concessions of self-governing powers, might have been possible a year ago; but after Mr. Gladstone's bid for the Irish vote, it is not to be supposed that anything less can be or will be accepted. In the next place, even if the nation commissioned Mr. Gladstone to go back and carry his Bills, it would not be the end of the struggle, but only the beginning. Never let it be forgotten that Mr. Parnell, be his intentions good or bad, is not the real master of the situation. His masters are the Irish in America, and what they want, what they will not cease to demand, is—the expulsion of England from Ireland. We may disbelieve this, if we choose, but it will not alter the fact. The Fenian manifesto of June, 1886, already quoted in the course of this article, tells the plain truth on the subject. It speaks of the

'determination to conquer for our motherland its fullest freedom, which is the sacred heritage bequeathed to us by our illustrious and patriotic progenitors. Yes, brothers, it is matter of most heartfelt satisfaction to us that the Will-of-the-wisp of Parliamentarianism has not caused you to deviate by a hair's breadth from the path you have chosen as the only one that leads direct to the portals of emancipation and liberty, and that your resolve never to give up the struggle upon which you have embarked until the sacred soil of Ireland shall be liberated for evermore from the degrading profanation of foreign occupation is, if possible, more intense and unconquerable than ever.'

'You do not require to be told,' the manifesto adds, 'that Mr. Parnell' has no authority to accept an Irish Parliament 'as a full discharge of your claim.' Mr. Gladstone's measure is to be accepted 'only for what it is—an instalment, and a small and grudging one, of the full measure of our country's rights.' These are the people that Mr. Parnell, as well as Mr. Gladstone, has to reckon with. They and their allies are powerful in the United States, and they will grow more powerful every day as the Presidential election approaches. Already one candidate has appeared in the field with Irish independence as the sole 'plank' in his 'platform.' There are troubles ahead for us in that quarter which will need all our wisdom and nerve to meet.

We cannot, then, pretend to regard the future of this question, no matter what may be the result of the general election, without grave anxiety. Whether Mr. Gladstone should succeed or fail in his present enterprise, he will still leave behind him a heritage

heritage of woe for his country. If his plan is carried into effect, it will lead to a civil war, and possibly to a foreign war, as surely as an explosion follows the application of a torch to a powder magazine. If his plan is rejected, we shall pass at once into the most critical stage of Irish and English history. Some few encouraging circumstances there are amid much that is dark. Public spirit is not dead; public men are still among us capable of making great sacrifices for the good of their country. Lord Hartington has recalled all that is best and noblest in English statesmanship—steadfast, immovable, incapable of the least tampering with mean intrigues, as completely unaffected by the sinister influences which have raged around him, as the beacon light on a rock against which the waves dash themselves in vain. In reading or listening to his speeches, we seem to have passed from a miasma-laden plain into the pure air of the mountain-tops. Sir Henry James might have been Lord Chancellor had he not preferred to encounter the envenomed attacks of the Ministerialists and their Irish allies rather than be false to his country. He, too, has done much to restore our fast ebbing faith in the patriotism and unselfishness of political leaders. As for Mr. Chamberlain, we have often differed from him in opinion before, and often shall again, for he must and will remain a staunch Radical. It is childish to think of his acting with the Conservatives, or the Conservatives with him, except upon the issue of Union or Separation. But this we must say, that he has afforded evidences throughout this struggle of much higher aims, of a loftier sense of duty, of greater powers of facing difficulties—to say nothing of greater eloquence and argumentative powers—than ever before we gave him credit for. He is passing through a stern and fierce ordeal; under the stress of such an ordeal, most of the poor, weak, shiftless creatures who have risen to power by clinging to his skirts, would sink and fall. For a Minister to go into retirement rather than sacrifice his convictions, and there be a mark for all the missiles which jealousy and malice can forge against him, and for the endless calumny and detraction which his 'own familiar friends' can secretly whisper for his disparagement,—all this is hard to bear, even though a man carries about with him nerves of steel and a will of iron. We venture to predict, however, that Mr. Chamberlain will pass through this phase of his career with honour, and even with advantage. The public at large will do justice to him, in spite of slander, and his own nature will be improved. He will know henceforth how to make due allowance for others who hold convictions opposite to his own; he will be more tolerant towards those who have drawn upon themselves the

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rage of all the baser elements of a party. Perhaps, too, his judgment of men may be rendered more keen; he has only to cast his eyes around him in the House of Commons to see how treacherous are mean and servile natures. No doubt he has to pay a high price for his experience; but that is the law of the universe. Lord Salisbury ventured, a little while ago, to pay an honest tribute to the great courage, and the devotion to principle, which Mr. Chamberlain has lately shown, and—we should think to the disgust of every right-minded man—he was at once angrily reproved by Mr. John Morley, and told that some day he 'would have to pay a pretty price for those compliments.' Surely it need not have aroused Mr. Morley's jealous ire to see a life-long political opponent step aside for a moment from the heat of conflict, to do justice to the most distinguished Radical of the day. Mr. Chamberlain may not be in office at the present moment, but it will take his detractors many years, and much higher powers than they have yet displayed, to enable them to attain to the influence and power which Mr. Chamberlain must inevitably wield, even in exile.

After all is said and done, our last hope must be in the nation. We have no fears as to the result of any appeal to them, so long as we have a foundation of intelligence and information to build upon. Our enemy is ignorance. Upon that, as a matter of course, the demagogues and office-seekers exclusively rely; and for a time, once and again, their confidence in it may prove to be justified. Yet that resource will fail them eventually, and Englishmen will have their eyes opened to the truth once more, and learn that it is not wise to put absolute reliance upon any name, however great, or to be led captive by any eloquence, however splendid. We may be called upon, before that day of safety arrives, to pass through the fire of trial, such as was being prepared this very time a hundred years go for another nation. But the ancient spirit of our race, exhibited of late by so many of our political adversaries, no less than by our friends, will enable us to pass through it; and if the dross is purged away, and the pure metal left, the England of the future will be the greater and the happier for the change.

ART.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*From Shakespeare to Pope. An Inquiry into the Causes and Phenomena of the Rise of Classical Poetry in England.* By Edmund Gosse, Clark Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1885.

THAT such a book as this should have been permitted to go forth to the world with the *imprimatur* of the University of Cambridge, affords matter for very grave reflection. But it is a confirmation of what we have long suspected. It is one more proof that those rapid and reckless innovations, which have during the last few years completely changed the faces of our Universities, have not been made with impunity. We are no sticklers for the old regime, no advocates of a policy of ultra-Conservatism. We think that the Universities have done wisely in extending the ancient boundaries of education, and that those boundaries might with advantage be extended still further. We should, for example, be heartily glad to hear that Oxford and Cambridge had provided as amply for the interpretation of Modern Literature as they have for the interpretation of Ancient: that the Laocoon was being studied side by side with the Poetics, and Macbeth side by side with the Agamemnon. But there are certain points on which the Universities cannot be too Conservative. There are certain points on which any departure from prescription and tradition is not merely to be regretted, but to be deprecated. Whatever concessions Oxford and Cambridge may find it desirable to make in consulting the interests of modern life, it should be their first care to guard jealously their own prerogatives. Of all revolutions, that would be the most disastrous to learning and culture which should subject University legislation to popular control. Six centuries have not altered the relative position in which Oxford and Cambridge stand to the outside world. In the infancy of civi-

lization they preserved learning from extinction. As civilization advances, they have the more difficult task of preserving it from corruption. They have no longer to combat barbarism and dulness, sloth and ignorance, but to counteract the mischievous activity of agencies scarcely less antagonistic to all that it is their glory to uphold.

It may sound paradoxical to say that the more widely education spreads, the more generally intelligent a nation becomes, the greater is the danger to which Art and Letters are exposed. And yet how obviously is this the case, and how easily is this explained. The quality of skilled work depends mainly on the standard required of the workman. If his judges and patrons belong to the discerning few who, knowing what is excellent, are intolerant of everything which falls short of excellence, the standard required will necessarily be a high one, and the standard required will be the standard attained. In past times, for example, the only men of letters who were respected formed a portion of that highly cultivated class who will always be in the minority; and to that class, and to that class only, they appealed. A community within a community, they regarded the general public with as much indifference as the general public regarded them, and wrote only for themselves, and for those who stood on the same intellectual level as themselves. It was so in the Athens of Pericles; it was so in the Rome of Augustus; it was so in the Florence of the Medici; and a striking example of the same thing is to be found in our own Elizabethan Dramatists. Though their bread depended on the brutal and illiterate savages for whose amusement they catered, they still talked the language of scholars and poets, and forced their rude hearers to sit out works which could have been intelligible only to scholars and poets. Each felt with pride that he belonged to a great guild, which neither had nor affected to have anything in common with the multitude. Each strove only for the applause of those whose praise is not lightly given. Each spurred the other on. When Marlowe worked, he worked with the fear of Greene before his eyes, as Shakspeare was put on his mettle by Jonson, and Jonson by Shakspeare. We owe Much Ado about Nothing and the Alchemist not to men who bid only for the suffrage of the mob, but to men who stood in awe of the verdict which would be passed on them by the company assembled at the Mermaid and the Devil.

As long as men of letters continue to form an intellectual aristocracy, and, stimulated by mutual rivalry, strain every nerve to excel, and as long also—and this is a condition equally important—

important—as they have no temptation to pander to the crowd, so long will Literature maintain its dignity, and so long will the standard attained in Literature be a high one. In the days of Dryden and Pope, in the days even of Johnson and Gibbon, the greater part of the general public either read nothing, or read nothing but politics and sermons. The few who were interested in Poetry, in Criticism, in History, were, as a rule, those who had received a learned education, men of highly cultivated tastes and of considerable attainments. A writer, therefore, who aspired to contribute to polite literature, had to choose between finding no readers at all, and finding such readers as he was bound to respect—between instant oblivion, and satisfying a class which, composed of scholars, would have turned with contempt from writings unworthy of scholars. A classical style, a refined tone, and an adequate acquaintance with the chief authors of Ancient Rome and of Modern France, were requisites, without which even a periodical essayist would have had small hope of obtaining a hearing. Whoever will turn, we do not say to the papers of Addison and his circle in the early part of the last century, or to those of Chesterfield and his circle later on, but to the average critical work of Cave's and Dodsley's hack writers, cannot fail to be struck with its remarkable merit in point of literary execution.

But as education spreads, a very different class of readers call into being a very different class of writers. Men and women begin to seek in books the amusement or excitement which they sought formerly in social dissipation. To the old public of scholars succeeds a public, in which every section of society has its representatives, and to provide this vast body with the sort of reading which is acceptable to it, becomes a thriving and lucrative calling. An immense literature springs up, which has no other object than to catch the popular ear, and no higher aim than to please for the moment. That perpetual craving for novelty, which has in all ages been characteristic of the multitude, necessitates in authors of this class a corresponding rapidity of production. The writer of a single good book is soon forgotten by his contemporaries; but the writer of a series of bad books is sure of reputation and emolument. Indeed, a good book and a bad book stand, so far as the general public are concerned, on precisely the same level, as they meet with precisely the same fate. Each presents the attraction of a new title-page. Each is glanced through, and tossed aside. Each is estimated not by its intrinsic worth, but according to the skill with which it has been puffed. Till within comparatively recent times this literature was for the most part represented by

novels and poems, and by those light and desultory essays, sketches and *ana*, which are the staple commodity of our magazines. And so long as it confined itself within these bounds it did no mischief, and even some good. Flimsy and superficial though it was, it had at least the merit of interesting thousands in Art and Letters, who would otherwise have been indifferent to them. It afforded nutriment to minds which would have rejected more solid fare. To men of business and pleasure who, though no longer students, still retained the tincture of early culture, it offered the most agreeable of all methods of killing time, while scholars found in it welcome relaxation from severer studies. It thus supplied a want. Presenting attractions not to one class only, but to all classes, it grew on the world. Its patrons, who half a century ago numbered thousands, now number millions. And as it has grown in favour, it has grown in ambition. It is no longer satisfied with the humble province which it once held, but is extending its dominion in all directions. It has its representatives in every department of Art and Letters. It has its poets, its critics, its philosophers, its historians. It crowds not our club tables and news-stalls only, but our libraries. And so what was originally a mere excrescence on literature in the proper sense of the term, has now assumed proportions so gigantic, that it has not merely overshadowed that literature, but threatens to supersede it.

No thoughtful man can contemplate the present condition of current literature without disgust and alarm. We have still, indeed, lingering among us a few masters whose works would have been an honour to any age; and here and there among writers may be discerned men who are honourably distinguished by a conscientious desire to excel, men who respect themselves, and respect their calling. But to say that these are in the minority, would be to give a very imperfect idea of the proportion which their numbers bear to those who figure most prominently before the public. They are, in truth, as tens are to myriads. Their comparative insignificance is such, that they are powerless even to leaven the mass. The position which they would have occupied half a century ago, and which they may possibly occupy half a century hence, is now usurped by a herd of scribblers who have succeeded, partly by sheer force of numbers, and partly by judicious co-operation, in all but dominating literature. Scarcely a day passes in which some book is not hurried into the world, which owes its existence not to any desire on the part of its author to add to the stores of useful literature, or even to a hope of obtaining money, but simply to that paltry vanity which thrives on the sort of homage of

of which society of a certain kind is not grudging, and which knows no distinction between notoriety and fame. A few years ago a man who contributed articles to a current periodical, or who delivered a course of lectures, had, as a rule, the good sense to know that when they had fulfilled the purpose for which they were originally intended, the world had no more concern with them, and he would as soon have thought of inflicting them in the shape of a volume, on the public, as he would have thought of issuing an edition of his private letters to his friends. Now all is changed. The first article in the creed of a person, who has figured in either of these capacities, appears to be that he is bound to force himself into notice in the character of an author. And this, happily for himself, but unhappily for the interests of literature, he is able to do with perfect facility and with perfect impunity. Books are speedily manufactured, and as speedily reduced to pulp. It is as easy to invest a worthless book with those superficial attractions which catch the eye of the crowd, as it is a meritorious one. As the general public are the willing dupes of puffers, it is no more difficult to palm off on them the spurious wares of literary charlatans, than it is to beguile them into purchasing the wares of any other sort of charlatan. No one is interested in telling them the truth. Many, on the contrary, are interested in deceiving them. As a rule, the men who write bad books are the men who criticize bad books; and as they know that what they mete out in their capacity of judges to-day is what will in turn be meted out to them in their capacity of authors to-morrow, it is not surprising that their relations should be similar to those which Tacitus tells us existed between Vinius and Tigellinus—'nulla innocentiæ cura, sed vices impunitatis.' The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews appear unfortunately to have abandoned, for the most part, to Reviews of a very different character the censorship of current publications.

Meanwhile all those vile arts which were formerly confined to the circulators of bad novels and bad poems are practised without shame. It is shocking, it is disgusting to contemplate the devices to which many men of letters will stoop for the sake of exalting themselves into a factitious reputation. And the evil is fast spreading. Indeed, things have come to such a pass, that persons of real merit, if they have the misfortune to depend on their pens for a livelihood, must either submit to be elbowed and jostled out of the field, or take part in the same ignoble scramble for notoriety, and the same detestable system of mutual puffery. Thus everything which formerly tended to raise the standard of literary ambition and literary attainment has given place

place to everything which tends to degrade it. The multitude now stand where the scholar once stood. From the multitude emanate, to the multitude are dedicated, two-thirds of the publications which pour forth each year in myriads from our presses—

> 'viviamo scorti
> Da mediocrità: sceso il sapiente
> E salita è la turba a un sol confine
> Che il mondo agguaglia.'

All this is no doubt inevitable, but what we sincerely trust is not inevitable is the corruption of that small minority, whose standards are not the standards of the crowd. The nurseries and strongholds of that minority are the Universities. At the Universities are still studied in a spirit too narrow indeed, but reverently and conscientiously, those masterpieces which, so long as they shall continue to be studied, will be of power to purify and exalt. There, amid the din of voices blatant without —the puffing and the cant, the gushing and the cackle—the still small voice of sincerity is clear. No shallow dilettantism has as yet found footing there. No sciolist, no pretender, no dishonest worker, has ever escaped detection and condemnation there. Nothing which falls short of a standard, as high perhaps as it could possibly be, is tolerated either in those who teach, or in those who seek honours in the schools. What work is done, is done as legislators, whose moral and intellectual ideals have been derived from Thucydides and Aristotle, from Plato and Sophocles, would necessarily insist upon its being done. And may this continue. For as long as this continues, as long as the Universities remain true to tradition and true to themselves, so long amid the general corruption will Art and Learning be sound at the core.

But we have lately observed symptoms which are, we fear, no uncertain indications that even the Universities have not escaped contagion. It is not our intention here to offer any remarks on the extraordinary innovations which have recently been made in the old system, both at Oxford and Cambridge. That the majority of them are mere reckless experiments, that some of them are positively pernicious, and that almost all of them are fraught with peril, is, we think, unquestionable. If any proof of what these innovations are likely to lead to were needed, it would be afforded by the volume which stands at the head of this article. We have already pointed out the enormous responsibility which rests with the Universities at *the present time.* We have shown what was indeed self-evident,

evident, that unless they continue to oppose the true faith to the false faith, the high standard to the low standard, the excellent to the mediocre, the sound to the unsound, the prospects of literature are mournful indeed. It is therefore with the greatest regret that we have had placed in our hands, dated from Trinity College, Cambridge, and published by the University Press, a work which we do not scruple to describe as most derogatory to all concerned in its production. Whether this volume is an indication of the manner in which the important subject with which it deals is studied at Cambridge, we do not know. We sincerely trust that it is not. But of two things we are very sure; first, that a book so unworthy, in everything but externals, of a great University has never before been given to the world; and secondly, that it is the bounden duty of all friends of learning to join in discountenancing so evil a precedent.

Not the least mischievous characteristic of the work is the skill with which its worthlessness is disguised. From title to colophon there is, so far as externals are concerned, everything to disarm suspicion, everything to inspire trust. An excellent index; unexceptionable type; unexceptionable paper;

> 'Chartæ regiæ, novi libri,
> Novi umbilici, lora rubra, membrana
> Directa plumbo, et pumice omnia æquata.'

On opening the volume our confidence redoubles. We turn to the Preface. We there learn that the substance of the work was delivered in the form of lectures to members of the University of Cambridge in the Hall of Trinity College.

> 'It has been,' says Mr. Gosse, 'no small advantage to me that among the distinguished listeners to whom I have had the honour of reading these pages, there have been more than a few whose special studies have rendered them particularly acute in criticising. In consequence of such criticism I have been able profitably to revise the work, to add evidence where it seemed wanting, to remove rash statements, and to remould ambiguous sentences.'

In the course of the work we learn that many 'eminent friends' have been anxiously consulted; for 'in an enquiry of this nature,' observes the author, 'exact evidence, even of a minute kind, outweighs in importance any expression of mere critical opinion.' As we are not concerned with Mr. Gosse's eminent friends, but only with Mr. Gosse himself, we shall merely remark that we quite absolve Professor Gardiner and Mr. Austin Dobson from all complicity in Mr. Gosse's delinquencies.

Of all offences of which a writer can be guilty, the most detestable

detestable is that of simulating familiarity with works which he knows only at second hand, or of which he knows nothing more than the title. That a Lecturer on English Literature should not know whether the Arcadia of Sidney, and the Oceana of Harrington, are in prose or verse, or, not knowing, should not have taken the trouble to ascertain, is discreditable enough; but that he should, under the impression that they are poems, have had the effrontery to sit in judgment on them, might well, in Macaulay's favourite phrase, make us ashamed of our species. And yet this is what Mr. Gosse has done. In one place (page 26), he classes and compares the Arcadia with the Faery Queen. In another place (page 75), he classes and compares it with Giles Fletcher's Christ's Victory and Triumph; while on page 26 the Oceana, coupled with the Arcadia, is compared, on the one hand with Spenser's poem, and on the other hand with Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island.* Of the gross chronological blunder of which he is guilty, in placing the Oceana with the Arcadia, and the Faery Queen in the 'great generation,' when the Oceana was published in 1656, a period long subsequent to the time of which he is speaking, we say nothing. It is easy to see what has misled him with regard to the 'Oceana,' and his error certainly furnishes a very amusing illustration of his method of investigation. He has confounded James Harrington, the prose writer, who was born in 1611, with Sir John Harrington, the poet, who was born in 1561; and the title 'Oceana' having a very poetical sound, he has jumped to the conclusion that it is a poem.

On page 108, he informs us that Garth's Claremont is 'a

* As this may seem incredible to those of our readers who do not know what modern bookmakers are capable of, we will give the passages with their contexts in full. 'Poetry began to be written for poets, for the elect, for a circle; and this was one of the deadly effects of that curious embargo upon publication, of which I have spoken. Utter disregard was paid to unity, to proportion, to extent. In the great generation there had been too little regard for these qualities. Without profanity be it spoken, Sidney's "Arcadia" is dreadfully amorphous and invertebrate, and Macaulay's difficulty of being in at the death of the "Blatant Beast" would never have been propounded, if the "Faery Queen" had not been so long, that it is really excusable not to be aware that the "Blatant Beast" does not die. But if the "Arcadia" is shapeless, what are we to say of "Oceana"? and let him not call the "Faery Queen" tedious or dull who has never grappled with Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island."' (Pp. 25, 26.) 'The heroic poems of the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages,—"The Barons' Wars" of Drayton, the "Albion's England" of Warner, the "Ovid's Banquet of Sense" of Chapman, for instance, had possessed various brilliant and touching qualities, irregular force and sudden brilliance of style, but certainly not what Hobbes meant by "perspicuity and facility of construction." The "Arcadia" of Sidney is not facile, the "Christ's Victory and Triumph" of Giles Fletcher is not in this sense perspicuous; but Waller's "Battle of the Summer Islands" is, just as "The *Hind and the Panther*" of Dryden is perspicuous, and "The Dunciad" admirable *for its facility of construction.* (Page 75.)

direct

direct imitation of Denham's Cooper's Hill.' If he had taken the trouble to read Garth's poem, he would have seen that, beyond the fact that it derives its title from the name of a place, and that it is written in heroics, it has simply nothing in common with Cooper's Hill. Denham's poem is, as we need scarcely say, a poem describing the prospect from Cooper's Hill—St. Paul's, Windsor, the Thames, the valley of the Thames—and with that description are interwoven such reflections as these objects severally call up; it then goes on to describe, and to describe with singular animation, a stag-hunt; and it concludes with some remarks bearing immediately on contemporary politics, suggested by the view of Runnymede. Garth's poem, on the other hand, is simply a *jeu d'esprit* written on the occasion of the name of Claremont being given to the villa founded at Esher by the Earl of Clare. As a stream took its rise in the hill on which the mansion stood, welling up in a grotto where there was an echo, it struck Garth that he might make out of this a pretty story in the manner of Ovid. And so, with a few general remarks on the venality of poets who are ready to flatter without distinction any one who will pay them, and with the assurance that his own desire to please his noble patron springs from the most disinterested motives, he goes on to say that he has no intention of describing Claremont and its beauties. That theme he leaves to a nobler muse; his task is merely to tell

> 'how ancient fame
> Records from whence the villa took its name,'

and the legend of Montano and Echo, modelled on the legend of Narcissus and Echo, in the third book of the Metamorphoses begins. With that legend we do not propose to trouble our readers. It is as easy to see what has misled Mr. Gosse in this case, as in the other case. Indeed, Garth himself has set the trap, and a reader who went no further than the title and the first words of the preface, would be certain to be caught. 'They who have seen,' he writes, 'those two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest, will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this.' What Garth meant of course was, as his work sufficiently proves, not to institute any comparison between his poems and the poems of Denham and Pope, but to obviate the objections of those who might perhaps expect to find in a poem taking its title from a place, what they had found in other poems taking their titles from places.

But these are not the only examples of Mr. Gosse's offences on this score. On page 102 he describes Daniel's Cleo-

and Philotas as 'choral tragi-comedies.' If he had consulted them, he would have seen that they are pure tragedies in the most monotonously stilted style of pure classical tragedy. Again on page 102 we are told that Denham's Sophy 'remains a solitary specimen of the Seneca tragedy amongst the English dramas of the age, just as the curious play of Tyr et Sidon remains a solitary experiment in romantic tragedy in 17th-century French.' Will our readers credit that the play thus confidently asserted to be a 'specimen of Seneca tragedy' has absolutely no point in common with Seneca's plays? It is a drama as purely romantic as Lear or Hamlet. It does not observe the unities, except perhaps the unity of place; it has no Chorus; one of the characters is obviously modelled on the Shakspearian Clown;* part of it is written in rhyme, part of it in prose, and part of it in blank verse so loose and straggling as to be scarcely distinguishable from prose. But to proceed. Mr. Gosse speaks on page 118 of Fanshawe's 'little epic of Dido and Æneas;' Fanshawe's little epic, as he would have seen if he had turned to it, is neither more nor less than a translation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid in the Spenserian stanza. On page 25, Henry More's philosophical allegory, the Psychozoia, is described as an epic poem! On page 247 he informs us that the Faery Queen was re-written by an anonymous hand in 1687. What this anonymous hand re-wrote was simply the first book; and as the volume was licensed in 1686, we presume that it was written not in 1687, but in or before 1686. On the same page we are told that Butler, the author of Hudibras, 're-wrote some of his most characteristic pieces which had been composed in the older prosody to conform them to the taste he had acquired.' He re-wrote exactly one poem, the Elephant in the Moon.

There are many things in Mr. Gosse's volume, as we shall presently show, which prove his utter incapacity for the task he has undertaken, but nothing is more derogatory to him than his habitual inaccuracy with respect to dates. However limited a man's reading may be, however treacherous his memory, however slender his abilities, he has no excuse for making blunders of this kind. It is plain that Mr. Gosse, so far from attempting to verify his dates, has not even troubled himself to consult the title-pages of the works to which he refers. We will give a few examples. He says on page 165, speaking of the heroic quatrain, that Hobbes 'adopted it for his translation of Homer,

* The character of Solyman. See the dialogue between him and the King, act i. scene 2; and, again, the dialogue between him and the Tormentors, act iv. scene 1.

and

and this was followed a dozen years later by Dryden's Annus Mirabilis.' Now the first instalment of Hobbes's Homer was his translation of four books of the Odyssey published in 1674, then followed his version of the whole Iliad in 1675, and of the whole Odyssey in 1677. Dryden's Annus Mirabilis was published in 1667, seven years before the first instalment of Hobbes's Homer. Mr. Gosse tells us (p. 234) that Oldham died in 1684. Oldham died in December 1683. He informs us (p. 64) that certain verses quoted from Fenton were 'sung' by that poet in 1730. The verses occur in the dedication of Fenton's well-known edition of Waller's Poems, which was published in 1729. He informs us (p. 252) that in 1684 Roscommon 'threw off the constraint of rhyme in his Art of Poetry.' Roscommon's Art of Poetry, or rather his translation of Horace's Ars Poetica, the work to which Mr. Gosse with characteristic slovenliness alludes, appeared in 1680. Speaking of the year 1642, he says: 'Ford and Massinger were resigning the art which they had received,' &c. Massinger had been dead two years, he died in March $16\frac{39}{40}$, and it is probable that Ford died about the same time. On page 11 it is confidently asserted that Philips's Cyder was written in 1699. Philips's Cyder was published in 1708, and all that is known about the time of its composition is that it was begun at Oxford and completed in the year before its publication. That the first book could not have been composed before 1705, and the second before 1706, is proved by internal evidence. In the first book there is an allusion to Harley being a member of Anne's Privy Council, and Harley was sworn of the Privy Council in the spring of 1704. There is an allusion to the intense heat of the summer and autumn of 1705, and to the death of Miss Winchecombe, Bolingbroke's sister-in-law, who died in the autumn of that year. In the second book there is an allusion to the consummation of the union between England and Scotland, the articles of which were signed in July 1706. So much for Mr. Gosse's assertion, that Philips's poem was written in 1699. On page 121 it is stated that Corneille's famous comedy, the Menteur, belongs to the year 1646. Corneille's Menteur was produced in 1642, and was first printed in October 1644. On page 237 we are informed that Dr. Allestree, the Provost of Eton, died in 1668. Dr. Allestree, the Provost of Eton, died on the 28th of January, $168\frac{9}{1}$. We are told on page 210, that John Norris's Miscellanies were brought out in 1678. John Norris brought out his Miscellanies in 1687. Indeed, Mr. Gosse appears to be incapable of transcribing correctly, even when it must have been before his very

page 55, for example, he twice asserts that Waller's verses To the King on his Navy were written in 1621, when the date 1626 is given under the title of the poem. On page 84 we read, 'It was during the famous debate of February 8th, 1642, on the Ecclesiastical Petitions that Waller seems to have made up his mind to quit his party.' The 'famous debate' on the Ecclesiastical Petitions commenced on February 8th, 164$\frac{0}{1}$. We shall not weary our readers by multiplying instances of these blunders, for we have cited quite enough to show how far Mr. Gosse's chronological statements are to be depended on. But the following is so exquisitely characteristic, not only of Mr. Gosse himself but of the Dilettanti School generally, that we cannot pass it by. 'Late in the summer, one handsome and gallant young fellow'—Mr. Gosse is speaking of the death of Sidney Godolphin—'riding down the deep-leaved lanes that led from Dartmoor . . . , met a party of Roundheads, was cut down and killed' (p. 109). Now Sidney Godolphin was killed at the end of January 164$\frac{2}{3}$, when the lanes were, we apprehend, not deep-leaved; he was, it may be added, not handsome, for Clarendon especially enlarges on the meanness of his person; he was not 'cut down and killed,' he was shot dead by a musket ball; he was not meeting a party of Roundheads in the lanes, he was pursuing them into Chagford.*

We are sorry to say that, bad as all this is, worse is to come. Almost all Mr. Gosse's statements and generalizations, literary and historical alike, are on a par with his chronology. There is not a chapter—nay, if we except the Appendices and index, it would be difficult to find five consecutive pages which do not swarm with errors and absurdities. And the peculiarity of Mr. Gosse's errors is, that they cannot be classed among those to which even well-informed men are liable. They are not mere slips of the pen, they are not clerical and superficial, not such as, casually arising, may be easily excised, but they are, to borrow a metaphor from medicine, local manifestations of constitutional mischief. The ignorance which Mr. Gosse displays of the simplest facts of Literature and History is sufficiently extraordinary, but the recklessness with which he exposes that ignorance transcends belief. Will our readers credit that Mr. Gosse attributes the pseudo-classicism of the diction of the eighteenth-century poetry to the influence of the writings of Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury;† that he asserts that 'it was Waller's duty to seize English

* Clarendon, 'History,' book vi.; *id.*, 'Life of Himself,' p. 24.
† Page 12 and Index.

Poetry

Poetry by the wings, and to shut it up in a cage for a hundred and fifty years'; * that Cleveland and Wild were the leaders of a reaction against the classical school; † and that he accounts for the fact, that it was Waller who 'revolutionized' poetry in England, and not Milton, 'because Milton was born three years later than Waller'? The latter part of this amazing nonsense we give in Mr. Gosse's own words:—

'Why was it not John Milton instead of Edmund Waller to whom it was given to revolutionize poetry in England? Here again, as everywhere, where we look closely into the historic development of literature, we see the value of dates and the paramount importance of a clear chronological sequence. Broadly speaking, it was because Milton was born three years later than Waller, and did not so rapidly come to maturity, that we did not receive from him a classical bias which would have been something very different from Waller's.' —Page 40.

We shall certainly not condescend to discuss such stuff as this. We may, however, remark, with regard to the assertion about Shaftesbury, that Mr. Gosse has of course confounded the Shaftesbury of the Cabal—the great Shaftesbury who was the first Earl—with the Shaftesbury of the Characteristics, who was the third Earl. And this is a University Lecturer! We need scarcely say that the Shaftesbury of the Characteristics was as guiltless of being the first to corrupt diction with the peculiar kind of classicism to which Mr. Gosse alludes, as the Shaftesbury of the Cabal. If Mr. Gosse were not ignorant of the very rudiments of the history of our prose literature, he would know that the style of which he is speaking was simply a phase of Euphuism, that it is abundantly illustrated in such well-known books as Howel's Familiar Letters, published in 1645, quarter of a century before Shaftesbury was born, and Urquhart's Jewel, published in 1652, and that it is to be found in full perfection, as Dunlop's extract shows, in the romance of Eliana, published nearly fifty years before the earliest of Shaftesbury's compositions saw the light.

But to proceed. What, in Mr. Gosse's opinion, constitutes one of Waller's chief claims to the honour of 'having revolutionized our poetry,' is the fact that he was the first who, in composing heroic couplets, terminated on principle the sense with the couplet. That Waller was writing in this style as early as 1621, is Mr. Gosse's grand discovery; and as a proof that Waller was writing in this style as early as 1621, Mr. Gosse

* Page 47. † Pages 183–4.

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characteristically cites a poem written in or after 1626;* 'I shall show,' he says in another place, 'by irrefragable proof that Waller was writing didactic occasional poems in distichs which were often as good as Dryden's ever became'—he means, we presume, poems in which the proportion of distichs is as great as will be found in Dryden's poems—'as early as 1623' (p. 20).

Mr. Gosse does not seem to be aware that Johnson and others had made the same astounding discovery, though without drawing the same astounding conclusion. 'In his eighteenth year,' says Johnson, 'Waller wrote the poem On the Prince's Escape at St. Andero, a piece which justifies the observation made by one of his editors, that he attained by a felicity like instinct a style which will perhaps never be obsolete. His versification was, in his first essay, such as it appears in his last performance.'† Indeed, there is nothing in Mr. Gosse's volume more annoying than his habit of perpetually thrusting himself into prominence where there is no occasion for it. Who requires irrefragable proofs of dates and facts which no one questions, and which are to be found in so common a book as Johnson's Lives? There are probably not half-a-dozen well-read people in England who do not know that the famous lines in Denham's 'Cooper's Hill' beginning 'O could I flow like thee,' were added in the second edition. Indeed, they are the stock illustration of what Johnson calls 'felicitous afterthoughts.' Now hear Mr. Gosse, announcing another 'discovery'; 'There exists a mystery about these lines. In collating the first edition I was amazed to find them absent, and they do not occur,'‡ &c. A very offensive instance of the same kind of thing may be found on pp. 159–60. Speaking of a certain well-known pamphlet relating to 'Gondibert,'—'Certain verses written by several of the author's friends to be reprinted with the second edition of "Gondibert,"'—Mr. Gosse says, referring to its authorship, 'I believe that I detect Denham, Cleveland, the younger Donne, and Jasper Mayne, as the wicked anonymous quartet;' adding, in a note, 'After forming this conjecture,

* Page 55. The poem which Mr. Gosse cites is the poem to the 'King on his Navy,' which was certainly not written before 1626, and may, as Fenton supposes, have been written as late as 1635; but the poem to which he means to allude is no doubt the verses on His Majesty's escape in the Road at St. Andero, which one editor dates 1621, but which could not have been written before the autumn of 1623, as the event to which they refer occurred either at the end of September or the beginning of October in that year.

† 'Life of Waller.'

‡ Among many other places where this had been pointed out, it may suffice to specify the following: Spence's 'Anecdotes' (Singer's edit.), p. 213. Malone, 'Prose Works of Dryden,' vol. iv. p. 521, *note*. Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' (Cunningham's edition), vol. i. p. 78. Moore's 'Life of Byron,' vol. ii. p. 193. Chalmers's 'Biog. Dict.,' art. Denham.' Campbell's 'Specimens,' ed. 1841, p. 244.

I discovered,

I discovered, in a copy of the 1653 pamphlet in the Library of Yale College a MS. note suggesting that the four authors were Denham, the younger Donne, Sir Allen Broderick, and William Crofts.' Now Mr. Gosse must have been perfectly aware that what he 'detected' and 'discovered' had been long ago detected and discovered by Isaac Disraeli in a work as well known as any work in the English language. 'It is said,' observes Disraeli, referring to this tract, 'that there were four writers, probably Sir John Denham and Jo. Donne, Sir Allen Broderick and Will Crofts.'* A still more offensive illustration of this officious egotism will be found on page 243. If there is any fact in biographical chronology which has never been disputed, it is that Denham died in March 166$\frac{8}{9}$. That date was entered, and may still, of course, be seen, in the register at the Abbey; it is given correctly by Anthony Wood, by Johnson, by Chalmers; it is, with two exceptions, given correctly in every biographical dictionary, in every encyclopædia, in every manual of English Literature which we have consulted. But in the 'Biographia Britannica,' 1688 chances, by a mere clerical error, to be substituted for 1668. This gives Mr. Gosse an opportunity for displaying his knowledge of 'contemporary records'—these 'contemporary records' dwindling somewhat ignominiously into two or three extracts from 'Pepys's Diary:' 'In many text-books,' he begins by observing, 'the date of Denham's death is given as 1688. But this seems highly improbable. From contemporary records I have collected a few dates,' &c. . . . 'On the 21st of February, 1665, Pepys dined with Denham, who was evidently perfectly well. . . . In the early part of 1666 the Duke of York's attentions to Lady Denham became marked; in the summer she yields to them, and Denham becomes mad. In 1668 Pepys hears a rumour of his death, which rumour may or may not be true, but has no doubt introduced that date into the text-books.' And so on. It was this rumour, we presume, which accounts for the entry of Denham's burial in the register at the Abbey, a reference to which would have saved us from all this 'skimble skamble stuff' about contemporary records, rumours and text-books.

But these are trifles. We return to Mr. Gosse's grand discovery, that we owe to Waller 'the first experiment in distich' (p. 40); that Waller was, that is to say, the first who in composing the heroic couplet 'concluded the sense in the couplet,' and that he was writing in distichs in 1621, nearly quarter of a century before any one else in England was doing so' (p. 55). No more absurd statement was ever made. Before 1557 Nicholas Grimoald was thus writing heroic couplets:—

* 'Calamities and Quarrels of Authors' (Popular Edition), p. 40

'In mean is virtue plac'd; on either side,
Both right and left, amiss a man may slide.
Icar, with fire hadst thou the midway flown,
Icarian beck by name had no man known.
If middle path had kept proud Phaeton
Ne burning brand this earth had fallen upon.
Ne cruel power, ne none so soft can reign,
That keeps a mean the same shall still maintain.'

And so on through the whole poem.*

Before 1593 Robert Greene was thus habitually writing heroic couplets:—

'Most gracious King,—that they that little prove
Are mickle blest from bitter sweets of love.
And well I wot I heard a shepherd sing,
That like a bee, Love hath a little sting;
He lurks in flowers, he percheth on the trees,
He on king's pillows bends his pretty knees.
The boy is blind, but when he will not spy,
He hath a leaden foot and wings to fly.' †

Before 1597 Hall was thus writing:—

'Their royal plate was clay, or wood, or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else had he none.
Their only cellar was the neighbour brook;
None did for better care, for better look.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedy vintner mix'd the strained grape.
The King's pavilion was the grassy green
Under safe shelter of the shady treen.
Under each bank men laid their limbs along,
Not wishing any ease, not fearing wrong.' ‡

And so habitually does Hall confine the sense to the couplet, that of the forty couplets of which the 'Satire' from which we have quoted is composed, there are only two in which the second line flows over into the first line of the following couplet. At least ten years before Waller had published a line, George Sandys was writing heroic couplets simply undistinguishable from Pope's couplets, of which these are the type:—

'Our graver Muse from her long dream awakes,
Peneian groves and Cirrha's caves forsakes;
Inspir'd with zeal, she climbs th' etherial hills
Of Solyma, where bleeding balm distills;
Where trees of life unfading youth assure,
And living waters all diseases cure.'

* 'Praise of Measure keeping,' (published in Tottel's 'Miscellany,' 1557).
† 'James IV.,' act i. sc. 1.
‡ Hall's 'Satires,' Sat. 1, Bk. iii. (published in 1597).

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But we need go no further than page 246 to show how utterly erroneous, how incredibly reckless Mr. Gosse's assertions are. He there observes that 'Herrick for once in his life, merely because he had been reading Cooper's Hill, writes in excellent distichs;' and he then proceeds to quote six lines, adding, 'No one would suspect that these lines were written by the song-bird of the Hesperides.' Why, the very opening lines of the 'Hesperides' are composed in distichs as correct and smooth as Pope's, in distichs infinitely more musical than Waller ever wrote:—

> 'I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
> Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.
> I sing of maypoles, hock carts, wassails, wakes,
> Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
>
> * * * * *
>
> I sing of dewes and rains, and, piece by piece,
> Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergreece.
> I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
> How roses first came red, and lilies white.'

And distichs as finished as these are to be found by hundreds in Herrick's poems. After this, our readers will probably not be surprised to hear, on Mr. Gosse's authority, that 'the dactylic and anapæstic movement was, curiously enough, entirely unknown to the Elizabethans' (p. 10). It would, however, be interesting to know how he scans such verses as Tusser's:—

> 'God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat,
> And blesseth us all with his benefits great.
> Then serve we the God who so richly doth give,
> Shew love to our neighbours, and lay for to live,' &c.

And such verses abound in Tusser.
Or Heywood's:—

> 'Now woe with the willow and woe with the wight,
> That windeth willow, willow garland to dight;
> That dole dealt in allmesse is all amiss quite,
> Where lovers are beggars for allmesse in sight,' &c.

Or Jonson's:—

> 'My masters and friends and good people draw near,
> And look to your purses for that I do say,' &c.

Or the song attributed to Lyly:—

> 'Round about, round about in a fine ring-a,
> Thus we dance, thus we dance and thus we sing-a,
> Trip and go, to and fro, over this green-a,
> All about, in and out, for our brave Queen-a.'

Or Fletcher's:—

> 'Come, Fortune's a jade, I care not who tell her,
> Would offer to strangle a page of the cellar;
> But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,
> Instead of his wages she gives him a halter.'

The truth of course is, that the dactylic and anapæstic rhythm, though rarely used in serious poetry, was habitually used by the Elizabethan writers in semi-serious and comic poetry.

On page 165 we find the following amazing statement. Speaking of Dryden's employment of the heroic quatrain in the Annus Mirabilis (1667), Mr. Gosse goes on to inform us, that the heroic quatrain 'was not again employed all through the Restoration or the Augustan age, nor again until, in 1743, the Earl of Chesterfield brought out the posthumous Elegies of his young cousin Hammond.' The heroic quatrain was employed habitually by poets between 1667 and 1743. It was employed by Aphra Behn; it was employed by Blackmore; it was employed by Wycherley, by Sheffield, by Walsh, by Garth, by Prior, by Swift, by Hughes, by Rowe, by Gay, not reckoning the continuation of Gondibert, which is probably not genuine; it was employed by Pope, by Parnell, by Savage, by Aaron Hill.

But this is nothing to what follows. Our readers will probably believe us to be jesting when we inform them that Mr. Gosse deliberately asserts, that between 1660 and 'about 1760' Milton and Roscommon were the only poets who employed blank verse:—

> 'From 1660 onwards to about 1760 the exact opposite was the case (that is, that the couplet superseded blank verse). A poet of decent abilities was sure of readers if he would write in the couplet.' Then, in a note, he adds: 'Milton would stand absolutely alone in his preference of another form if Roscommon, also in 1684, in emulation of "Paradise Lost," had not chosen to throw off what he calls the restraint of Rime in his Art of Poetry.'

Has Mr. Gosse ever inspected the All for Love and the Don Sebastian of Dryden; the Mourning Bride of Congreve; the Julius Cæsar of Sheffield; the blank verse tragedies of Crowne; the later dramas of Davenant; the tragedies of Otway, Lee, Southern, Rowe, Lillo, and Thomson; Addison's tragedy of Cato; Smith's tragedy of Hippolytus; Hughes's Siege of Damascus; Johnson's Irene? Has he ever read Roscommon's own parody of Milton, inserted in the Essay on Translated *Verse; or Addison's* Ovidian translation in Miltonic verse;

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or Lady Winchelsea's Fanscomb Barn; or Philips's Splendid Shilling, Blenheim, and Cyder; or Aaron Hill's Cleon to Lycidas? Can he be unaware that within those years were published Thomson's Seasons and Liberty; Dyer's Ruins of Rome, and Fleece; Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination; Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health; Somerville's Chace, and Hobbinol; Glover's Leonidas, Mallet's Excursion, Blair's Grave, Young's Night Thoughts, not to speak of innumerable other poems less celebrated?

Nor is Mr. Gosse more to be depended on when he favours us with remarks on Italian literature. We give one specimen:—

'A sort of classical revival was attempted at the close of the sixteenth century by Chiabrera, who, in disdaining the folly of Marinists and in trying to recall his countrymen to a Greek simplicity, attained a position somewhat analogous to that of Cowley. But he stood alone until Filicaja came.'—Page 15.

The impression which such statements as these must produce on a reader who knows anything of the poetry of Chiabrera and his contemporaries and successors, it would be difficult to describe. No mere enumeration of positive blunders could convey any idea of its absurdity. It may, however, be sufficient to say, that two-thirds of Chiabrera's most characteristic poems were published before Marini had given a line to the world; that, so far from Chiabrera standing alone, he was the master of a flourishing school of disciples and imitators, and of such disciples and imitators as Fulvio Testi, Virginio Cesarini, and Giovanni Ciampoli; and that, so far from recalling his countrymen to 'Greek simplicity'—whatever that may mean—he was not only an imitator of Pindar, but out-Pindared Pindar in the elaborate pomp, and studied artificiality of his diction.

But the recklessness with which Mr. Gosse displays his ignorance of the very elements of literature is, if possible, exceeded by the recklessness with which he displays his ignorance of the commonest facts of history and biography. We will give one or two examples. In the life of Waller, Mr. Gosse finds this sentence: 'Mr. Saville used to say that no man in England should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller.' This becomes, in Mr. Gosse's narrative, 'George Savile, Lord Halifax, the famous *viveur*, and a pupil of Waller's, in verse, said,' &c. (p. 236). It would be difficult to match this. Nearly every word is a blunder. Indeed, we will boldly say that, if our own or any other literature v ransacked, it would be ransacked in vain for a sente

condenses so many errors and so much of that *crassa negligentia*, which is as reprehensible in writers as it is in lawyers and doctors. George Savile, Lord Halifax, who is apparently known only to Mr. Gosse as 'the famous *viveur*,' was, as we need scarcely say, one of the most distinguished statesmen of the seventeenth century. He was in no sense of the word a *viveur*. He was not a pupil of Waller. He never, so far as is recorded, wrote a line of verse in his life. But there was another Lord Halifax, who might perhaps be known to Mr. Gosse only in connection with his convivial habits and his bad poetry, but who is known to everyone else as the Originator of the National Debt, as the Founder of the Bank of England, and as the most eminent financier in English history. It is this Lord Halifax who might, as the author of a copy of verses on the death of Charles II., be described as a pupil of Waller. And it is of this Lord Halifax that Mr. Gosse is probably thinking. But the name of this Lord Halifax was, unfortunately for Mr. Gosse, Charles Montague. The 'Mr. Savile' alluded to, was in truth neither George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, nor Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, but Henry Savile a younger son of Sir William Savile, and a younger brother of the Marquis.

'When the Queen fled from Exeter,' says Mr. Gosse, 'with the new-born Princess of Wales in July 1644' (p. 113). If Mr. Gosse had consulted his 'eminent friend,' Professor Gardiner, he would have learned that the younger daughters of English Kings are not Princesses of Wales; and as he appears to be fond of picturesque touches, he might, had he pushed his enquiries, have ascertained that to this particular child a peculiar interest is attached. If too, when writing the lines which follow, he had taken the trouble to turn to the Biographia Britannica, he would have discovered that 'the young Duke of Newcastle,' who 'fled from defeat at Marston Moor,' was in his fifty-third year, and that he was, moreover, not a Duke, but a Marquis.

We proceed to something much more serious. To the historian of Literature nothing should be so sacred as the reputation of the Dead, and on no point is he bound in honour to be more sensitively scrupulous than when he is called upon to discuss anything which may reflect unfavourably on that reputation. Now on the same page (p. 113), we find a statement which, unless Mr. Gosse is prepared to produce his authority for it, we do not scruple to designate a gross and shameful libel on the memory of as worthy a man as ever lived, 'James Shirley, who had left a starving wife and children behind him, was in *attendance (at Paris)* upon his Royal Mistress.' This is repeated

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on pp. 117, 118. Speaking of the 'balls, comedies and promenades,' with which 'the English exiles were regaled at Fontainebleau,' in 1646 and 1647, Mr. Gosse says that Shirley was 'certainly' present at them, Waller and Hobbes probably, but Shirley 'certainly.' Now our only authority for the life of Shirley is Anthony Wood, and what Wood says is this:—'When the rebellion broke out Shirley was invited by his patron, Newcastle, to attend him in the war.' This Shirley appears to have done. But after the King's cause declined—we give Wood's own words—'he, following his old trade of teaching, not only gained a comfortable subsistence, but educated many ingenious youths, who afterwards proved most eminent in divers faculties.' In this honourable drudgery, undertaken for the support of his wife and children, all Shirley's life between about 1644 and 1660, appears to have been passed, and his conduct has elicited just praise from his biographers. If Mr. Gosse is in possession of documents hitherto unknown, it was his duty to have specified them, and it is his duty to produce them. Till he does so we shall continue to believe that this is only one of his many other loose and random assertions, and to protest against such unwarrantable liberties being taken with the biographies of eminent men.

We have by no means exhausted the list of Mr. Gosse's blunders, but we have, we fear, exhausted the patience of our readers. What further remarks, therefore, we have to make shall be brief. We have given a few specimens of Mr. Gosse's method of dealing with facts; we will now give a few specimens of his criticism. That excellent man, Mr. Pecksniff, was, we are told, in the habit of using any word that occurred to him as having a fine sound, and rounding a sentence well, without much care for its meaning, 'and this,' says his biographer, 'he did so boldly and in such an imposing manner, that he would sometimes stagger the wisest people, and make them gasp again.' This is precisely Mr. Gosse's method. About the propriety of his epithets, so long as they sound well, he never troubles himself; sometimes they are so vague as to mean anything, sometimes they have no meaning at all, as often they are inconsistent with each other. What is predicated of a work in one place is directly contradicted in another. Thus (p. 34), Drayton's Barons' Wars is described as 'a serene and lovely poem;' on the very next page we are told that a 'passionate music runs through it;' and on page 75 this same 'serene and lovely poem' is described as 'possessing various brilliant and touching qualities, irregular force, and sudden brilliance of style.' Thus, on page 158, Davenant's Gondibert, coupled with Southey's Epics, is compared to 'a

vast sapless trunk, one of the largest trees in girth and height, but the deadest of them all, with scarcely a cluster of green buds here and there;' at the bottom of the same page we are told that it owed its popularity 'to its gorgeous and exotic imagery.' On page 121, the versification of Dryden is distinguished by its 'sullen majesty;' Denham's lines on the Thames are 'marvellous;' Horace's Ars Poetica is a 'wonderful prelude.' Milton and Crashaw 'sanctified the rainbow fancies of the Marinist School by hallowing them to sacred uses' (p. 172). Fulke Greville, whose cramped, condensed and elliptic style has, as we need scarcely say, passed into a proverb, possesses 'the old Sidneian sweetness.' Pope's Dunciad is 'admirable for its facility of construction.' On page 71, a battle between the islanders of Bermuda 'and two spermaceti whales that had got stranded in a shallow bay,' is 'a sort of pseudo-Homeric subject.' Mr. Gosse's observations are, it may be added, never so amusing as when he touches on points of classical learning, and the extraordinary self-complacency with which they are enunciated, adds to their absurdity. 'When a young fellow,' he says, 'prefers Moschus to Homer, and Ausonius to Virgil, we know how to class him.' Whether such a young fellow has ever existed, or if he does exist, whether he is worth classing at all, is probably a reflection which will occur to most people. But when a young fellow, or an old fellow, talks of 'the grace of Latinity' (p. 11), or tells us that it was the property of hellebore to produce forgetfulness (p. 46), or informs us that Aristotle and Horace have left rules for the composition of a 'straightforward prosaic poetry' (p. 38), it is not, we apprehend, very difficult to class him.*

Mr. Gosse, in paying an obscure dramatist the compliment of quoting him, tells us that he felt as though the ghost of the poet whom he had thus honoured 'might be breathing hard by his side at the excitement of resuscitation.' We are inclined to think that if the ghosts of Macaulay and Spedding could have rambled into the old beloved Hall during the delivery of these lectures, Mr. Gosse might have heard them also 'breathing hard,' not 'at the excitement of resuscitation,' but in excitement, having its origin from a very different cause.

If we turn from the matter of Mr. Gosse's volume to the style

* It is a great misfortune to Mr. Gosse that his work cannot be estimated by the Index, which, to do him justice, is a model of its kind. But it is a very Barmecide Feast. Under the heading, for example, of Aristotle, we find 'Aristotle's rules for composition,' but on referring to the page indicated—page 38—for those rules, we are concerned to see them dwindling down to the insignificant proportions of the short clause we have just quoted.

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and the diction, it is equally surprising that any University could have sanctioned its publication. How even the reader for the press could have allowed such words as 'preciosity,' 'recrudescence,' 'solidarity,' 'rejuvenescence,' 'alembicated,' or such phrases as 'the lively actuality of a newsletter,' 'a personal sympathy with vegetation,' 'the excitement of resuscitation,' and the like, to pass unchallenged, is to us inexplicable. Was there no one who could save Mr. Gosse from making himself ridiculous by such eloquence as this: 'We who can see this Orpheus-like Charles torn to pieces by the outraged liberties of England, and that comely head floating down the Hebrus of the Revolution'?—(p. 81). Could the Delegates of the Cambridge Press have been blind to the ludicrous impropriety of permitting what was intended to be a serious treatise on English Literature to be prefaced by a copy of silly verses, in which the author—an official of the University—assures his readers that he is—

> 'Less than bird or shell,
> More volatile, more fragile far than these.'

Nor does the bad taste—to call it by no harsher name—which is conspicuous throughout the book, less jar on us. Speaking, for example, of Waller's Battle of the Summer Islands, Mr. Gosse observes, 'My own belief is that the astute Waller, having property on the Islands, wrote his heroic poem and circulated it among wealthy and noble friends as an advertisement.' Can Mr. Gosse possibly be ignorant that Waller was a gentleman? So again, when he talks of the 'tattling monkey-tongue' of Pope, we have an example of one of the most detestable fashions of modern times—we mean the pert irreverence with which very little men are in the habit of speaking of great men.

And now we bring to a conclusion one of the most disagreeable tasks which it has ever been our lot to undertake. Our motives for undertaking it have already been explained. Had Mr. Gosse's volume been published in the ordinary way, we need scarcely say that we should not have noticed it. Had its errors and deficiencies been pointed out in the literary journals, we should probably have comforted ourselves with the thought, that what had been done once need not be done again. But when we saw that it came forth, carrying all the authority of a work published by a great University, and under the auspices of the most distinguished community in that University, and that so far from the literary journals estimating it at its true value, and placing students on their guard against its errors, Review vied with Review in fulsome and indiscriminating

nating eulogy,* we felt we had no choice. It was simply our duty, our imperative duty, in the interests of literature and in the interests of education, to speak out. That duty we have endeavoured to perform temperately and candidly. We have perverted nothing. We have coloured nothing. Had it been our object to make game of the book, it would not, we can assure Mr. Gosse, have been very difficult. Though we have, we own, been strongly tempted to comment as severely on his delinquencies as they certainly deserve, we have deliberately forborne. We have even refrained from discussing matters of opinion. We have confined ourselves entirely to matters of fact—to gross and palpable blunders, to unfounded and reckless assertions, to such absurdities in criticism and such vices of style as will in the eyes of discerning readers carry with them their own condemnation. When we consider the circulation secured to this volume from the mere fact of its having issued from so famous a press, and under such distinguished patronage, it is melancholy to think of the errors to which it will give currency. We only hope that our exposure of them will have the effect of serving in some degree to counteract the mischief.

Now the Universities must know, or ought to know, that this kind of thing will not do. If they are resolved to encourage the study of English Literature, it is their duty to see that it is studied properly. If it is not studied properly, the sooner they cease to profess to study it the better. No good can possibly come from Dilettantism. No good can possibly come from unskilled teaching. To tolerate either is to defeat the purposes for which the Universities are designed, is to initiate corruption which will inevitably spread, is to establish precedents which time will confirm. We have already pointed out the responsibility which rests with the centres of education in days like these, and it is, therefore, with just alarm that we find them countenancing, in any subject represented by them, such work as the work on which we have been animadverting.

But whatever be the faults of Mr. Gosse's book, it will not, we hope, be without its use. If it illustrates comprehensively the manner in which English literature should not be taught, it may, on the 'lucus a non lucendo' principle, direct attention to the manner in which it should be taught, and on that subject

* One of our leading literary journals terminated a review which, though extending to six columns, did not point out a single error, with these words: 'It is a volume not to be glanced over and thrown aside, and we recommend the student of English Poetry to read it twice and consult it often.' Such is sometimes the value of 'review' advertisements.

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we propose to make a few remarks. The first fact which the Universities ought to recognize is, that a literature, which is represented by such poets as Shakespeare and Milton, as Pope and Wordsworth, and by such prose writers as Bacon and Hooker, as Gibbon and Burke, is a very serious thing, much too serious a thing to be abandoned either to unskilled teachers or to philologists; that it is a literature not inferior in intrinsic merit to the literatures of the Ancient World, that it is, therefore, from an historical point of view, worthy of minute, of patient, of systematic study; and that, regarded as an instrument of culture, it is—if studied in a liberal and enlightened spirit—of the utmost value and importance. But of this, to judge from such books as Mr. Gosse's on the one hand, and by such editions of the English classics as the Clarendon Press provides on the other hand, the Universities appear at present to have no conception. We are very far from wishing to speak disrespectfully of the Clarendon Press publications, for they are, so far as they go, sound and thorough—the work, as a rule, of accurate and painstaking scholars. But their radical defect lies in the fact, that they do not sufficiently distinguish between philology and literature. Instead of regarding a great poem or a great drama as the expression of genius and art, they appear to regard it merely as a monument of language. They dwell with tedious and unnecessary minuteness on points which can interest none but grammarians and philologists, and out of this narrow sphere they seldom or never travel, unless perhaps to explain some historical allusion, to discuss some problem in antiquities, or to accumulate wholly superfluous parallel passages. In the Clarendon Press edition of Milton, for example, nothing is so common as to find a quarter of a page of notes, of which the following is a sample:

'l. 619. Cp. Ovid, 'Metamorphoses,' xi. 419; 'Faery Queen,' 1, xi. 4.
l. 624. Cp. Ovid, 'Metamorphoses,' ix. 6.
l. 630. Cp. Horace, 'Odes,' iii. 2, 17.
l. 633. Cp. 'Paradise Lost,' ii. 692; v. 710; vi. 156; Rev. xii. 4.
l. 642. *tempted our attempt.* Keightley claims to have been the first to point out that these plays upon words are imitations of the Paronomasia in Scripture. Cf. v. 869; ix. 11; xii. 78.
l. 659. 'Iliad,' i. 140.
l. 660. *peace is despair'd*, a Latinism. So 'despair thy charm,' Macbeth, v. 7.

No one could say of the author of notes like these that he displays either want of industry or want of learning, but such

notes are, from an educational point of view, all but useless; they are even worse; they render what should be an agreeable and profitable study, simply repulsive. They serve no end; they satisfy no need. It is on this ground, therefore, that we think the Clarendon Press series unsatisfactory. They err not on the side of superficiality or on the side of crude and imperfect learning, but on the side of too narrow a conception of the scope and method of interpreting literature; they err, in short, as Pope taunted Kuster and Burmann with erring:

> 'The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
> Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit,'

but fails to see

> 'How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
> The body's harmony, the beaming soul.'

That pedantry is, when allied with learning, a far less evil than dilettantism, no one would dispute. Such a study of the English Classics as the Clarendon Press editors prescribe, is not, indeed, calculated either to enlarge a youth's mind or to refine his taste; it is still less calculated to awaken rational curiosity, or to inspire a love of literature for its own sake; but, regarded as a mode of discipline, it may possibly, in some cases, be of service in forming and confirming habits of accuracy, and, within certain limits, habits of thoroughness, and in training and strengthening the memory. But this cannot be pleaded in favour of dilettantism. Of all the pests that beset and impede culture, dilettantism is by far the most mischievous. It is to real learning precisely what the phantom sent by Juno to deceive Turnus was to the real Æneas. It assumes its form; it brandishes what seem to be its weapons; it mimics its gait; it simulates its speech. But it is a mockery and a fraud. It serves only to delude and mislead. Nor is this all. It is not simply an intellectual, but a moral evil. It encourages those lazy and desultory habits into which young students are especially prone to fall. It tends to render them indifferent to the distinction between accuracy and inaccuracy, between truth and falsehood. It emasculates, it corrupts, it strikes at the very root of that conscientiousness and honesty, that absolute sincerity, which is, or ought to be, the first article in the creed of every scholar and of every teacher.

But the time will, we trust, come when Oxford and Cambridge will see the necessity of raising the study of our national literature to its proper level in education, and when neither dilettantism nor pedantry will be permitted to stand in the way of that study. But before that can be done, they must

must recognize the distinction between philology and literature, between the significance of the 'Literæ Humaniores' as interpreted by verbal critics, and their significance as interpreted by such critics as Lessing and Coleridge. They must think less of the letter and more of the spirit. They must cease to dwell solely on what is accidental, and see the necessity for penetrating to the essence which is the life. Philological criticism is to criticism, in the proper sense of the term, what anatomy is to psychology. Each has its importance, each is in a manner related, and each should be studied, but who would dream of confounding them? The scalpel, which lays bare every nerve and every artery in the mechanism of the body, reveals nothing further. The Agamemnon and Macbeth are as little likely to yield up the secret of their life to the verbal scholar.

Much has recently been talked about the continuity of history, and the erroneous views which must necessarily result from studying it piecemeal. The continuity of literature is a fact of even more importance, and the persistency with which that fact has been ignored has not only led to errors infinitely more serious than any which can be imputed to historical teachers, but has rendered our whole system of dealing with literature, whether historically, in tracing its development, or critically, in analysing its phenomena, as inadequate as it is unsound. One of the most remarkable illustrations of this is the fact, that the study of our own literature is, in all our schools and colleges, separated on principle from the study of the literatures of Greece and Rome. Its teachers are, as a rule, men who make no pretension to classical learning, or, if they possess it, never dream of applying it to the interpretation of English. Not long ago an eminent London publisher announced a series of annotated English Classics, one of the chief attractions of which was that it was to be edited by 'none but men who had made a special study of their mother tongue,' as 'the belief that a knowledge of Greek and Latin was a qualification for editing English authors was,' so ran the prospectus—'a belief which the projectors of the series did not share.' Now the literatures of Greece, Rome, and England, are radically and essentially connected. What the literature of Greece is to that of Rome, the literatures of Greece and Rome are to that of England. A scholar would at once see the absurdity of separating the study of Roman literature from the study of Greek literature, for the simple reason, that without a knowledge of the latter the former is unintelligible. We wonder what would be thought of a man who should profess to interpret the Æneid

Æneid without possessing an adequate acquaintance with the Homeric Poems, with the Attic Drama, with the poetry of Alexandria; or of a man who set up to expound the Odes of Horace, or to comment on the style of Sallust and Tacitus, who was ignorant of Greek lyric poetry and of Thucydides. We wonder what would be the fate of an editor of the Georgics who knew nothing of the Works and Days; of an editor of the Bucolics, who knew nothing of the Sicilian Idylls; or of an editor of Terence, who knew nothing of the New Comedy.

The absurdity of separating the study of our own classics from the study of the classics of Greece and Rome is equally great. Not only have most of our poets and all our best prose writers, as well in the present age as in former ages, been nourished on the literature of Greece and Rome; not only have the forms of at least two-thirds of our best poetry and of our best prose derived their distinctive features from those literatures; not only has the influence of those literatures, alternately modifying and moulding our own, determined its course and its characteristics; but a large portion of what is most valuable in our poetry is as historically unintelligible, apart from the Greek and Roman Classics, as the Epic and Lyric Poetry of Rome would be apart from the Epic and Lyric Poetry of Greece. Take, for example, the poetry of Milton. It would not be too much to say, that the literature of antiquity was to Milton's genius what soil and light are to a plant. It nourished, it coloured, it developed it. It determined not merely his character as an artist, but it exercised an influence on his intellect and temper scarcely less powerful than hereditary instincts and contemporary history. It at once animated and chastened his imagination; it modified his fancy; it furnished him with his models. On it his taste was formed; on it his style was moulded. From it his diction and his method derived their peculiarities. It transformed what would in all probability have been the mere counterpart of Cædmon's Paraphrase or Langland's Vision into Paradise Lost; and what would have been the mere counterpart of Corydon's Doleful Knell, and the satire of the Three Estates, into Lycidas and Comus. The poetry of Gray, again, can only be fully appreciated, can only, in the proper sense of the term, be understood by those who are familiar with the literatures from which its characteristics and its inspiration are derived. And what is true of the poetry of Milton and Gray is true of the poetry of innumerable others. There is much in the very essence of Spenser's poetry, there is much in the very essence of Wordsworth's poetry, which must be absolutely without meaning to readers ignorant of the Platonic

Platonic philosophy, to readers ignorant of the Phædrus and the Phædo. Indeed the whole history of our early literature is little less than the history of the modification of Teutonic and Celtic elements by classical influences, as the history of the later development of that literature is the history of the alternate predominance of Classicism and Romanticism. It was the Roman drama, slightly modified by the Italian playwrights of the Renaissance, which determined the form of our Romantic drama. On the epics of Greece and Rome are modelled our own epics. Almost all our didactic poetry is professedly modelled on the didactic poetry of Rome. One important branch of our lyric poetry springs directly from Pindar; another important branch directly from Horace; another again directly from the Choral Odes of the Attic dramatists and Seneca. Our heroic satire, from Hall to Byron, is simply the counterpart, often indeed a mere imitation, of Roman satire. The Epistles which fill so large a space in the poetical literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries derived their origin from those of Horace. To the Heroides of Ovid we owe a whole series of important poems. From them Chaucer borrowed the material for the most delightful of his minor works; on them Drayton modelled his Heroical Epistles, and Pope his Eloisa to Abelard. The tone, the style, the method, of such narratives as Beaumont's Bosworth Field and Addison's Campaign, themselves the subject of numberless imitations, are borrowed unmistakably from Lucan. Martial and the Anthology have furnished the archetypes of our epigrams and our epitaphs, and Theocritus and Virgil the archetypes of our Pastorals. Of our Elegiac poetry, to employ the term in its conventional sense, one portion is largely indebted to Theocritus, Moschus, and Virgil, and another portion still more largely indebted to Catullus and Ovid, to Tibullus and Propertius. Indeed it would be no exaggeration to say, that if the influence individually exercised by each of the Greek and Latin poets, we do not say of the first but of the second order, on our own poets were fully traced, each would afford ample matter for a bulky treatise.

But if this is the case with our poetry, how much more strikingly is it the case with our prose! No one can appreciate more than we do the sweetness, the simplicity, the grace of such prose as Maundeville's, as Malory's, as Bunyan's; and that our language would, had it pursued its course unmodified by classical influences, have been fully equal to the production of such prose, is all but certain. But Maundeville, Malory, and Bunyan, are not the names which rise to our lips when we speak

of the masters of prose expression. The history of English eloquence commences from the moment when the Roman Classics moulded and coloured our style—when periodic prose modelled itself on Cicero and Livy, when analytic prose modelled itself on Sallust and Tacitus. From Hooker to Milton, from Milton to Bolingbroke, and from Bolingbroke to Burke, this has been the case. The structure of their periods—allowing, of course, for differences of idiom—the evolution of their periods, their rhythm, their colouring, their tone are, when they rise to eloquence, precisely those of rhetorical Roman prose. It is commonly supposed that when, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, the long sentence began to be broken up, and the style which Addison and his school subsequently perfected became fashionable, the change is to be attributed to the influence of French writers. Nothing could be more erroneous. The style of Hobbes, Sprat, and Cowley, the style subsequently of Dryden and Temple, is as Latin as that of Hooker and Milton; but with a difference. Instead of going to the diction of Livy and to the rhetorical works of Cicero for their models, they went to Quintilian, to the Younger Pliny, and to Cicero's colloquial and epistolary writings. And what is true of them is true of Addison. The serious style of Addison is modelled, as closely as any style could be, on that of the De Senectute and the De Amicitiâ.*

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* This is an interesting question, and as our opinion may appear paradoxical, we will place side by side what will be allowed to be a typical sample of Cicero's literary style, and what will be allowed to be a typical sample of Addison's style. And the truth of what we have asserted will, we think, be at once apparent.

'Equidem non video cur quid ipse sentiam de morte non audeam vobis dicere; quod eo melius mihi cernere videor quo ab eâ proprius absum. Ego vestros patres, P. Scipio, tuque C. Læli, viros clarissimos mihique amicissimos, vivere arbitror, et eam quidem vitam, quæ est sola vita nominanda. Nam dum sumus in his inclusi compagibus corporis munere quodam necessitatis et gravi opere perfungimur. Est enim animus cœlestis ex altissimo domicilio depressus et quasi demersus in terram, locum divinæ naturæ æternitatique contrarium. Sed credo Deos immortales sparsisse animos in corpora humana, ut essent qui terras tuerentur quique cœlestium ordinem contemplantes imitarentur eum vitæ modo atque constantiâ. Nec me solum ratio ac disputatio impulit ut ita crederem, sed nobilitas etiam summorum philosophorum et auctoritas.'—'De Senectute,' xxi.

'I know but one way of fortifying myself against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who is the disposer of events and governs futurity. He sees at one view the whole thread of my existence, not only that part which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils which surround me, I will look up to Him for help and question, not that He will either avert them or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.'—'Spectator,' p. 7.

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It was the influence partly perhaps of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, but it was the influence mainly of Thucydides and Sallust, of Livy and Tacitus, which revolutionized our historical composition, which gave us Bacon for Capgrave, and Knolles and Herbert for Fabyan, and which was to determine the form, tone, and style of the great works which are the glory of our historic literature—of the great work of Clarendon in the seventeenth century; of the great works of Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon in the eighteenth century; of the great work of Macaulay in the nineteenth century. It was on the Orations of Cicero that Wyatt modelled the speech which is the earliest example in our language of oratorical eloquence; and, from that day to this, the speeches to which, if we wished to vindicate our fame in oratory, we should point, are the speeches which have followed most closely the same noble models. No names stand so high on the roll of our Parliamentary orators as the names of Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Chesterfield, the two Pitts, Burke and Fox; and no names stand higher on the roll of forensic orators than those of Somers, Mansfield, and Erskine. It is notorious that they all gloried in their familiarity with the ancient masterpieces—the masterpieces of Demosthenes and Cicero—and have all left testimonies of their obligations to them. And what has moulded our secular oratory has moulded our sacred oratory. On no part of our prose literature can we look with greater pride than on the sermons of our Classical Divines; and assuredly no part of our literature owes more to the influence of Greece and Rome. The dawn of the Renaissance found our pulpit oratory represented by a few rude and jejune homilies, scarcely rising above the level of the Sawles Warde or the Ayenbite of Inwyt; its close left us enriched with the Sermons of Hall and Donne, of Taylor and South, of Barrow and Tillotson. If this marvellous transformation is to be explained partly by the progress which secular literature had made, and partly by the influence of the writings of the Fathers, it is to be explained mainly by the influence—the direct influence—of those writers, to which the Fathers themselves were so greatly indebted. Hall and Donne, for example, are in style and diction close imitators of Seneca; and to Seneca, as the author of the Consolatio ad Marciam and the Consolatio ad Helviam, belongs, it may be added, the honour of having furnished models for the Oraisons Funèbres of the French, and for what corresponds to the Oraisons Funèbres in our own language. From Plato, Taylor learned the secret of his involved harmonies, and on Plato and Chrysost[illegible] fashioned his diffuse and splendid eloquence. W[illegible]

would have been apart from the influence of the ancient masters may be easily seen by comparing the passages in which he gives the rein to the coarse vigour of his native genius, and the passages on which his fame rests. The inexhaustible fertility of Barrow's intellect is to be attributed as unmistakably to the assimilative thoroughness with which he had studied the Greek and Roman Classics, as the pregnant energy of his expression bears the impress of Thucydides and Aristotle. What style is more purely Ciceronian than the style of Tillotson, than the style of Sherlock, than the style of Atterbury?

But no portion of our literature is rooted more deeply in the literature of antiquity than our criticism. Dryden has somewhere remarked that—

> 'One poet is another's plagiary,
> And he a third's till they all end in Homer.'

Till the end of the last century, it may be said with literal truth that from the publication of Wilson's Art of Rhetoric, in 1553, it would be difficult to mention a single theory on the principles of composition, a single important critical canon, with the exception of the doctrine of the unities of time and place, which are not to be traced originally to the ancient critics. It is a great mistake to suppose, as it almost always is supposed, that we derived our principles of criticism from France. Our own criticism and French criticism sprang from a common source. It was derived directly from Aristotle and Longinus, from Cicero, from Horace, from Quintilian, and from the author of the Dialogus de Oratoribus, all of whom had been studied in England long before they had been translated into French. We have only to open the treatises of Wilson, Elyot, Ascham, Sidney, Webbe, Gascoigne, Puttenham, and others, in the reign of the Tudors, and such a work as Jonson's Discoveries, in the reign of James I., to see how closely the fathers of English criticism followed in the footsteps of the ancients. It was so with Hobbes, it was so with Cowley, it was so even with Dryden. That Dryden and his contemporaries read Aristotle in a French version, and with the light of French commentaries, is undoubtedly true. And it is true also that they were acquainted with contemporary French criticism. But Aristotle in a French dress is Aristotle still, and as contemporary French criticism was itself so largely indebted to Greece and Rome, we must not confound the influence of Rapin and Bossu with the influence of those writings on which Rapin and Bossu themselves drew so largely. For one reference in Dryden's Prefaces to a French critic, we find a dozen to an ancient.

ancient. Longinus, indeed, owed his popularity to Boileau, but he had been translated into our language long before Boileau's version appeared, and had, as early as the first quarter of the seventeenth century, begun to affect critical opinion in England. Between the death of Dryden and the death of Johnson our critical literature passed still more completely under the yoke of the ancients. Every precept in the Essay on Criticism is drawn or deducted from the Ars Poetica, from the Institutes, or from the De Sublimitate. The Treatise on the Bathos is a parody of the Treatise on the Sublime. The literary papers of Addison, and of Addison's coadjutors, follow implicitly the same guides. The literary essays of Hume betray in every page their indebtedness to the ancient critics. Horace and Quintilian furnish Johnson with his canons and his standards. No one can read the critiques in the Lives of the Poets without being struck with their similarity to the critiques in the tenth book of the Institutes. The terse and epigrammatic judgments, at once narrowly discriminating and superficially just, which Quintilian passes on the Greek and Roman writers, are the exact counterparts, as well in spirit and matter as in expression, to Johnson's judgments on our own poets. If we pass from Johnson to Hurd, who was, of our own countrymen, incomparably the subtlest literary critic of the eighteenth century, and who, by his practice of habitually referring phenomena to principles, and of distinguishing between accidents and essence, may be regarded as the forerunner of modern philosophical criticism, we simply pass from a student of Horace and Quintilian to a student of Aristotle and Longinus. With what care, with what sympathy, to what great advantage, Hurd had studied both the Poetics and the De Sublimitate, will be apparent to any one who will compare his Notes on the Ars Poetica, the earliest of his works, with his Dissertations on the Idea of Universal Poetry, on the Provinces of the Drama, and on Poetical Imitation, discourses which by no means deserve the oblivion into which they appear to have fallen. But we must not pursue this subject further. We have said enough to show, that no account of the history of criticism in England can be other than miserably inadequate which does not trace it to its source, and that to trace it to its source is to trace it to the classics of the old world.

We contend, therefore, that the history of English Literature can never be studied properly unless it be studied in connection with the literatures of Greece and Rome, and that to study it without reference to those literatures is as absur' would be to study the history of ethics and metaphys

history of sculpture and architecture, without reference to the ancient schools. It may perhaps be urged that, as Celtic and Teutonic elements enter so largely into the composition of the English temper and the English genius, and that as the literatures of modern Italy, of France, and of Germany have successively affected our own, it is, from an historical point of view, as necessary to take them into consideration as it is the older literatures. This is partly true, but this is not practical. In no school of literature could a student be expected to read, in addition to Greek and Latin, half-a-dozen other languages, and among those languages Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, and German. And even if this were practicable, comparatively little would be gained. Neither Cædmon's Paraphrase nor the Tain Bo would throw much light on the genesis of Paradise Lost, nor would the Ayenbite of Inwyt throw much light on the genesis of the Sermons of Taylor and Barrow. The only modern literature which has materially affected us is the Italian. But it is useless to discuss impossibilities. The question simply resolves itself into this, whether, if English Literature is to be seriously studied, it should be studied in connection with the literatures of the modern world, as is, we believe, now being proposed at Oxford; or whether, on the other hand, it should be connected with the study of the Classics. In what way that question should be answered we have endeavoured to point out.

But if in tracing the development of our literature it is necessary at every step to refer to the ancients in studying the literature itself, in regarding it, that is to say, in its spiritual, its ethical, its æsthetic aspects, in considering its structure and its style, how greatly do we gain by comparing its masterpieces with the masterpieces of Greece and Rome. To go no further than the tragedies of Shakspeare: what could be more interesting, what more profitable, than to compare them with the tragedies of the Attic stage, to compare them, for example, with the tragedies of Sophocles; to note how the same truths, the same passions, the same sentiments, find utterance in both; to observe how similarly each deals with the great problem of destiny and free-will, with the doctrine of the mean, with the doctrine of retribution, with the relations of the State to the individual and of the individual to the State; to mark how subtly in each the real and the ideal are blended; to compare their use of irony, to watch the same art working in obedience to the same eternal and unchanging laws directing them in the mechanism of their expression, and the same inspired wisdom guiding them in their interpretation of life. How much, for

for instance, would a comparative study of Macbeth and the Agamemnon, of Henry V. and the Persæ reveal. What better commentary is to be found on those marvellous fictions which, in the phrase of their creator, hold the mirror up to human nature, than the writings of the subtlest analyst of human nature who has ever lived, the author of the Ethics and of the third book of the Rhetoric? Indeed, if some scholar would illustrate the dramas of Shakspeare by pertinent references to Aristotle's treatises, he would add greatly to the interest of both, for it would be seen with what exactness each of these students of human nature, though separated by nearly two thousand years, has arrived independently at the same truths, and corroborate each other. We contend then that Aristotle contributes to the elucidation of Shakspeare, as Shakspeare contributes to the elucidation of Aristotle.* That such poems as Lycidas and the Progress of Poesy have been the delight of thousands, who have never opened a Greek or Roman classic, is no doubt true, but it would be absurd to pretend that their pleasure would not have been ncreased tenfold had they been scholars; it would be absurd to pretend that the full significance, the race, so to speak, and flavour of either the one poem or the other could have been appreciated by them. A reader who knows nothing of Sophocles and Virgil may feel the charm of such a diction as the Laureate's, of such a diction as the diction of In Memoriam, or the diction of the Princess; but how much will he miss, how many of the

ὠκέα βέλη
φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν

must fall flat on him.

But apart from particular reasons for associating the study of English Literature with that of the Literature of Antiquity,—apart from considerations of historical development and the interpretation of this author or that author, there remains the great fact, that by the universal consent of civilized mankind the ancients have in almost every department of the Literæ Humaniores approached most nearly to perfection. Out of their very names have been coined synonyms for the excellencies which severally distinguish them. What they have wrought has become archetypal. They stand, indeed, in the same relation to polite letters as the Old Masters stand to painting. It is possible, no doubt, for a painter, whose eyes have never rested on a Dutch or an Italian masterpiece, to produce work of a very

* There is not, of course, the smallest reason for supposing that Shakspeare ever read a line of Aristotle, either in the original or in a translation.

high order, and it is certainly possible for a poet who has never read Homer or Horace, to write poetry which Homer and Horace would not have been ashamed to own. But what applies to an artist will not apply to a critic. A man, who set up as a judge of pictures without being familiar with the chief works of the Great Age, or if he knew them, knew them only by copies, might pass for a connoisseur with the crowd, but would find his opinions little appreciated by experts. It is the same, or should be the same with the critic, with the student of Literature. The Homeric Poems, the Æneid and Georgics, the Attic Tragedies, the Lyrics of Pindar and Horace, the best of the Platonic Dialogues, the best Orations of Demosthenes and Cicero—these are his Michael Angelos, his Da Vincis, his Raphaels. These are his standards, these are his touchstones. We are no bigoted admirers of the ancients. We believe that the great tragedies of Shakspeare are, considered merely as works of art, at least equal to the Œdipus Rex, and that if they be estimated by the powers of mind displayed in them they would, in sheer weight of intellectual bullion, make the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, massed together, kick the beam. No discerning judge would hesitate to say that the comedies of Molière are incomparably superior to the comedies of Terence. We should be quite prepared to prove categorically that Burke's speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts and on conciliation with America are greater oratorical feats than the Verrines or the Antonian Philippics. We rank Burns with Catullus, we rank Dryden above Juvenal. We think Walpole and Gray wrote better letters than the younger Pliny, and we should pronounce the History of the Decline and Fall to be a more impressive monument of human genius and of human skill than the History of the Peloponnesian War. But this does not prove, as is often absurdly asserted, that familiarity with the works of modern writers would, in the education of a student of literature, be an equivalent for familiarity with the works of the ancients. By none indeed has this been more emphatically pointed out than by those who have themselves been the most distinguished ornaments of our vernacular literature. 'Let persons of limited conception,' says Burke, in a passage which educational legislators would do well to remember, 'think what they will of classical learning, it has ever been and ever must be the first principle of a taste, not only in the Arts, but in life and morals. If we have any priority over our neighbours, it is in no small measure owing to the early care we take with respect to a classical education which cannot be supplied by the cultivation of any

any other branch of learning.'* But it is useless to discuss a question about which, among competent judges, there never have been and there never can be two opinions.

On all grounds, then, on historical, on critical, on general, the necessity of associating the study of classical literature with that of our own, if our own is to be studied properly, is obvious, and it is equally obvious that if this is to be done, it can be done only with the aid of the Universities. Why Oxford and Cambridge should not deem the interpretation of our national literature as worthy of their serious attention as the study of our national history—how it has come to pass that, while the most liberal and enlightened views prevail with regard to the teaching of history, the teaching of literature is either neglected altogether, or abandoned contemptuously to dilettants and philologists—is a problem which we at least are quite unable to solve. But it points, we think, to the great defect, to the only serious defect in our University system. From the days of Pope, Oxford and Cambridge have been commonly taunted, and we fear justly, with attaching too much importance to philology, with regarding the works of great poets and of great orators, not as the expression of genius and art, but as mere material for verbal criticism, as mere monuments of language. Until lately, the literary and æsthetic value of the Greek and Roman classics has undoubtedly been too little considered, the method of interpreting them being almost exclusively the method of the technical scholar, a method which cannot be too highly appreciated when regarded as a means to an end, or too strongly condemned when regarded as an end in itself. We have, however, recently observed with pleasure that, on the subject of classical exegesis, more liberal views are beginning to prevail. We wish we could discern the same promising symptoms in the case of our own Literature, but here unhappily the dominion of philology is absolute. How obstinately indeed University legislators, or at all events an important section of them, appear to be bent on discountenancing any other than a philological interpretation of that Literature has recently received a memorable illustration. About three years ago, a party at Oxford, who were strongly in favour of an intelligent study of our national classics being encouraged in the University, and who were

* 'Letter to Parr.' Parr's Works, Johnstone's edit., vol. i. p. 200. 'It is with the deepest regret,' writes Scott, referring to his neglect of classical studies, 'that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth, and through every part of my literary career I have been pinched and hampered by my ignorance; it is a loss never to be repaired.'—*Autobiography.*

anxious

anxious to raise English Literature to its proper level in education, so far prevailed as to obtain the consent of Convocation to the foundation of an English Chair. A Chair of English Literature was accordingly founded and liberally endowed. A Board of Electors was appointed. As there was already a Chair of Celtic, a Chair of Anglo-Saxon, a Chair of Comparative Philology, and as therefore the philological study of English had been amply provided for, it was confidently expected that the choice of the electors would fall on the sort of teacher contemplated by the originators of the movement. But Philology triumphed. The Board discovering, that though the language of Cædmon and the language of Oisin had received the attention they deserved, the dialect of Robert of Gloucester and William of Shoreham had not, determined to seize this opportunity to remedy the defect. Availing themselves of a quibble on the word 'language'—for the Statute authorizing the foundation of the Chair happened, by a mere accident, to couple the word 'language' with 'literature'—they succeeded in ignoring the object for which the Chair was founded, and proceeded to elect, at a permanent salary of about 900*l.*, a Professor for the interpretation of Middle English. Such was the fate of a movement which might, and probably would, have formed an era of incalculable importance in education. It is indeed half-painful, half-ludicrous, to reflect that at the present moment, in Oxford alone, upwards of 3000*l.* a year are expended on the interpretation of writings which are confessedly of no literary value, and of interest only as monuments of language, while not one farthing a year is spent on the interpretation of works which are the glory of our country.

We have, however, little doubt that an anomaly so extraordinary and so disgraceful will not to be tolerated much longer. We feel confident that English Literature, in the proper sense of the term, will sooner or later receive the recognition to which at the centres of culture it is assuredly entitled. Our only fear is either that it may be considered too exclusively with reference to itself, or that it may be assigned a place in some other part of the curriculum than that part to which, as we have endeavoured to show, it properly belongs. It would, we submit, be a great mistake to make it form a portion, as some propose to do, of the curriculum of a School of Modern Literature, and to treat it only in connection with Modern Literature. It would be a still greater mistake to attach it collaterally, as others propose, to the curriculum of the Modern History School, and to consider it mainly in its relations to Modern History. To prescribe, on the other hand, an independent

pendent and uncomparative study of it, to deal with it, that is to say, as a subject bounded by and complete in itself, would be equally objectionable because equally insufficient. Its proper place is the place which we have indicated—with the literatures which are at the head of all literatures, with the literatures which nourished it, which moulded it, which best illustrate it.

What is needed, and we venture to add imperatively needed, is the institution of a school which shall stand in the same relation to pure literature, to poetry, oratory, and criticism, as the present school of history stands to history, and as the present school of Literæ Humaniores stands to philosophy. In both these schools, in the former as it is about to be constituted, in the latter as it always has been constituted, the historical and philosophical classics of the old world are most properly associated with those of the new. No hard-and-fast line is drawn between philosophers and historians who write in Greek or Latin, and philosophers and historians who write in English. Both are studied not for the light which they may happen to throw collaterally on the structure and history of language, but for the light which they throw on the subjects which are severally treated by them. Herodotus and Thucydides are accordingly included in the same curriculum as Clarendon and Gibbon. The Republic and the Ethics are read side by side with the essay on the Human Understanding and the Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals. Thus not only are the masterpieces of ancient and modern philosophy brought home to the student, but their relations to each other are rendered intelligible. 'The work,' says the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, 'which I have come to do is to point out that the work of Kleisthenes, of Licinius, of Simon of Montfort, are parts of one living whole, a whole of which every stage needs to be grasped by the same faculties, to be studied by the same methods.' Why, we would ask, should not the same view be taken of the work of Sophocles and Shakspeare, of Cicero and Burke? Are they not also 'parts of one living whole'? Is not poetry, poetry; oratory, oratory; criticism, criticism in whatever language they may be expressed? And is not the study of literature the study of its development generally, and of its masterpieces particularly? Why the works of a philosopher or a historian who writes in a classical language should be studied as illustrating philosophy and history, while the works of a poet or of an orator who writes in a classical language should be regarded as mere material for construing,—why University men should be expected

pected to know in what way modern metaphysics have been affected by Plato and modern ethics by Aristotle, and should not be expected to know in what way modern poetry has been affected by Homer and Horace, and modern oratory by Demosthenes and Cicero—we cannot understand. But of one thing we are quite sure, that it is high time, both in the interests of classical literature and of our own literature, to take this question into serious consideration, and to see whether the institution of such a school, or of some school similar to such a school as we have suggested, be indeed practicable. What the nation has a right to expect from the Universities is, that they should provide as adequately for the dissemination of literary culture as they have provided for other branches of education. And this we contend they can never do if, on the one hand, for the study of the two leading and master literatures of the world, the literatures which are and must always be the basis of the education of which we are speaking, they substitute the study of what certain educational theorists are pleased to call modern equivalents; and if, on the other hand, they continue to exclude our own literature from their curriculum.

Of the necessity of the Universities directing their attention to this important subject, no further proof is required than the contrast between the high standard of classical, historical, and scientific teaching throughout the kingdom and the deplorably low standard, all but universal, in the teaching of English literature. In many places it is degraded into mere cram-work, into prescribing so many pages of a primer or manual to be got by heart. In other places it goes no further than the purely philological study of single works. If a more enlightened exegesis is anywhere employed, it is the result of simple accident. And what is true of the standard of teaching is true of the standard of production. A work analogous to the work which stands at the head of this article would, we believe, in any other department of learning and culture, be impossible. One tithe of its blunders and absurdities would have ruined instantly a book treating of Greek or Roman poetry, or discussing some point in modern history. No one indeed can compare an average review or magazine article on a classical, a historical, or a scientific subject, with an average article dealing with a purely literary subject, without being struck with the immense superiority of the former to the latter. The first we feel to be the work of a man who has had an efficient training, who is master of his subject, who is possessed with his subject, and who is conscious that he is addressing readers who will meet him halfway. In the second, we are fortunate if we do not find

find all the indications of half-knowledge and of gross ignorance, and of half-knowledge and gross ignorance conscious of being able to assume without detection the garb and semblance of intelligence and learning. An editor of a scientific or historical Review has not the least difficulty in finding contributors who are able to write up to the high level required in such subjects. It is notorious that editors of literary Reviews are constantly under the necessity of accepting articles, the inferiority of which they are themselves the first to admit. For the existence of this extraordinary anomaly, the Universities, and the Universities only, are responsible. We owe it to them—and it is to their honour—that the standard is so high, and those who maintain it so numerous in the one case. We owe it to them—and it is not to their credit, that the standard is so low, and those anxious to raise it so few, in the other case. And till they are prepared to take active measures, and to extend to the study of literature, and especially to the study of our vernacular literature, the protection they have extended to other branches of education—so long will this state of things continue; so long will mediocrity, sciolism, and ignorance prevail; so long will our presses continue to pour forth such books as the book on which we have been animadverting, and so long will our leading literary journals continue to pronounce them 'volumes not to be glanced over and thrown aside, but to be read twice and consulted often.'

ART. II.—1. *Sport.* By W. Bromley-Davenport. London, 1886.
2. *The Badminton Library.* Edited by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G. Fishing: by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. London, 1886.
3. *Salmon Problems.* By Willis Bund. London, 1885.
4. *Autumns on the Spey.* By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.S. London, 1872.
5. *Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Inspector of Fisheries (England and Wales).*
6. *The Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle, attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, reprinted from the Book of St. Albans.* London, 1827.

IN a highly critical age it is dangerous to affirm the authorship of even well-known works, and we are not disposed to examine whether the quaint 'Treatyse of Fyshynge with an Angle,' one of the earliest if not the earliest of the many essays on the subject extant in English, was or was not by Dame Juliana Berners. It suffices us to point out the ever-growing support attaching to the contention with which the quaint little work opens. 'Which ben,' asks the author, 'the meanes and the causes that enduce a man into a merry spyryte: Truly to my beste dyscrecon it seemeth good dysportes and honest games in whom a man Joyeth without ony repentannce after.' It would be rash to assert that there are no sports and games of their joy in which many have much repentance, but the popularity of such of our national pastimes as need no 'sermons and soda-water the day after' is happily always on the increase.

For his or her preference of angling over other sports the writer of the treatise we have quoted advances wisely grotesque reasons:

> 'Huntynge is toe laboryous, for the hunter must alwaye renne and folowe his houndes: traueyllynge and swetynge full sore, and blowynge tyll his lyppes blyster.' . . . 'Hawkynge is laboryous and noyouse also as me seemyth.'

and

> 'Fowlynge is greuous.' But the 'angler maye haue no colde nor dysease nor angre but if he be causer hymself. For he may not lese at the moost, but a lyne or an hoke . . . and other greyffes may he not have, sauynge but yf ony fysshe breke away after that he is take on the hoke, or elles that he catche nought . . . and yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walk and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of *the swete* sauoure of the meede floures. . . . Thus have I prouyed in

in myn entent that the dysporte and game of anglynge is the very meane and cause that enduceth a man in a merry spyryte.'

The writer knows nought of fishing in its present development. The angling discussed in the 'Treatise' was the quiet and contemplative art in which Izaak Walton delighted, rather than the active and exciting pursuit which, in one at least of the most popular of Scotch country houses, has made the attractions of the forest and moor subordinate to those of the river. And it is to considerations unsuspected in the 'Treatyse' that we are inclined to attribute the hold which salmon-fishing has upon the affections of a generation sadly apt to suffer from satiety. Two of these we may mention. Salmon-fishing will never pall, because of its uncertainty. In all other sports the possibility of forecasting the amount of success obtainable under given conditions is greater than it is in salmon-fishing; and this adds a zest which will ever be attractive so long as the sporting instincts of Englishmen are as wholesome and as reasonable as they are now. Secondly, there can be no coercion in salmon-fishing. Birds and beasts of all kinds are taken by the *force majeure* of the hunter. Their means of escape are limited to avoidance of attack. In salmon-fishing (and of course under that head we do not include practices of snatching or leistering, both of which are illegal), unless the fish performs a substantive act of his own volition—to wit, taking the bait—he is not captured. Herein is a cause which frees salmon-fishing from the assaults of the most tender-hearted and refined moralist. The salmon becomes a prey by the performance of an act of depredation.

καὶ σ' εἷλε θηρῶνθ' ἡ τυχὴ

the successful fisher might say to him. He is the biter bit, the 'desolator desolate, the victor overthrown.' Man is a beast of prey, and unquestionably most of his favourite pursuits have for their object the destruction of animal life. But of all such pursuits, and of all such destroying of life, the least objectionable, even from the ultra-humanitarian point of view, is the capture of salmon by angling.

Of the first of these characteristics we find a thorough appreciation in the lively and interesting volume which we have placed at the head of the works referred to in this article. The late Mr. Bromley-Davenport was a thorough sportsman in every sense of the word. He was not one of those who measured success by mere quantity. To him the value of an achievement depended much upon the difficulties to be overcome; and in the four pleasant Essays upon Fox-hunti

Salmon-fishing, Covert-shooting, and Deer-stalking, included in the volume before us, he presents a picture of English sport in the form in which it is most likely to maintain its hold upon our national ideas, and to exercise a useful influence upon our national character.

'It is the unknown,' he tells us, 'which constitutes the main charm and delight of every human creature's life. Uncertainty is the salt of existence. . . . Whatever is reduced to a certainty ceases to charm, and but for the element of risk or chance—uncertainty, in short—not only every sport or amusement, but even every operation and transaction of this world, would be tame and irksome. If we foreknew the result we would seldom do anything, and would eventually be reduced to the condition of the bald, toothless, toeless, timid, sedentary, and incombative man of the future, foreshadowed recently by a very advanced writer.'

Salmon-fishing has this charm in a very high degree, and we are not sure that Mr. Bromley-Davenport was justified in ranking fox-hunting above it. It is absolutely impossible to predict what will be the result of any day's fishing. If a man is not prepared to meet with disappointment he had better not be a salmon-fisher. The causes which conduce to failure are in themselves multitudinous. The river is too high or too low, the water too thick or too clear; the weather too stormy, or the sunshine too bright; the fish have been too long in the river, or they are swimming up it; the wind is in the wrong quarter, or there is thunder about. These, and many other such, are conditions which discourage hope. But more than this. There are few salmon-fishers who have not had their spirits raised to the highest pinnacle by the conditions of the day, to find themselves reduced ere evening to a state of blank despondency. The conditions may have been perfect; water, weather, and fish, may all have been in such a state as to lead to the anticipation of great success; and yet the end of a hard day's fishing has found the angler with nothing whatever to show in return for his wearied shoulder and stiff back. On the other hand, success comes when least expected. On the Tweed, on one occasion, an experienced fisherman was waiting for a brother angler to go with him to a distant pool. With him was a tyro who had never thrown a fly, and who, with some persuasion, was induced to try a few casts. With his first he produced web-like circles of gut on the water; his second sent the fly out fairly straight; with his third he hooked and killed one of the largest and best salmon seen for several seasons on the Tweed.

'Cuivis dolori remedium patientia,' must certainly be the true angler's motto. Without patience, persistent and unfailing, no

no one can succeed as a salmon-fisher. He must be discouraged by no failure however prolonged, crushed by no disaster however severe. How great may be an angler's trials Mr. Bromley-Davenport graphically describes, when he tells us how after a three hours' fight with 'an ideal monster of his dreams'—we may trust Mr. Bromley-Davenport, although the lost fish are ever large—he brings him within easy reach of the gaffer, who, demoralized and unnerved by the presence of the largest salmon he has ever seen, misses him, once, twice, thrice, and then

'a deadly sickness comes over me as the rod springs straight and the fly dangles useless in the air. Is it possible? Is it not a hideous nightmare? But two minutes ago blessed beyond the lot of angling man—on the topmost pinnacle of angling fame. The practical possessor of the largest salmon ever taken with a rod, and now, deeper than ever plummet sounded, in the depths of dejection.'

Those who have had less trials can well understand how his mind, already depressed, yielded 'to the influence of the hour and went to zero;' and how 'despondency—the hated spirit—descended from her foggy cloud and was his inseparable companion all the way home.' But those also who know of how sterling an Englishman Mr. Bromley-Davenport's too early death deprived his country and the world of sport, can have no difficulty in asserting, that the hated spirit had no long sway, but that ere another day had dawned hope once more sprang eternal in the human breast, and the chances of success were once more seen in a rosy light.

It is not in anglers to command success, and no amount of preparation and care make sure of the huge bags which are feasible enough in the case of pheasants, partridges, or even grouse. But remarkable feats have been performed, and we are able to give particulars of some of the most notable of these. Seven years ago three Englishmen found themselves on the banks of the grand Cascapedia river, in the Province of Quebec. They fished steadily through June and July, after the 19th of which month one of their number left. The other two remained for a fortnight more of fishing. Between them they killed 622 salmon, which together weighed 15,648 lbs., and of which 128 were of 30 lbs. and upwards. Their two best days deserve special record, as shown in the table on the next page.

The totals of the two days we have referred to, and the individual performance of Mr. Ellis on the 18th of June, will stand out pre-eminently whenever facts of angling are examined. We doubt whether a like result has ever followed fair rod-fishing. It must, however, be remembered that the river, which yielded

			Total.	Weight.
1879				
June 16 ..	Hon. C. Ellis	37, 28, 28, 28, 26, 26, 25, 25, 25, 24, 24, 23, 22, 22	14	363
" ..	L. Iveson	37, 26, 25, 25, 24, 24, 22, 12, 10	9	205
" ..	Captain G. A. Percy ..	32, 32, 31, 30, 29, 29, 29, 28, 26, 25, 25, 9 ..	12	325
				893
July 11 ..	Hon. C. Ellis	34, 32, 29, 28, 25, 25, 24, 24, 24, 24, 24, 23, 22, 22, 22, 20, 13	17	415
..	L. Iveson	36, 36, 31, 29, 26, 25, 25, 25, 24, 23, 22, 11, 10	13	323
" ..	Captain G. A. Percy ..	31, 31, 28, 25, 25, 24	6	164
				927
June 18 ..	Hon. C. Ellis	38, 36, 36, 32, 32, 32, 31, 30, 24, 24, 24, 22, 22, 21, 21, 20, 20	17	465

such extraordinary sport, had not been over-fished, and that the skill and perseverance of the anglers had the advantage of comparatively virgin soil. The Cascapedia will probably always be a productive river. This year the present Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, got four fish, averaging thirty-four pounds, in a short evening. But it is not likely that the yield of 1879 will be equalled. At home the rivers in all parts of the United Kingdom are, even as regards the most closely-preserved waters, sedulously fished, and similar results can hardly be expected. For salmon, like other animals, learn by experience. 'Salmon,' says Sir H. Davy in his 'Salmonia,' 'appear to me to learn, when they have been some time in the river, that the artificial fly is not food even without being touched by the hook.' The fish in a river, where day after day flies of all patterns are played in all fashions, become shy, and will not rise. And a fish on his return to a well-fished river is, we imagine, more easily brought to a state of shyness than when the waters he frequents are not haunted by artificial lures. Nevertheless remarkable sport has occasionally been yielded. On 'Sprouston Dub,' on the Tweed, two rods, fishing alternate hours, killed on October 29th, 1884, sixteen salmon and one grilse thus:—

First

First Rod. G. D. W.		*Second Rod.* R. D. B.	
1st hour	18 lbs.	21 lbs.	2nd hour.
	19 „	13 „	
3rd hour	25 „	16 „	4th hour.
	23 „	20 „	
5th hour	18 „	8 „	6th hour.
	20 „	18 „	
	27 „	29 „	
7th hour	20 „	18 „	
		24 „	8th hour.
8 Fish, 170 lbs.		9 Fish, 167 lbs.	

Sprouston Dub is a favourite pool. In October 1873, a single rod killed 13 salmon and 3 grilse, weighing 332 lbs.; and next month a still more successful angler got 21 fish, weighing 370 lbs.

On the lower part of the Upper Merton water, also on the Tweed, Mr. Farquhar got 18 fish on November 9th, 1885. Weights: 24, 21, 21, 20, 20, 19, 19, 18, 17, 17, 16, 16, 10, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6 lbs.

November 10, Lord Brougham, 17 fish.
„ 11, Mr. Farquhar, 11 fish.
„ 12, Lord Brougham, 12 fish.
„ 13, Mr. Farquhar, 10 fish.
„ 14, Lord Brougham, 4 fish.

Altogether in the whole week Mr. Farquhar got 51 fish, and Lord Brougham 44.

On 28th of September, 1885, at Taymount on the Tay, the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell killed 6 salmon and 14 grilse.

But perhaps if the condition of the fish caught is considered, as well as the sport they afford, the best rod-fishing in the United Kingdom is that in the lower portion of the Spey. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon fishes about ten miles of water above and below Gordon Castle; and here, in the months of September and October, a run of perfectly fresh fish, often of great weight, occurs every year. In the first nine days of one notable October, 210 fish were landed, the details of the best day being as follows:—

'21, 18, 18, 11, 9; 9½; 14, 15, 11; 20, 17, 14, 11; 27, 17½, 8½; 23; 29, 21, 14; 23, 10, 9, 9; 22, 18, 17, 17, 16, 15, 15, 10½, 10, 10, 9; 21, 20, 20, 16; 19½, 18, 11, 9, 8; 17, 16 lbs. Total, 46 fish. 714½ lbs.'

In 1885 the results were even better. On the 18th of September, 11 rods killed 34 fish, the heaviest weighing 27 lbs.;

ten

ten days afterwards, 11 rods killed 42 fish, the heaviest 28 lbs.; and on October 8th in the same year, 15 rods killed 54 fish, the heaviest 31 lbs. These results are wonderfully good, even when we bear in mind the fact that the anglers, among whom were several ladies, were both experienced and skilful.

As regards size of individual fish, it is highly probable that the largest fish of all are rarely captured by a rod. A few years ago, however, Lord Ruthven killed on the Tay a fish of 52 lbs. In 1885, as we learn from the recent Report of the Scotch Fishery Board (4th Report, p. lxxix), the largest fish taken by the rod on the Tay was captured on the Stobhall water and weighed 47 lbs. On the Forth the two largest captured weighed 38 lbs. and 36 lbs. A great number of fine salmon were taken on the Aberdeenshire Dee, which yielded the largest fish of the season to the rod, weighing 57 lbs. It was captured by the keeper on the Ardoe water. Occasionally there appears in a newspaper an account of the capture of exceptionally large fish, but we fear that fish are sadly apt to grow; and unauthorized statements, even if uncontradicted, must be accepted with caution.

As of other pursuits, so of fishing, the methods are many. There are those who maintain that the sole pleasure worth having consists in hooking the fish, and more than one angler has been known who habitually handed his rod to his attendant, from the feeling that the killing of the fish afforded no possible enjoyment. On the other hand, there are some who delight in having the fish hooked for them, and who only wield the rod when there is a fish at the end of the line. Forced to choose between the two, we should unquestionably adopt the former practice. But there is happily no such compulsion. Keen gratification can, we hold, be obtained from both the hooking and the playing of a salmon, and if the river abounds in dangers, it is difficult to say in which portion lies the truer pleasure. Shall we see how the matter presented itself to an experienced sportsman?

On the 14th of October, 1868, Mr. Knox tells us, in the last chapter of his 'Autumns on the Spey,' he was fishing 'the Couperee,' one of the most extensive pools on the upper beat of the lower part of the Spey:

'I was preparing to land, but yielded to the temptation of taking one more cast before doing so, throwing again, therefore, across stream. I anxiously watched the fly as it swept round for the last time; but just as I was on the point of drawing it out, a sudden plunge a few inches below it, followed by the apparition of a huge dorsal fin above the surface, told that I had aroused the attention of a monster, though

though he had not "tasted steel." To stimulate his appetite therefore by delay, I pitched my fly several times higher up, preserving carefully the same length of line, and at last brought it again over him. Every salmon-fisher has experienced the excitement of such a moment, and can sympathize with my feelings after thrice repeating the process in vain. Even a change of fly proved ineffectual, until at last, vexed, shivering, and disappointed, I waded to the shore and sat down sulkily on the bank. Just at that moment the clouds, which had hitherto floated in succession across the sky, disappeared one by one, and for half an hour I basked luxuriously in the warm sunshine, smoked the calumet of peace, and under its soothing influence admired the scenery in the neighbourhood of this beautiful pool.'

After a wait, in which the beauty of the scenery competed with recollection of the back fin of the big fish, Mr. Knox renewed his attention to the latter. The water had fallen and become clearer, and single gut and a smaller fly were necessary:—

'Carefully turning over every leaf of my book I had half decided more than once in selecting one, but as often hesitated when I looked at the diminutive hook, and thought of the giant in whose jaws I fondly hoped to fix it.'

But the choice was made; a spey 'Lassie,' known as 'silver-green,' was selected, tied on a small double hook and attached to a fine cast of single but carefully selected gut. Now for the trial. The place of the fish was marked and the fly carefully brought over him:—

'Yes, he has it this time. A violent chuck under water, that would have infallibly have broken any but the very best gut, and whish-sh-sh, away he went like a runaway horse towards the far side of the river. A momentary pause, and then away went the salmon again up-stream at a tremendous pace, trying to drown the hissing line as it cut its way through the opposing current; and I had to hurry along the bank to outflank him, expecting every moment before I could accomplish that manœuvre the usual spring into the air, and the somersault delivered backwards to break the line. But no; he still continued his rapid course under water, now rather in an oblique direction, and as I had by this time got well above him I was able to wind up quickly, preserving at the same time an equal and steady pressure, but, with due regard to the delicacy of my tackle, neither "showing him the butt," nor allowing the rod itself to descend from the perpendicular. Then followed a succession of tremendous rushes, first across, then up, and finally down stream, which last I encouraged by running with him along the bank, and leading him, as it were, by gentle force, in the same direction. In this way we traversed nearly the entire length of the pool, but, contrary to my expectation, he showed no sign of exhaustion or change of tactics; and not having

yet obtained even a glimpse of him to enable me to guess his weight I began to think I had foul-hooked a very heavy fish, that his capture would, under any circumstances, be a work of considerable time, and that if he should continue his present downward course a little longer and get into the tail of the Couperee, and through a swift and turbulent reach into the Laird's pool, beset with sunken trees and snags, the chances were all against success. Fortunately, however, just as these forebodings were on the point of being realised, down he went to the very bottom and stopped. Not a moment was now to be lost. Five minutes' rest would restore all his previous power and activity; but a succession of boulders discharged, and with unerring aim, by the hand of Simon, and falling within a foot or two of his position, failed to rouse him from his sulky fit. So winding up quickly and advancing at the same time into the water rather below my fish, where I found a sound, gravelly bottom, I was enabled to wade within a few yards of the spot, and with a short line attempted to lift him, as it were, to the surface. In the event of a salmon being foul-hooked, this manœuvre is very generally fruitless; but if the fly is fixed within the jaws, it is seldom a failure, and to my delight its effect on the present occasion was instantaneous. Off he went again towards the other side of the river, and then once more faced the stream. Now hurrying out of the water as quickly as possible, and scrambling up the bank, I got well above him, and at last I could feel that his strength was beginning to fail, as, notwithstanding the weight, I was able to increase the pressure of the rod without opposition until I had wound up about forty yards of line spun out during his last run. Now he moved again submissively down stream, but suddenly, when I least expected it, it made one final desperate effort and rushed right over to a shallow at the other side of the pool where he had not been before; but quickly yielding to the rod, his back fin and the upper part of his tail appeared above the surface, showing, though but for a few seconds, his enormous proportions, before he rolled heavily into the deep water, as I gradually but steadily drew him towards the shore. Just at this moment I felt almost sure of success, as he was now comparatively reduced to obedience, when an unexpected crisis suddenly arrived.

'A little below the fish, but nearer to me, I caught a glimpse of a small stump—a fragment of a submerged tree—projecting above the surface. In a few seconds all would be over unless I could force him to this side before the stream carried the line across it. Then, indeed, I ventured—in Irish parlance—to "show him the butt," winding up, and walking backwards at the same instant, with my heart in my mouth at that trying moment. It was "touch and go." The slightest effort on the part of the descending giant would have ensured his immediate escape, but how can I describe my delight as he passed between me and the terrible stump, although but a few inches from the latter! The rest may be briefly told. The double hook, though of Lilliputian proportions and severely tested, had proved faithful, and I felt sufficient confidence in the nature and tenacity

tenacity of its hold to warrant me in bringing matters to a speedy conclusion. A few more ineffectual efforts to return to the stream, and again I led my captive to the water's edge, where Simon was already cowering under the bank, clip in hand, watching like a tiger in his lair for the supreme moment. It came at last. A splash, a plunge, and a fierce struggle succeeded, and throwing down the rod, I assisted him in landing an enormous salmon in beautiful order and of perfect proportions. Both barbs of the "silver-green" were fixed inside the mouth, one of them securely, while the other had been considerably bent backwards, and had nearly lost its hold. Weight, forty-three pounds; length, forty-six inches; girth, twenty-six.'

This is spirited writing, and gives convincing proof that there are circumstances under which the play of a salmon can yield excitement to any but the most jaded mind. Were it necessary to appeal to further authority, we might refer to the graphic passage in which Mr. Bromley-Davenport describes an encounter on a Norway river, or the pleasant pages in which Mr. Scrope chronicles his growing skill.

We have said that the methods of salmon-fishing are various. You may be one of a number of rods on a subscription water. The fish, stopped by a fall, swarm in the river reach in front of you, which runs through the outskirts of a town. The bank is carefully and accurately divided into portions. Your share may be only twenty yards, and is not likely to be more than fifty. You fish your portion ploddingly. If you are wise, you will reserve your full efforts until you see another rod bent. Then you will know the salmon are on the move, and will spare no pains with fly, or prawn, or minnow. If you hook a fish, you will kill him in your own water, and you will begin again in its limited space. On a good day you may kill several fish, but at the end of it you will find it not easy to satisfy yourself which has given you the least gratification, the hooking or the playing of your salmon.

Or you may be in a boat on a broad and mighty river. With a companion you recline comfortably, prepared, as regards clothing, for every vicissitude of weather. A novel or a newspaper helps you to resist ennui. From the stern of the boat three rods protrude. Carefully two rowers keep the boat working stern foremost, steadily down stream. Across and across they row, so manœuvring that the flies or minnows fish every likely portion of the water. A coil of each line is round a smooth flat stone. Suddenly one or other of these stones is jerked from its place, and the point of the rod is seen to bend furiously. You or your comrade, as lot or agreement may have determined, seize the butt. Your fish has either hooked himself

firmly or escapes. The river is large and free from obstacles, and when you are landed to play him, you have little to do except to exercise the ordinary give and take which is within the competence of any angler for pike or carp. You kill or lose your fish; re-enter your boat; re-open your novel; and the sport begins anew. In the credit for every capture you have the least possible share. The boatmen have worked your flies, the fish has hooked himself. You contribute nothing to the solution of the difficulties which have confronted you, save the winding of your reel. You need know nothing of the river, or of the habits of its denizens. The chances are that your flies are selected for you. It is even possible that a rise may be, if you dared confess it, an unwelcome intrusion on a pleasant passage in your novel, or an interesting paragraph in your paper.

Or you may find yourself, on a warm spring morning, on the banks of an unknown stream. The exigencies of the case forbid the attendance of a keeper, or even a watcher cognizant of the river. Broadly, its peculiarities have been made known to you; but its details you must find for yourself. A comrade has another beat, and to the keen desire of a sportsman is added something of the emulation of a rival. A laddie carries your gaff, but you soon find he can be of no other use. He is loud in his praise of every fly you show him, and he would not dissuade you from fishing a part of the river where it is obvious that no salmon could lie. So you have to trust entirely to your general knowledge, and are absolutely ignorant whether the pool you decide to commence with is not too high or too low, and whether the fly you select has ever killed on the river. Carefully you look at the colour of the water, and try to judge its depth. Anxiously you turn over the leaves of your book and choose a lure which you consider suited to the day. If you are wise, you pick out a Jock Scot, or some such general fly, which you have proved at all times and in all seasons. You fish your stream, by no means assured that, when you describe to those who know it your first sphere of operations, you will not be told that you might well have spared your pains. Your efforts are resultless, and you hesitate whether to fish the stream again with another fly or to seek another pool. You are not disquieted that no casual rise of a fish has given you help, for you foster the belief, that when fish are not continually showing themselves they are more likely to take. At the head of the next pool a flounce, and the apparition of a head and tail brings your heart into your mouth. There has been no touch, so you bide your time and try again. It may be that the moment your

your fly touches the water, it may be that not until you have worked it well to your own side of the river, a swirl and a chuck announce that the first part of your work is done. Your fish is hooked, and you can feel he is well hooked. But now your want of local knowledge tells. In vain you seek a glimmer of information from your laddie. He is hopelessly complimentary, and uselessly excited. Your fish is strong and active, fresh run, as full soon you see. Gradually you overcome his struggles, and guide him to where you hope to use your gaff. Alas for your confidence! You have steered him to the very place which any one who knew the river would have bade you avoid. Far into the river, and deeply hidden in its wave, extends from the very portion of the bank you have selected as the scene of your victory a sunken tree. In a moment the varying pull of the salmon is changed for a dull even strain, as heavy and monotonous as the despair which ousts your excited hope. Not only do you lose your fish, but you are forced to ascertain by sheer strength which is the weakest part of your line, and you find it to be several feet from your fly. Persevering, and perhaps even encouraged by what has occurred, you try again, and are not cast down when on three several occasions a tight line has resulted in the landing of a hideous kelt. At lunch you find your creel empty and your friend triumphant, and when you part from him you have much lee way to make up if you would equal his doings. Then haply your luck changes. In the tail of a swift stream, where it broadens out before another white rapid, you hook a fish. From his place he is not likely to be a kelt, and a distant leap shows you the broad silvery side of a fresh-run salmon of great weight. He does not mean to come sluggishly in to gaff. His runs are swift and strong, and soon his intention of going down is so determined as to foil your utmost administration of the butt. Follow him you must, and as the rapid he descends is long and heavy, you have to use no slight speed to keep up with him. To-morrow morning you will feel the pain of a shin barked against a trunk over which you stumble. Now you heed it not. Rod in hand you have to jump an intervening current, and reck not of the consequent wetting. Onward you go, impetuous and keen. Half a mile below where you hooked your fish you get on terms with him, and shout for your laddie with the gaff. He is some way behind you, and you are on tenterhooks till he comes. When he arrives you find him ignorant of its use, and you have to play your fish till he is quite exhausted, and by holding your rod far over your right shoulder you can bring him floating helplessly on his side within reach of your left arm.

arm. Almost breathless, you plant the blow, and dropping your rod, drag your prey ashore. Then for a moment you enjoy to the full the truest pleasure which sport can yield. You have pitted your cunning against that of a wily foe, with weapons the least ill-use of which would have shivered them in your hands. You have overthrown great strength exercised in its own element. The victory is yours alone. Though you share your whisky-flask with your laddie, you alone drink the cup of triumph to the dregs. Awhile you rest, watching the circles rising from your pipe, or glorying in the shining beauties of your fish. And then, for there are still two hours of daylight before you, you mount a new cast and betake yourself once more to work. More sport may await you, another and another fish may pay tribute to your skill. But even should this not be so, yet, as you help the laddie to carry home your only fish, you feel that the day has brought its full share of honest pleasure, and that you deserve the congratulations which greet your return.

Or, once more, you may be, with many others, guest of a kindly host who loves to share his fishing with his friends. In the evening a long length of river is divided between the several rods, upon principles carefully decided by the host. One of many, you sally forth after breakfast attended by a fisherman, or at least a gillie who knows every inch of the river. Your walk to your pool is enlivened by an interesting discussion of your prospects, or a still more interesting chat over the habits and peculiarities of the salmon, in which it will be remarkable if you do not add something practical to your store of knowledge. Everything you do throughout the day is done in consultation with a competent adviser. You are told where the fish lie. 'He ought to rise whaur yon stane makes a bile in the wather.' And as your fly comes over the place, the chances are that the fact justifies the opinion. Your time is saved by information that a likely-looking piece of water is too high or too low, or that the bottom is not such that fish remain there. Constant study, and a practical capacity for making use of experience, has made your attendant thoroughly up to every device. You must fish this pool in one way, that in another; you are not to 'pit off much time' here, you are to fish carefully there. When playing a fish you are bothered with no incoherent ejaculations, but coolly uttered cautions assist you to avoid dangers unapparent to yourself. Terse reasons, which you will do well to accept without much argument, are given for every counsel offered. Theory you may not find dialectically sustained, but you are sure to glean facts which will be useful to your own generalizations.

tions. Whatever actual success you may attain, you may be sure that you return a better fisherman than you were.

The varieties of enjoyment might be multiplied. We might dwell on the pains of spinning the minnow, or, in Ireland, the collioch; on the duller care of fishing with a bunch of worms; on the rare delight which follows the hooking of a mighty salmon when you are only seeking the gentle trout. But we have said enough for our purpose, and care not to analyse further the differences in the sport, and the joys thereof, yielded by varying rivers.

Like medicine fishing is an inexact science, because it is impossible at will to reproduce phenomena; and none of the writers on angling have collected sufficient data to justify any very certain opinion as to the habits and desires of salmon. Little positively is known of the causes which induce fish to take. Negatively every salmon-fisher of experience knows that in most rivers, if not in all, it is little use fishing when the water is growing, and that the prevalence of certain winds is against success. If there is a glare on the water, or if, as we once heard a canny Scotch keeper express it, there are 'mony of they white cloods about,'* you are not encouraged to be hopeful. If the water has fallen low and is technically 'stale,' fish who have been a long time in their pools are not eager to feed. In a dirty flood it is almost hopeless. Even if the river is what in many parts of Scotland is known as 'drummly,' there is not much chance. On the other hand, when 'she' is falling after a flood or spate, and when the fish have settled lately in their pools, there is, especially if the barometer is rising, a better prospect. At the commencement of rain and just *before* the water rises, there is often a period of much success. As a rule, a dark day with a soft southerly or westerly wind is desirable. But on the other hand, on some rivers, and notably on some portions of the Boyne in Ireland, the old proverb that,

> 'When the wind's in the east
> It's neither good for man nor beast.'

does not hold good. In the spring and late autumn,† snow-water chills the fish and keeps them down, but during a snowstorm fish have often been abundantly killed. These are broad lines of knowledge, obtainable with more or less ease. But there is much beyond, of which as yet little is understood. Over and over again, the most likely day has ended in the most complete failure. Often also a period of blank has suddenly and for no

* Mr. Scrope calls them 'Pouthered Lawyers.'

† In this country, not of course in Norway or Canada.

explicable

explicable reason been followed by a period in which it has seemed as if every fish were on the feed. And sometimes a comparison of experience has shown that this change has occurred at the same time in a considerable length of water. Sometimes also it happens that nearly every fish that rises to the fly is gaffed; oftener that fish after fish escapes after a contest varying from one pull to five or six minutes. The latter circumstance is usually explained on the theory that the fish are rising short, but what rising short is, or why sometimes fish should take the supposed insect well into their mouths and at other times should only lay hold of it with their lips, we are still at a loss to guess, and hunger does not, all things considered, offer a satisfactory reason. An accurate collection of notes as to the temperature of the water and other circumstances, under which fish have been successfully taken, might perhaps diminish the ignorance which is, after all, inseparable from a pursuit where facts must be examined as they chance to occur.

Under the editorship of the Duke of Beaufort, a series of volumes has recently been published designed to supply the want of a 'modern Encyclopædia, to which the inexperienced man who seeks for guidance in the practice of the various British Sports and Pastimes can turn for information.' The volumes are full of interesting information, from which the expert, as well as the inexperienced man, may usefully seek to increase his knowledge of the intricacies of his favourite sport. The volume on fishing, which lies before us, has been compiled by Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell, and contains a paper on 'Salmon-fishing with a fly,' by Major John P. Traherne. Mr. Pennell's pages are full of carefully compiled details as to the implements used in angling. In these implements modifications have from time to time been introduced, but their nature is after all much the same as it was in the days of yore. The rod which Dame Juliana Berners teaches us how to make is not the rod of modern days, but is certainly father to it. The butt was 'a fayr staff of hasyll, willowe, or aspe;' the middle joint of 'greene hasyll,' and the top of 'blacke thorne, crabbe tree, medeler, or of jenypre, well belteyd and streyghte.' The rod which she teaches us craftily to make was so framed that the joints fitted into the butt. 'Thus shall ye make you a rodde soo prevy that ye may walk therwyth, and there shall noo man wyte where aboute ye goo.' Rods of this telescopic form are made even now, and, we regret to say, not unfrequently for the same motive of privity. But for the butts of ordinary rods, hickory and greenheart are now preferred, and lancewood is available for the tops. Upon the shape and make of salmon-rods there is absolutely no agreement.

ment. Between the stiff-butted Kelso rods and the 'Castle Connell' greenhearts, or the Spey rods, which bend even from the winch-fitting, who shall decide? Certainly not ourselves, especially as rods well adapted for overhand casting are not always suitable for the Switch or the 'Spey cast.' One opinion only shall we express, which is that the undoubted merits of the rods recently introduced by our American cousins, made of small pieces of split bamboo most carefully and scientifically joined, are extravagantly purchased at the sum charged per rod. A rod which can be purchased at from eighteenpence to three shillings a foot will suffice for most requirements. A rod costing twenty-five or thirty pounds should, and we think must, remain an 'objet de luxe.' Mr. Pennell is of opinion that it is a mere question of time how soon our fly-rods are made entirely of steel. We confess an attachment to hickory or greenheart sufficiently strong to foster the hope, that the time referred to may be still far off.

In lines we have made great advances since the days of Dame Berners. Of silkworm-gut we find no mention in her treatise. The lines therein advocated are made of the 'longest herres and fayrest that ye can fynde of a whyte horse taylle.' These hairs are twisted or plaited, dyed a suitable colour, and tied by a 'water knot' or a 'duchess knot,' for specimens of which we seek in vain in the treatise. Plaited hair was for long a favourite material for reel-lines; and even now there are many anglers who use it in preference to all else. But its tendency to kink and to split has, with the majority of fishermen, increased the demand for silk lines, in the making of which the Americans are running our best manufacturers very hard. Silkworm-gut has long taken the place of hair for casting-lines. In itself the word is a misnomer. 'The substance,' Mr. Pennell tells us, 'out of which gut is formed is quite distinct from any of the organs of digestion, and consists of two thin capsules or lobes, of a liquid substance, lying longitudinally in the silkworm's belly. The liquid substance is, in fact, the silk before it has been spun by the silkworm.' The substance is taken from the worm at the period when it is preparing to spin, by a process which, sad to say, results in the death of the caterpillar. Herein is the pity of it. A substance which can only be obtained by the death of the animal producing it, of which animal it is only a small portion, is both costly and unsatisfactory in its process. Time was when honey could only be obtained from beehives by the destruction of the bees. Considerations of economy and of humanity have led to the discovery of processes by which this destruction of animal life

life is rendered needless. The demand for silkworm-gut is not likely to grow less, and it may be that a process will some day be found by which the material can be extracted without killing the worm. As to the method of testing, of treating, and of tying gut, many useful facts are set out in the Badminton volume, to which we would that we had space to refer.

Except that modern steel is tough, and better tempered than old steel, there is little to distinguish the hooks of the present from those of 'auld lang syne.' It may, however, not be uninteresting to refer to certain rules given by two experts at intervals of over three centuries. The hardest craft, the learned dame tells us, is 'for to make your hokis.'

'For whose makyng ye must haue fete fyles, thȳn and sharpe and smalle beten: a semy clām of yren: a bender: a payr of longe and smalle tongys: an harde knife somdeale thycke: an anuelde: and a lytyll hamour.—And for smalle fysshe ye shall make your hokes of the smalest quarell nedlys that ye can fynde of stele, and in this wyse. Ye shall put the quarell in a redde charkcole fyre tyll that it be of the same colour that the fyre is. Thenne take hym out and lete hym kele: and ye shall fynde hym well alayd for to fyle. Thenne reyse the berde with your knyfe, and make the poynt sharpe. Thenne alaye hym agayn: for elles he woll breke in the bendyng. Thenne bende hym lyke to the bende fyguryd hereafter in example. And greeter hokes ye shall make in the same wyse of gretter nedles: as broderers nedlis: or taylers: or shomakers nedlis spere poyntes and of shomakers nalles in especyall the beste for grete fysshe. and that they bende atte the poynt whan they ben assayed, for elles they ben not good. Whan the hoke is bendyd bete the hynder ende abrode and fyle it smothe for fretynge of thy lyne. Thenne put it in the fyre agayn: and yeue it an easy redde hete. Then sodaynly quench it in water: and it woll be hard and stronge.'

This was written not later than 1496. In 1828 we find Sir H. Davy telling us—

'The first requisite in hook-making is to find good malleable iron of the softest and purest kind, such as is procured from the nails of old horseshoes. This must be converted by cementation with charcoal into good soft steel, and that into bars or wires of different thickness for different-sized hooks, and then annealed. For the larger hooks the bars must be made in such a form as to admit of cutting the barbs; and each piece which serves for two hooks is larger at the ends, so that the bar appears in the form of a double-pointed spear, three, four, or five inches long: the bars for the finer hooks are somewhat flattened. The artist works with two files, one finer than the other for giving the point and polishing the hook, and he begins by making the barb, taking care not to cut too deep, and filing on a piece of hard wood, such as box-wood, with a dent to receive the bar, made by the edge of the file. The barb being made, the

the shank is thinned and flattened, and the polishing file applied to it; and by a turn of the wrist round a circular pincers, the necessary degree of curvature is given to it. The hook is then cut from the bar; heated red-hot, by being kept for a moment in a charcoal fire; then plunged, while hot, into cold water; then tempered by being put on iron that has been heated in the same fire till it becomes a bright blue, and, whilst still hot, it is immersed in candle-grease, where it gains a black colour; and then it is finished.'

Probably to the better tempering of the steel, but perhaps also to somewhat improved shape and bend of hooks, is due the decrease in the number of losses now-a-days arising from broken hooks. And as things are at present, perhaps the last place where a salmon-fisher expects a breakage is the hook. That, however, this rule would hold if many anglers followed either Berners or Davy, and made their own hooks, it would, we opine, be dangerous to assert.

On the actual art of fishing it is very difficult to give advice in writing. Skill can only be acquired by experience. There are, however, some hints as to casting and working a fly in the Badminton volume which will be as useful as the kindred hints, which in the companion volume on shooting are well set out by Lord Walsingham and Mr. Stuart Wortley. The methods of casting and of working vary greatly on different rivers. Certain broad rules hold good everywhere, as for instance that the fly should work with its head up stream, and that there should be no unseemly belly of line below the fly. But the method of fishing a narrow throat varies *toto cœlo* from that of fishing a broad tail, and many a fisher who prides himself on his length and straightness of cast, and knows well how to fish the mighty Tay or the broad reaches of the Ness or Spey, finds that he has much to learn if set to fish a small throat, where the lie of the fish is in a space measured by feet and not by yards. In the former, the fly may be cast as far as possible, and the more water that it is brought through the better, always presuming that it is brought through it properly. For it must be remembered that the value of a length of cast depends upon the amount of water which the fly fishes, not upon the amount of air which it traverses. It is not much use making a long cast if several yards of water are passed over by the fly crosswise or head down. Sometimes indeed, though not very often, a fish is attracted by and follows a fly swimming across the stream or even down the current; but as a general rule a fly is not taken unless its tail is down stream, and its feathers and hackle made to expand and contract by being played against the water. And in far the greater number of cases, the fly is taken under water.

In

In a throat a long cast is useless. Enough line must be used to keep the caster out of sight. But the fly must be dropped to a nicety in the far edge of the 'lie,' and made to dwell over the fish, not swish past them in a hurried swirl. Some men fish a throat by the simple resource of keeping the point of the rod steady at an angle above the cast, and letting the current itself take the fly round. This sometimes succeeds, but we doubt whether it is easy to impart by it the peculiar motion which resembles the action of the antennæ of a marine insect in difficulties. The method also of fishing a rapid stream varies from that of fishing a slow current, such as the Thurso in Scotland, parts of the Boyne in Ireland, and parts of the Avon in England. Indeed it is probably true that there is something to be learned on every river, and nothing is more foolish than to under-rate or ignore the advice and information of the local expert. It is rare that a fisherman's store of knowledge cannot be increased by what he can glean from an attendant or keeper who knows his river. But, on the other hand, too slavish an adherence to local directions is an equally great mistake. General knowledge is often a valuable adjunct to particular experience. A man accustomed to the habits and systems of his own river is apt to be prejudiced in favour of them, and it is ill to be the victim of such prejudice. We have frequently known some plan or device, of which we have been told that 'it will not do here,' succeed admirably when all others have failed. As a rule, however, such a device should not be adopted until the methods customary in the place have been tried and found unsuccessful.

A fisherman must be a man of resource, but in this respect, too, there is a mean between undue love of change and a dogged adherence to one procedure. The man who wishes to change his fly every thirty yards is not likely to succeed: nor is he who plods away in the same fashion, and with the same implements, through hour after hour of resultlessness. When a plan has been well tried in vain, something else should be adopted. Some men fish all day with their fly at the top of the water, and not even the accident of hooking a fish when they have stopped playing the rod to talk to a friend or light a cigar, will open their eyes to the fact that they should fish deep. More wise are they, and more likely to kill, who when they find slow playing fail, play their fly tremulously and fast, and *vice versâ*. Change of fly often succeeds, though not so often as the impatient man is apt to fancy. The change should be not only in pattern, but in size. We have known many instances in which the substitution of a small fly for a large one has produced the desired result; but we have also known a few in which, when fishing

fishing with a small fly—and we are speaking of small water—has failed, the putting up of a large one has been successful. The probable explanation is that the fish, which have seen a certain class of lure very often, are not tempted except by something totally different. Generally the chances are that the error made by fishermen is fishing too big; but occasionally it certainly is fishing too small. As to colour, it is well to change. Bright day, bright fly, is the rule now more usually followed than the reverse; but it is unwise to adopt any principle to the exclusion of all others, and judicious but not too impulsive experiment is most likely in the long run to lead to success.

When a fish has risen, but has not touched the hook, the best plan and one now generally adopted is to give him a few minutes' rest, and then to try him with the same fly, and as far as possible with the same style of cast. If he comes again, but short, try him with the same fly a size or two smaller, and if this fails show him one or, at the very most, two other patterns before leaving him for a somewhat lengthened period. Some men having once risen * a fish, are tempted to flog the water in which he is with fly after fly, the usual result of which is that the salmon is frightened and will not stir. If a fish comes first at a fancy fly, it is often well that your first change should be to some such general pattern as Jock Scot or a Doctor; and another good rule is that your second fly should be somewhat less 'showy' than your first. Of the effect of a change of fly, the following instance which came under our observation is a fair proof. An expert fisherman was casting a reach on a river in Ireland behind a lady, and had advanced within a distance which it was not courteous to contract. For amusement, and idly, he made between twenty and thirty casts precisely in the same water, and with no result. He then laid down the rod. A friend took it up, changed the fly, went back about ten or fifteen yards, and, when he reached the water which had been so persistently flogged, he rose and hooked a fish.

When a fish is hooked, though his rushes must on no account be checked, it is desirable to keep as much as possible directly opposite to him, and with this object he must be followed. If the line is touched during a rush, the result is a cut finger, a break away, or both; but a useful method of putting on a drag is by placing two fingers on the revolving wheel, care being taken not to apply too much friction. As a rule, the less line out the better, and therefore the good fisher always tries to keep

* To 'rise' a fish is technically, if not grammatically, more correct than 'raise' a fish.

as near his fish as he can. When it is impossible to follow a fish, there may occasionally be the absolute necessity of holding fast on the 'pull devil, pull baker' principle. If the fish goes down he must be lost; and therefore the only chance is to turn him. An old hand on a river in Norway once hooked a fish at the extreme tail of a pool above a rapid, down which he could not follow. The fish showed a downward tendency. There was nothing for it but to hold on, and the fisherman lay down on the bank, with his feet towards the fish and the point of his rod over his shoulder. The line was strong and the cast double-gut; but the strain for a time was tremendous, and the contest between the fish and torrent on one side, and angler and rod on the other, was severe. Something had to give way, and the fish did. Mr. Scrope refers to a similar but probably less desperate struggle on the Mackerston water of the Tweed. Such extreme expedients are seldom necessary; but the good angler will know when they are, just as the good whist-player knows when to break all rule; and sometimes they will result in the capture of a fish which would, with ordinary treatment, have escaped.

We believe that more fish are lost by being too gentle with them than by being too severe. When fish are taking well, it is not difficult to resist the temptation to gentleness. If a fish under such circumstances breaks, it does not involve the loss of what is probably the only chance of the day. But when a long day's flogging has been at last followed by a solitary rise, it requires some nerve to be sufficiently hard on a fish. Yet undue gentleness not only loses time, and thereby increases the chapter of accidents, but also tends to loose the hold of a lightly-hooked fish. If a fish is well-hooked, come in he must. If not well-hooked, the less time he is on the better.

Sulking is met by various methods. If a boat is available, the angler should be rowed over the fish, and the fish lifted. If not, a blow struck on the butt of rod held taut, imparts a jar to the mouth of the fish which will often make him run. A few well-directed stones have the same effect, but there is this danger, that the stone might hit the line and loose the hold. When a fish jumps, the point of the rod should be dropped for an instant, and raised again directly the fish touches the water. The most dangerous moments in the play of a fish are the first and the last. Few anglers have failed to experience the anxiety which ensues when a fish remains on the top of the water, shaking his head, and many is the fish who has 'jiggered' himself free by this method. If, after jiggering, he goes down and the hook still holds, he is probably firmly hooked and not likely to escape. Jiggering is best met by a firm and not too strong

strong strain, but, after all, the angler has little influence on the proceedings at this crisis. When a fish is beat and is being brought to gaff, much caution is necessary. The fish is being towed in as a dead weight, and no little force must be applied, especially if the fish is heavy. But the angler should be carefully on the watch for a dying struggle, and ready to loosen the strain if the salmon makes a final effort. Over-confidence at the end of a struggle has probably lost more fish than any other form of mistake. The dangers in this stage are forcibly depicted in Mr. Bromley-Davenport's description of his contests with his two big fish. The above are a few of the simpler and most generally useful rules, but the circumstances attending the play of a salmon are so various, that it is impossible to lay down any absolute method which will meet them all. In salmon-fishing there is an absence of all monotony, and every day's sport adds something to the knowledge of the observant angler.

The natural history of salmon affords a field for the investigation of many questions of equal interest and difficulty, upon each and all of which much has been written and more remains to be found out. The progress of a salmon, from his appearance as a 'queer misshapen creature,' more like a tadpole than a fish, to his death as a mighty king of freshwater fishes, is full of obscurity. And there are few stages in his career as to which, in spite of the many investigations which have been made, it is safe to make positive assertion. It would be hopeless to attempt, within the limits of an article, to examine even the majority of these questions; and we propose only to glance at a few of the more important, and to comment on the light thrown on them by some recent publications. What the difficulties are we may gather from the volume of 'Salmon Problems,' by Mr. Willis Blund, Chairman of the Severn Fishery Board, whose position as such, coupled with his evident love of his subject and great power of observation and analysis, entitles his opinion to respect. It will probably astonish those salmon-fishers who have not made elaborate study of the subject, to learn that Mr. Willis Blund, who admits in his preface that his personal experience of the habits of the salmon has been almost exclusively derived from the Severn and one or two Welsh rivers, and who states that his book does not propose to give a list of all the questions that require solution, nevertheless sets out no less than sixty-two problems as needing investigation; each one of which probably covers one or more minor questions not yet answered.

In a pleasantly written pamphlet, entitled 'The Autobiography of a Salmon,' Mr. George Rooper has attempted, with lighthearted boldness, to set out the career of a salmon,

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'ab ovo usque ad mala.'* But as Mr. Rooper seems to be thoroughly aware of the difficulties and diversity of opinion which surround his subject, it would not be fair to attribute to him more than an expression of his own view of events which may occur. According to this view, a salmon is hatched somewhere in February, goes down to the sea the same spring, and returns as a grilse in the summer or early autumn. Here we are at once plunged into a controversy. To begin with names; there are as many names for the young salmon as there are opinions on their action. Smolts, parr, pink, and pinkeen, are the commoner appellations. But brandling, essling, fingerling, heppers,† graveling, lockspur,‡ samlet, shed, are names given to the active and plucky little creatures, who are the curse of trout-fishers in every river in which there are spawning-beds. Then some authorities hold that they remain in their own river for a year, some that they remain two years. Mr. Buckland, as will be clear from the note below, held that in certain instances they stay till the third year. As smolts §—let us select this name, it is as good as any other—are taken at all times of the year, from the middle of February till the end of September, it is clear that they do not all go down at once. We are inclined to believe with Mr. Willis Blund that there are, in a river fairly well stocked with salmon, smolts of various ages and sizes, and that the time when these fish migrate depends upon various conditions. We believe also that smolts frequently go up before they go down,‖ and that this tendency accounts for the discovery of smolts in waters higher than can be attained by any spawning salmon, as well as for their continuance in fresh water until they reach the weight of several ounces. But, at some time or other during the first three years of their life, the smolts drop down to the sea. An attempt has been made to show that the performance of an operation akin to gelding will so modify the nature of the fish as to admit of its attaining

* We mean no pun. In one sense of the word the mala of *Salmo salar* begin full early.

† Mr. Buckland ('Nineteenth Annual Report,' page 65) says that the Hepper is found in the Dart and many other Devonshire rivers, sometimes as much as three ounces in weight. It is taken all the fishing season. I believe it to be the young of the *Salmo salar* which is remaining the third year in fresh water.

‡ Used by Izaak Walton; now nearly, if not quite, obsolete.

§ Mr. Scrope, in his 'Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing,' seems to incline to a distinction between parr and smolt, referring to parr as becoming smolts when they have changed their scales. This distinction is not always observed, both classes of salmon-fry being called smolts in some rivers and parr in others.

‖ If a smolt be placed in a pool at the bottom of a tiny salmon-ladder, and water let down, the smolt will ascend the ladder, and will do this again and again. This experiment, which is easily tried, proves the upward instinct of the fish, even in its earliest days.

perfection

perfection in fresh water. But the attempt has not met with much success, and Mr. Buckland is justified in his assertion, that 'it is a law of nature that the salmon cannot attain its full growth unless it goes to the sea.' As a rule, in the spring,* but in some rivers probably also in September, shoals of smolts drop down seawards, not swimming down stream, but letting themselves be carried by the flood. At once their dangers begin. In addition to such artificial obstructions as turbine-wheels and river-pollutions, the little fish have to encounter a host of natural enemies. We all remember the trials which were so gracefully described by Kingsley as attending the seaward progress of his water-baby. Birds, insects, and fishes all prey upon the young smolt. Mr. Rooper declares that the destruction by a hungry old kelt of fifty of his own progeny for a breakfast has been witnessed. But while we do not doubt † that kelts eat smolts as readily as they eat the roe of their own species, we question whether any kelt is likely to be in the same pool with his own offspring when the latter are descending seaward. Even man is to be dreaded, and, in spite of the efforts of the Legislature, thousands of smolts are taken every year by fly-fishers who should know better the damage they are doing. One authority, quoted by Mr. Buckland, testifies in 1869 to the destruction of ten or twelve thousand graveling every season in the Torridge. The enforcement of the law is difficult, because it is almost impossible to declare certainly what individual fish are or are not migratory salmonidæ. Mr. Buck-

* Yarrel has a remarkable statement as to this. He says: 'It rarely happens that any salmon fry are observed in the rivers late in June.' This is clearly wrong. The two couplets he quotes—

> 'The last spring floods that happen in May,
> Carry the salmon fry down to the sea,'

and

> 'The floods of May
> Take the smolts away,'

set forth a rule in which there is much general truth, though the last is sometimes quoted as—

> 'The floods of May
> Take the kelts away.'

But that the fry remain in some rivers through all the summer months is now clearly established.

† Mr. Buckland ('Fifteenth Annual Report,' page 21), denies this, and supports his contention by two remarkable arguments; he says that smolts swim round kelts without seeming the least afraid, and that he has never found a smolt in the stomach of a kelt. It is well known to every freshwater-fisherman that dace and roach often swim with apparent unconcern round pike; yet no one would contend that a pike does not eat dace; and the argument, as regards finding smolts in a kelt's stomach, falls to the ground if we remember how rarely any food is found in a salmon's stomach. Mr. Buckland's view is not now generally accepted.

land once suggested that it should be made legal to keep all salmonidæ above seven inches in length caught in salmon-waters with a rod, so as to facilitate the prevention of the capture of others; but it is not clear that this remedy would produce the desired effect, and the suggestion has not received much support.

Eventually a proportion of the young salmon reach the sea just at the time, says Mr. Buckland (probably speaking of the spring migration), when the water is full of the fry or the eggs of many kinds of sea-fish. There they have fair pasture and a happy hunting-ground. The waters teem with life. 'Marine insects and molluscs, shrimps and prawns, young crabs and lobsters (?), herring and other fry, sea-worms and embryo creatures of lower organization' (?) * afford food for the young salmon, who, there is no reason to doubt, thrive and grow with amazing rapidity. In the sea, however, the smolt passes entirely beyond our ken. What becomes of him and what he does, no one knows. He probably wanders a limited distance from the mouth of his river, seeking food or avoiding enemies. But what the extent of that limit is, no one can say. Mr. Willis Bund is 'tempted' to assert that they at once go far out to sea, for the reason that shore-fishermen seldom catch salmon except when they are coming in to ascend the rivers. But this reason is hardly conclusive, and is opposed by the fact, that no traces of salmon are discernible far out to sea. We are ignorant, and as yet can only deplore our ignorance. Nor is there more certainty as to the time of the return of the fish. Mr. Buckland tells us that 'some remain for a few months, some a year; they then begin to return as grilse,' but he has not furnished any adequate evidence in support of his statement, and it is, to say the least, open to great question. What is clear is, that at some period or other the young salmon ascend the river as what is called a grilse or gilse, or in Ireland a peal. His appearance then is different from that of a salmon; his tail is forked, the curved rays not obtaining their full development till the third or fourth year; his scales have a peculiar and well-recognizable shape. In size he varies from two and a half to nine pounds, and he runs up the rivers at times extending from May till the middle of September.† What his object is we know not. Mr. Rooper declares that it is to taste the fresh water and to get rid

* Rooper, page 32.

† In the 'Nineteenth Report,' Mr. Buckland gives a table of the ascent and descent of salmon in the various districts of England and Wales. Such a table, if periodically corrected by experience, would be very useful, and should be extended to the United Kingdom.

of

of the sea-lice; and unless we fall back upon the general instinct of the salmon to swim up every flow of fresh water, this is as good a reason as any other. Some salmon-fishers are content to speak of all fish of the weights above mentioned as grilse. But the more accurate observers are guided only by the differences above referred to, and have been sorely puzzled occasionally by the capture of a small fish (we have known of instances in which they have been less than four pounds in weight) with all the characteristics of a salmon. What these fish are, no one has attempted to say. The weight of opinion is against their being hybrids. Their existence was formerly quoted in support of the theory, now exploded, that the grilse and the salmon were different fish. It is possible that, under a peculiar and unusual combination of circumstances, a salmon may obtain maturity without obtaining weight. They are not often taken, and may, perhaps, be concluded to be salmon of full age, but of an exceptionally dwarfed development.

To the angler the grilse offers many attractions. He is active, bold, and sportive. He is found in waters too shallow to hold a salmon; he has less shyness than a full-grown fish. When hooked, his runs and leaps are energetic, and as his mouth is tender, he has exceptional chances of escape, which afford to the real sportsman additional zest in his capture. As grilse often abound when salmon are scarce, lighter rods and finer lines can safely be employed in fishing for them, and there is none of the unpleasantness which attends the killing of a river-trout on a heavy salmon-rod. As grilse are active and swim fast, it might be supposed that a large proportion would reach the spawning-beds and deposit their ova. But this is probably not the case. Indeed it is by no means clear that every grilse which survives his first year in the river does spawn. The evidence is inconclusive, and here, as in many other portions of salmon history, we can only hope that time will throw more light upon its difficulties.

On his second return from the sea the fish is usually called a salmon. In the Severn district the name 'gilling' is applied to a second-year fish, and the belief prevails that these fish can be distinguished not only from grilse, but from fish of greater age. Mr. Buckland gives an alternative definition of a gilling as a grilse two years old, which has not been in the river since the smolt stage. But we are not clear that either distinction can be maintained. Mr. Willis Blund says that a fisherman would be puzzled to define a gilling, and yet asserts that if a grilse, a gilling, and a salmon were all placed side by side, any person would observe that there was a distinction between

them. He supports the latter assertion by an appeal to the difference between a man of twenty-two and a boy of seventeen; but we doubt that the immaturity of the second-year salmon can be clearly made out, or that what is called a gilling is anything but a large and early grilse. The distinction between first- and second-year fish is not attempted on many rivers, and we are inclined to disbelieve its accuracy. A local fisherman, finding a grilse in a river larger in size and earlier in its run than the average of grilse in the district, is not unnaturally disposed to seek for a cause of the difference, and to find it in greater age. But just as many instances might be found in which it would be impossible to say from looking at a well-grown lad whether he were sixteen or twenty, so there is nothing inconceivable or unnatural in the appearance of a large and early grilse, even though it be on its first return to fresh water.

In the Appendix to the 'Fourth Annual Report of the Scotch Fishery Board,' an admirable volume recently issued, there is an interesting paper by Mr. Charles G. Atkins on the 'Biennial Spawning of Salmon.' For fourteen years there has existed at Buckport, on the Penobscot river in America, an establishment for the collection of sea-going salmon, and for the getting of evidence as to the migration and growth of salmon. In 1880, 252 salmon, marked by the attachment of an aluminium tag by means of a platinum wire to the near margin of the first dorsal fin, were released at a point two miles above tide water, above a dam passable without much difficulty, save in winter. Next spring twelve tags were recovered, and nine of the fish bearing them were weighed, and found to have fallen away. No fully or partially amended fish were found that year. But in 1882, five prime salmon were recovered bearing tags affixed in October or November 1880.

No.	Marked.	Weight on release after Spawning.		Caught.	Weight.		Sex.
		lbs.	oz.		lbs.	oz.	
1135	October 28, 1880	7	8	June 20, 1882	16	8	F.
1136	October 28, 1880	7	4	June 20, 1882	17	4	F.
1239	November 5, 1880	14	8	June 22, 1882	21	0	F.
1248	November 5, 1880	8	0	June 27, 1882	21	0	F.
1247	November 12, 1880 ..	8	8	June 23, 1882	14	12	M.

The results of this experiment coinciding with those of two previous experiments, leave, Mr. Atkins holds

'Little reason for doubt that it is the normal habit of Penobscot salmon to spawn every second year. Had any number of the salmon marked

marked recovered condition in season to return to the river for spawning the year after their first capture, they could hardly have escaped detection altogether.'

The experiment is useful as far as it goes, but the number of instances examined is, we fear, too small to establish more than a strong presumption in favour of the rule laid down. Such experiments unquestionably tend to increase our knowledge, and now that the English Fishery Department has been re-organized and is making a fresh start, it is not unreasonable to hope, that the example of the Scotch Board in making careful scientific investigations of all questions connected with food fishes, and of the American Department, may be followed in England, to the benefit not only of the fishery trade generally, but also of the salmon anglers of the United Kingdom. In this matter the latter can be of considerable assistance. The behaviour of salmon varies, as we have said, greatly in different rivers. If the important facts observed either by individuals or Conservancy Boards are carefully and patiently tabulated, the result will be the better understanding of the causes which help or impede the propagation of fish.

On its third and subsequent returns from the sea, the *Salmo salar* is called a salmon by the Severn as by other fishermen. The fish is then in its full development. Every year's sojourn in the sea adds to its weight, but in form and appearance it undergoes no further change. It is probably safe to dismiss the theory, which is not, however, even now without its supporters, that salmon spawn in salt water, and accept the view that salmon ascend the rivers chiefly with the object of finding suitable spawning-beds for the deposit of milt and ova.* But why salmon should ascend certain rivers in the early spring is not clear. They do not spawn till the autumn, and there is no proof of a direct connection between early ascent and early spawning. Professor Huxley seems inclined to attribute it to the fact, that as there are far more enemies competent to destroy salmon in the sea than in fresh water, it may be an advantage to the fish to enter the river at the earliest possible moment in a locality in which marine enemies abound. But there are rivers in which there are no early runs of fish; and unless it can be shown that in the sea fed by these there are few or no marine foes, this theory cannot be generally true. Why also there should be no spring run of any extent in certain rivers, it

* Professor Huxley, 'Twenty-fourth Report,' page 25: 'Sexual maturity is reached and the eggs of the salmon are deposited only during the period of fresh-water life.'

is difficult to say. Temperature will not account for it, for in the Thurso, in the north of Scotland, there is a very early spring run, and we have known instances in which a snow-flood of very cold water has brought up fish. Then comes the question, whether spring fish remain in the river till the autumn. As we have said, the first arrivals do not by any means necessarily spawn the first. Mr. Berrington, the present Inspector of Salmon Fisheries, in his Annual Report for 1885, says that it is quite possible that the spring fish do not remain; and in a footnote written subsequently, he says that he has received a large amount of evidence confirmatory of his opinion, that spring fish often return to the sea before spawning. We hope he will, on a future occasion, let us know the nature of this evidence. For his opinion is certainly opposed to that usually held, and the establishment of his theory would be a highly important contribution to our knowledge.

Salmon in fresh water steadily deteriorate. They become even after the first few days less plump in size, less silvery in colour, their flesh less pink. That they do not feed at all was once a very general belief. How any living creature could remain for several months in a state of activity without any renewal of tissue by food, was never explained; nor was it ever contradicted that salmon were caught with worms and bait. It is now the accepted view that salmon do feed in fresh water, but far more sparingly, and on far less nutritious food than in the sea. They consequently gradually change from the fat, bright, king of fish, to the lanky, black, thin, and tasteless brute, which is caught in many rivers in the summer or early autumn. Mr. Scrope refers to the parr and the smolt the punning quotation, 'Nil fuit unquam sic im*par* sibi.' The rule equally applies to the adult salmon, for assuredly a few months make no such change in any creature as they do between the beautiful fresh-run springer and the same fish, when, in August or September, he is an object of contempt alike to artist, angler, and gourmet.

In many rivers, in the Spey for instance, the fish that run in the autumn enter the river in as bright and as good condition as the spring fish. But it rarely happens that where there is both a spring and autumn run, the autumn fish are the same as the spring fish. They are duller in colour, grey rather than silvery, less fat, and with less firm flesh. Mr. Scrope writes thus of the grey 'scull' (school or shoal) that come into the Tweed in September. 'These fish are of goodly shape, but, though fresh from the sea, are not quite so glossy in their scales, or so rich in flavour as your brown-backed salmon that comes up

up early in the spring.' They make as good sport and fight as gallantly as spring fish, and usually take as well.

In their power, when hooked, salmon vary greatly. In some rivers they bore about heavily, but make no rushes. In the Boyne, for instance, we have known of salmon of much over twenty pounds being killed without any need for the fisherman to move from the place where they were hooked. In other rivers, such as the Spey, the Tweed, and many of the Norway rivers, the fish show great activity and vigour. Their rushes make the reel shriek and the water hiss. This difference is not traceable to any apparent distinction in the condition of the fish, but may have something to do with the nature both of the salt and of the fresh water in which the fish live.

Salmon, whether spring or autumn fish, require a certain amount of water to swim * in; but the amount is not to be measured by either depth or volume. That which suffices in a small river will not suffice in a large, and it requires much nicety of observation to know what amount of 'freshet' will move fish. When the proper amount of water is in the river, the fish will go steadily upwards. Save after swimming a heavy rapid or a difficult weir, they do not then rest in the pools, and it is a well-known rule, which (like all other salmon rules) is not without its exceptions, that swimming fish do not take. On the other hand, fish pausing in a pool in heavy water will readily take, and so will fish which just before a growth of water are preparing to move. When the river has fallen for several days, fish get fixed in their pools, and then, too, they will not readily take. The probability is that fish which are glued to the bottom of the river are less likely to be moved by any lure, worm, bait, or fly, than fish which are in mid-water. An instance of this came within our observation. Looking down on a pool, in very low and very clear water, in which many fish were congregated, we noticed that all the fish but two were close to the bottom of the river. These two were lying several inches above their fellows, and by care we were able to present a fly to their notice without being seen. Except these two, no fish moved; but both these two rose to the fly, and one succumbed to its attractions. Probably the most likely time to take a salmon is when they have settled in their pools before they have got accustomed to them. Probably—for, as we have stated, no one can tell when salmon will or will not take. 'Deed, I dinna ken,' says a fisherman quoted by Mr. Scrope, 'for whiles they

* A salmon is said to be swimming when he is moving up the river from pool to pool. At other times he is usually resting in his 'stand' or 'lie,' or at most shifting from one stand in a pool to another.

will

will tak' the thoom o' yere mitten, if ye wad thraw it, and whiles they wadna look at the Lady o' Mackerston' (a favourite fly) 'and a' her braws.' Constantly changing water is not conducive to angling. A year or two ago some operations on Lough Erne led to the periodic opening of a dam, and the letting down of several inches of water. This was found to spoil utterly the angling chances of the lower river. Salmon take best when the surface of the water is broken, and consequently certain pools are only fishable in wind. But the angler, like the farmer, scarcely knows what weather to hope for. 'Nil ergo optabunt homines?' he may well ask. If there is wind, it is apt to bring down in the spring twigs and branches, in the autumn leaves; and both are detrimental to the attractions of his fly. In some waters salmon rise in pools or reaches which are comparatively still, but there are few fishermen who will not pray that it may not be their lot to have such a pool as their beat. If they have, it is well before they leave it in despair to try back-fishing, which consists in casting abreast and playing the fly by walking upwards. Fish lying in the tail of a stream are more apt to rise than those in the throat, perhaps because the latter are 'seeking upwards.' The joy of an angler is a broad tail, with enough current and enough depth; with stones enough to rest a fish, but with no deeps in which he can sulk. In such a bit of water we may hope for a rise at any moment, for every fish lying in it will be both able to see the fly and more or less disposed to take it. The next best place for a fish to lie is a stream of even current; one of the less good, a deep pool where the water curls and eddies.

Salmon soon begin to pair, and as a rule a male prefers a female approaching his own size. In the autumn, many fishermen having killed one fish try for the fellow; and instances have been known in which a fish, endeavouring to escape from the hook, has been followed over a pool by another fish, presumed, and not unreasonably so, to be its mate. There is, indeed, a story, for which we are not bold enough to vouch, of an occasion on which both fish—the hooked fish and the follower—were gaffed. If undisturbed, the alliance of the pair continues till the spawning-time. When on the 'redd' or spawning-bed, and even before it is reached, the male fish will furiously assault any other male which approaches his female. Marital disputes have led to the death of many a solitary male. The best place for 'redds' are smooth gravelly shallows of comparatively still reaches, where change of current is not likely. But many less suitable places are selected, and much ova destroyed by floods. Mr. Scrope held that whole spawning-beds are swept away

away by spates on the Tweed, and from the same authority we find that the redds are entirely worked by the females, and that the old idea, in which the male was believed with his 'crook' to dig out a place for the deposit of ova and milt, is unfounded.

'Certainly,' he says, 'it is difficult to divine what may be the use of this very ugly excrescence; but observation has proved that the male never assists in making the spawning-place; and indeed if he did so, he could not possibly make use of the elongation in question for that purpose, as it springs from the lower jaw and bends inwards towards the throat.' *

Mr. Pennell is of the same opinion, and says that the only extra-matrimonial function that the male performs consists in exerting an unwearying vigilance to protect his seraglio from the invasion of rival males. And he also believes that the 'crook' is used solely as a weapon of offence. When the ova are deposited, the male milts over or near them, and the female covers them up. We say near, for it seems probable, if not conclusively proved, that no actual contact between milt and ova is necessary for vivifaction. It is preferable, however, that such contact should occur, and therefore artificial breeders invariably squeeze the milt of the male over the ova. Mr. Scrope asserts from actual experiment, and Mr. Pennell includes it among his 'proved facts,' that the milt of smolts is capable of vivifying the ova of an adult salmon; and the latter declares, that while the female parr or smolts rarely if ever spawn, the deposit of milt by the male is of common occurrence. Mr. Willis Blund includes among his unsolved problems, the question, 'Is there any difference in the size and health of smolts bred respectively from grilse, gillings, or salmon?' but Mr. Pennell asserts that there is 'no difference whatever—at least up to the period of migration—in fry, bred between salmon only, between grilse only, between salmon and grilse, between salmon and parr, or between grilse and parr.'

A female salmon of thirty-two pounds weight will, according to Mr. Buckland, deposit 30,000 eggs, and a female pike of the same weight, as many as 595,000 ('the worst of creatures fastest propagate'?); of these eggs only a proportion are vivified, and the risks between impregnation and the birth of the fish, from floods and ravenous foes, are many. But, under favourable conditions as to warmth and quiet, at a period varying from 90 to 140 days, the eggs are split by the little struggling creature inside, and the fish emerges with the yolk of the egg

* Yarrell quotes the opposite view, that '*a pair* of salmon are sure to make a furrow.'

still

still attached to its stomach, and forming a supply of food for its earliest days. Mr. Pennell estimates the continuance of the yolk-bag at from 35 to 40 days. But it has been proved that in many rivers, after a much less space of time, the little tad-pole-like creature frees itself from its bag, and commences in earnest its unaided struggle for existence.

We have no space for any but the briefest remarks upon the diseases of salmon. The most prominent, the fatal 'saprolegnia ferax,' still unhappily abounds in many rivers, and the last Report of the Tweed Commissioners testifies to its continual prevalence in that river, from which, with its tributaries, 36,034 diseased fish have been taken in the last five years. Of its causes or the means for its prevention we still know little. From a carefully prepared paper 'on the Micro-organisms of River-water,' by Dr. W. S. Greenfield, which forms an Appendix to the last volume of the Scotch Fishery Board, we learn that, as regards the presence of bacteria or spores of fungi, the Tweed water is far from satisfactory. For whereas in each gramme of good drinking-water there are not more than 1000 bacteria, in a sample taken in the spring from the Tweed there were 2134 points per gramme. That there is direct relation between the presence of any bacteria in a river and the development of salmon disease, we do not venture to say, but there seems no reason to doubt that 'saprolegnia ferax' is found in the waters of rivers which are apparently free from all contamination. And as yet no satisfactory explanation has been offered for its appearance. In the Annual Report of 1882, Professor Huxley says:—

> 'What is known of the "salmon disease" brings out the curious fact that the epidemic, starting apparently from a centre near the Solway, and extending thence to the Scotch rivers both east and west of this point, has spread to nearly all the Welsh rivers on the west coast in pretty regular rotation: while on the east it has spread only slightly, if at all, south of the Tweed.'

But he adds the consolatory conclusion, that:

> 'Still more remarkable is the fact, that in the rivers in which the disease has been most virulent, the salmon harvest has increased rather than diminished.'

The disease is unquestionably an evil for the eradication of which no pains should be spared, and it is to be trusted that the attention of the Scotch Fishery Board will be continued, and that of the new English Fishery Department directed, to its history and behaviour.

ART.

ART. III.—1. *The Poetical Works of Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Harte, Miller, Whitman.*
2. *The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Edited by Samuel Longfellow. London, 1886.
3. *The Poets of America.* By E. C. Stedman. London, 1885.

NATIONAL character is unfairly judged by its least fortunate expression. Conspicuous features rarely indicate the substance, the most blatant voices seldom utter the deepest truths. They may usurp attention by their grotesqueness or their noise; but the nation is most faithfully and adequately represented in less obtrusive details. Especially is this the case in America, where democratic institutions encourage misapprehension by giving expression to the largest aggregate of human selfishness. To Englishmen, the special value of American poetry is, that it reflects the inner spirit and progress of the national life, reveals the pure feeling, the high ideals, the culture and refinement of our Transatlantic neighbours, expresses the mind and heart of the country more fitly than irrelevant habits or superficial peculiarities of manners and customs. If any one still believes the Americans to be merely a shrewd, boastful, peering, fluent people, atrophied by the exclusive worship of wealth, let him read their poetry. America herself has been quick to recognize that, as an instrument of progress, national poetry possesses inestimable value. She felt, and wisely felt, that she could not dispense with so powerful an agency to quicken the pulse of patriotism, to kindle energy and awaken hope, to disclose the ennobling ideals that are embodied in worthless forms, to keep sacred the shrine of freedom from the desecration of cant and self-interest. She had faith, and with reason, in the native sense of beauty which underlay her hard and selfish civilization; she knew that—

> . . . 'Underneath
> A cold outside there burns a secret fire
> That will find vent, and will not be put out.'

She has reared a monument that will outlive the statistics of trade, and recorded in letters of gold the history of her national life. It is not too much to say, that her living poets may fearlessly challenge comparison with those of any other country.

In law, history, science, and oratory, America early struck out for herself an original line. But in more immaterial directions her advance was slow and imitative. In other countries poetry came first and utility afterwards; in America, material civilization preceded the epic. Critics were baffled by the anomaly.

anomaly. They applied old rules to new circumstances. They saw that an advanced stage of industrial development had been reached, and demanded original literature from a nation which was yet in the imitative period of mental infancy. Much heart-burning might have been saved had criticism proved more elastic. At the present day America can retort the scornful question, 'Who reads American books?' with the proud reply, 'The World, New and Old.' No longer inarticulate and struggling to express what lies beneath the surface, she can listen to foreign criticism without the irritation of youth; a great nation, she has ceased to veil her self-distrust under the cloak of self-assertion.

The history of American poetry may be roughly divided into three periods: first, the colonial period; secondly, the half-century which followed the War of Independence; and thirdly, the period from 1830 to the present time. Only those who, like Mr. Stedman, have specially devoted themselves to the subject, could acquire his minute knowledge of the minor poets of the country. Mr. Stedman's volume on the 'Victorian Poets' earned him in England the reputation of a cautious and diligent critic. His estimates were moderate in tone, well-considered, and always based on intelligible grounds. He indulged in no jargon of technical phraseology, and affected none of the exquisite subtleties of a high-priest of criticism. In his 'Poets of America' Mr. Stedman displays the same competent skill, honesty of purpose, and painstaking thoroughness of execution; and he adds to these qualities the great advantage of being on his native soil. To the students of American verse his volume is almost indispensable. In particular he throws great light upon the distinctions of provincial types of poetry, as well as upon the jealousies of literary coteries which formerly rendered American criticism so bewildering to foreigners. Every one will not agree with his conclusions; but no one can differ from so well-informed and conscientious a critic without self-distrust. We shall not follow Mr. Stedman into unfamiliar by-paths, but shall rather attempt to sum up the general features of the progress of American poetry which is associated in our minds with the names of Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Bret Harte, Cincinnatus Miller, and Walt Whitman.

In the colonial period American poetry was necessarily meagre. Every circumstance combined to retard its growth. An old race but a young people, America enjoyed no halcyon days of childhood, no bright romance of youth. She experienced, from the first, only the stern realities of life. She had no

no mythic period, no age of gold, no fairy land, no fabulous antiquity. Manitou was never a name with which to conjure white men: the legends of the native races took no hold of the settlers with the grip of early associations. The colonists arrived in the strength of manhood, with their characters fully formed. Puritanism, which stamped its rugged features indelibly on the minds of the early settlers, was dead to the poetry of life: it was of true steel, but corroded by the acrid spirit of the times. Its enthusiasm was stern, its temper sour, its rule unfavourable to freedom or variety of thought. The Puritans and the Pilgrim Fathers came to a soil on which no rich deposit had been heaped by the stream of time, a land which was not ripened by centuries of occupation. If any hands were stretched from forgotten graves to hold in mortmain their old estates, they belonged to a despised and alien race. The vast spaces of the continent were silent, unstoried, unoracular; they awakened no associations, aroused no human interest, possessed few scenes of picturesque or gloomy wrong. There was no shadow of the past, no misty moonlight of the older faith, no crumbling ruins in which the wallflower grew. The arduous battle for existence left the colonists no leisure for refinement, and devastated the scanty germs of romance. With one hand they grasped the sword, with the other the axe. They felled forests, drained marshes, and fought the Red Indians; they made their mark with the ploughshare before they learned to write with the pen.

> 'O strange New World, that yit was't never young,
> Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
> Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby bed
> Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
> An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
> Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains.'

The first book written in the United States was Sandys' version of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' which was made in Virginia on the banks of the James River. In 1638 a printing-press was set up at Cambridge (Massachusetts) by a dissenting minister named Glover, and Stephen Daye, probably a descendant of his famous London namesake, was engaged as a printer. The first printed book was a religious compilation, the Bay Psalm-Book. Early colonial literature continued for many years mainly to consist of translations or treatises on divinity. The first volume of original poetry was written by Mrs. Anne Bradstreet in 1642: but the only writers, whose fame has survived in Europe to the present day, are Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin,

Franklin, one the representative of the dominant Puritanism, the other of the new and antagonistic force of science.

The first half-century of the history of America as a nation was not more favourable to the growth of poetry. The people had to secure the material fruits of their triumph. The energy, which had been concentrated on the conquest of nature or the struggle for independence, was absorbed in the settlement of the government, or in mechanical progress. Political training expanded the mind, but, in its immediate effects, it cultivated reflection at the expense of imagination and fancy. No great central heart beat with the strong pulse of national life; the fire of patriotism, which had burned up brightly during the war, once more dwindled; the separate States, temporarily united by community of interest, diverged more widely apart. Instead of becoming more national, America daily became more provincial. Commercial and industrial pursuits acquired exaggerated importance. A people commanding the known resources of science were planted on a virgin soil which offered extraordinary facilities for the accumulation of wealth. Prosperity came to them like a spontaneous growth of nature. That dissatisfaction with present conditions, which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race, was exaggerated in America almost to a disease. An ever-ascending standard of material needs drove exertion into excess and heated competition to a fever. In the turmoil and hurry of the race for gold, existence became rather a madness than a sanity. Men who have acquired wealth value money more than those who are born to riches; with the former, wealth is not the manner but the end of life; it is the new-made plutocrat who fosters a taste for physical enjoyments. For her culture America drew upon the resources of the Old World; the right of literary piracy starved native industry. Without any intellectual ferment in the direction of art, literature was the least lucrative of pursuits. Poetry was not a sacred vocation; no opportunity and no reward were offered for meditation. Few men possessed the power of sitting quiet, fewer still dwelt apart among the mountains. All quickening influences were absent. The soil was not mellowed by a legendary and historic past, or fertilized by association, or enriched by the ripe sheddings of a fruitful national life. Lean as it was, it was impoverished by the devastating pursuit of wealth. In the hurry of the race, Orpheus himself would have been trodden under foot by the throng. There were few thoughtful minds, little cultivated leisure or refined scholarship, no craving for the luxuries of art, and, in the absence of these, no patrician patronage to cherish and protect

protect the growth of literature, or to raise out of the mass an intellectual order.

Yet this period, from 1774 to 1830, was prolific of versifiers. Halleck did not exaggerate when he wrote of New York

> '. . . Our fourteen wards
> Contains some seven-and-twenty bards.'

Kettell's specimens of American poetry, published in 1829, filled three volumes. Dr. Griswold, the Tityrus of the tuneful herd, includes in his list of early poets more than 150 names. In old communities ridicule checks this rank growth; but the measureless applause of a young society is like a hot-house which draws prematurely to the light a host of weak and sickly plants. Ballads and epics sound their truest notes in a nation's childhood: but America was debarred by the circumstances of her origin from the age of heroic poetry; even the most patriotic critics cannot consider the 'Columbiad,' or the 'Fredoniad,' or 'Washington,' successful compositions. Dramatic literature made little progress. New England Puritanism, Dutch manners and language in New York, and Philadelphian Quakerism were unfavourable to the stage. Lyric verse was less hampered by the special difficulties which impeded the dramatic or the epic poet. Under more favourable circumstances many of these early poets might have become famous. Among the best known are the poet-painter Allston, Paulding, who was joint-author with Washington Irving of 'Salmagundi,' Willis, Sprague, Brainard, whose poems were edited by Whittier, Lydia Sigourney (the Mrs. Hemans of America), and Maria Brooks, who wrote 'Zophiel' under the name of Maria del Occidente. Judging from the specimens collected by Griswold, Kettell, or Allman, Dana shows the greatest creative imagination. His 'Buccaneer' is a wild and striking poem. Hoffman's songs by their swing and vigour sometimes recal, without re-echoing, the voice of Moore. Percival was a scholar with a fine ear for metre. Drake's 'Culprit Fay' is a graceful piece of fancy; his untimely death is lamented by Halleck in a touching poem. Halleck was a writer both of serious verse and of satire. The following lines describe the literary citizen of the period, the type of the public to which the poet appealed:—

> 'He'd read the newspapers with great attention,
> Advertisements and all; and Riley's book
> Of travels—valued for its rich invention;
> And Day and Turner's Price Current; and took
> The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews,
> And also Blackwood's Mag.; and to amuse

'His

'His leisure hours with classic tale and story
Longworth's Directory, and Mead's Wall Street;
And Mr. Delaplaine's Repository;
And Mitchell's scientific works complete,
With other standard books of modern days
Lay on his table cover'd with green baize.'

Of most of the other poets of that day it may be said, 'au royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois.' The pearls that will survive the waste of the worthless oyster-heap will not be many.

The general defects of the best of this early poetry are a want of strength, of finish, and of originality. Instead of passion there is sentiment. The Muse is often goaded to exertion by turgid expressions. Early American poetry does not force its way into the cloistered sanctuaries of the heart, though it is often pleasing. It has the faded tint of a flower that has bloomed in the shade. Good taste does not always dictate the choice of artistic subjects; and in this respect Willis is perhaps the chief offender. The technical difficulties of versification are imperfectly mastered. It is rare to find extreme polish bestowed upon the lines; there is little trace of the file or the burnisher. Poets sought, not the approbation of the cultivated few, but the suffrages of the many; on goods prepared for the general market, high workmanship is wasted labour. In their early efforts Americans were necessarily imitators; all the English masters, from Waller to Moore, had their followers. The stream of poetry flowed on in its accustomed channels; no torrent swept down from the wild West to swell the rivulet into a river. Yet it was unreasonable to hope for immediate originality. Literary backwoodsmen could not hew out a native literature without apprenticeship in their art.

Critics, both in England and America, were disappointed at the continuance of the imitative stage. It was expected that the poetry of a new country, where manners, scenery, government, differed from the Old World, and where civilization was strikingly contrasted with savagery, must necessarily leave the beaten track, and appear in a new form exclusively transatlantic and national. But if American poets possessed advantages in their wealth of untried and unexhausted materials, they had to contend with special difficulties. Genius may be its own pioneer; but, under ordinary circumstances, literature requires models, landmarks, and goals. Only in the Old World could these be found. The demand for a literature 'shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairie' would be ridiculous, if it had not been universal. Even Judge Story was impatient of delay. 'I am tired,' he wrote to his

his son, 'of the endless imitations of the forms and figures and topics of British poetry.' Efforts were made to force originality. Paulding, in the 'Backwoodsman,' suggests the adoption of native themes. He asks the neglected Muse

> 'How long in servile imitative rhyme
> Wilt thou thy stifled energies impart,
> And miss the path that leads to every heart?'

But men had, as yet, no leisure to contemplate the vast panorama of untamed Nature which on all sides tempted them to conquest. Her grandeur stupefied rather than elevated the sons of toil; when a people has outgrown the legendary stage, Nature must cease to terrify before she can inspire. Her magnitude entered into their language before it penetrated their minds. The settlers had not sufficiently advanced above their surroundings to feel the poetry of their life. Prairies and forests were viewed as the raw material of profit; lakes and rivers as the auxiliaries of civilization. Thus it was that, in literature, America remained a province of England: poetry sprang only from the soil which had clung to the roots when the national life was transplanted from the Old World to the New.

Other circumstances combined to prolong the imitative stage. In centres of American civilization the current of culture still ran in the classic channels. As the echo of the Old World, the voice of the New necessarily followed at a more or less distant interval. Had America employed a foreign tongue, her utterance might have become with more rapidity transatlantic. She possessed all the appendages of an advanced literary taste; she inherited the glories of our literary past. In the colonial period the sons of wealthy settlers had been educated in England, and, though the connexion with the parent country was in this respect severed, aspirants for poetic fame were suckled on English literature, till, as Holmes has said, children acquired 'a mental squint'; they were intimidated by comparisons, overshadowed by the full-grown giants of England, pestered by the over-anxious guardianship of the public. Political influences combined to stunt originality. Republicanism produced equality, but it was an equality of mediocrity. The rule of authority was replaced by the despotism of numbers: an unlimited right of private judgment led, not to independence but to idolatry of the aggregate mass. Faith in public opinion became a religion with the majority for its prophet.

In process of time these obstacles either disappeared or underwent modification. From 1830 onwards, a national school of poetry has been gradually formed. Ease and leisure brought with

with them culture and refinement, and enforced more vividly and more poetically the contrasts of civilization and barbarism; taste established an independent standard; experience gave poets confidence in themselves; wealth encouraged their efforts; they were no longer overshadowed by the literary influence of England. The old barriers have, one by one, been removed. The frost of Puritanism is dispelled. Emerson's transcendental teaching electrified the nation with new hopes and high ideals; the face of the country was changed by the advance of science; the progress of a century was concentrated in a decade of years; the fiery heat of the Civil War purged the dross and slag from the heart of the people, and ran the ore into a single mass; its termination found America a nation. Contemporaneously with these movements appeared several men of genius, who turned their attention to poetry. Bryant was born in 1794; but Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Poe were born within a few years from the commencement of the present century. Many other names might be added. But Bayard Taylor, Trowbridge, Hay, Carleton, or any other of the numerous poets whom Mr. Stedman mentions, seem less typical of their respective classes than the ten whose names have been selected. Story, as the Browning of America, might claim a place; but he is American only in his birth. Some of these American poets have vividly depicted the external features of Nature; others have tried to read her hidden meaning. Some have chanted high and free the sacred song of liberty, or the soul-stirring strain of patriotism; others have celebrated the praises of modern democracy; others, again, have dug treasures from the mines of Indian legend, or painted fireside pictures of New England homesteads, or thrown a golden halo over the rugged pathway of common life. In form the best poetry is necessarily universal; but its colour and its spirit must be national. Early poets had failed to be American because they were not, and perhaps could not be, natural. Time has brought about the change. Within certain limitations American poetry has a flavour of its own; it is racy of the soil; it remains the offspring of England, but it differs in features from its parent.

In democracies, where individuals are socially insignificant, poets naturally turn, so says De Tocqueville, to Nature or to abstract ideas. Whether the reason assigned be adequate or not, the fact remains, that American poets first displayed their independence like Bryant in descriptive poetry, or like Emerson in poetic philosophy. No reader of the poetry of America can deny that her poets reflect the face of Nature with peculiar vividness.

vividness. They do not invest still life with the inappropriate charm of English literary association, but observe for themselves. Their verse is bright with fresh and local illustrations; a scenery, extraordinarily rich, ample, and varied, has supplied them with a marvellous range of poetic colouring and imagery. Their poetry makes us feel that the winds are weary with travel over the unshorn, boundless fields, for which our native speech has never needed name; it brings home to us the deep stillness of the primeval forests in whose solitudes yet broods the untamed spirit of Nature. We gaze into cañons so deep that they seem to be cloven by the sabre-strokes of some Transatlantic Roland in the young world's prime; or wander by the sides of lagoons with their fringe of sedgy grass, their cypress belts, and green slimy banks; or stray from the flowering surf of the prairies, bright with the crimson fire of the wild pinks, the gold of the fennel, and the purple woof of the iron weed, on to the billowy bays of grass which roll in verdurous tumult to the far horizon of the Western sky; or roam through groves of magnolias, or among full-blossomed bay-trees, broad-leaved palmettos, wild vines, and catalpas; or float along the stream of a river

> 'Through files of flags that gleamed like bayonets,
> Through gold-moth-haunted beds of pickerel flowers,
> Through scented banks of lilies white and gold,
> Where the deer feeds at night, the teal by day.'

The forms of animal life are unfamiliar; the lithe long snakes, the tree-toads, the brindled marmots, the cayman, the mud-turtle sunning his shield on a log, the buffalo-herds, the elks and mustangs, the 'grim taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert.' The sounds are not less unknown, as we listen to the exquisite nocturne of the mocking-bird, the gay note of Robert of Lincoln—the devil-may-care bobolink, the laugh of the gull as he scoots along the shore, the wild whinny of the loon, the whoop of the crane, or the shriek of the grey forest eagle. The climate and its changes are not ours. The long American winter of 'Snowbound' is strange to us, or the heat of the dog days, when earth's

> '. . . thousand plants
> Are smitten; even the dark sun-loving maize
> Faints in the field beneath the torrid blaze,'

or the autumn colouring of the American woods, when the chestnuts are spendthrifts of their long-hoarded gold, and the maple swamps glow like a sunset sea, or stand like 'sachems in

 red

red blanket wrapped.' Our storms do not resemble this description from Joaquin Miller:—

'The air was heavy
And hot, and threatening; the very heaven
Was holding her breath; and bees in a bevy
Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven
In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr,
As I peered down by the path for her.
She stood like a bronze bent over the river,
The proud eyes fixed, the passion unspoken—
When the heavens broke like a great dyke broken.
Then, ere I fairly had time to give her
A shout of warning, a rushing of wind,
And the rolling of clouds, and a deafening din,
And darkness that had been black to the blind,
Came down as I shouted, "Come in! come in!
Come under the roof, come up from the river,
As up from a grave,—come now or come never."
The tasselled tops of the pines were as weeds,
The red woods rocked like to lake-side reeds,
And the world seemed darkened and drowned for ever.'

Or to quote again from Miller, we cannot ride through forests such as he describes, where the trees shake hands overhead, and bow and intertwine across the path till no sun-shaft can penetrate, while in the midst of the canopy of green—

'Birds hung and swung, green rob'd and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,
Or sang low hanging overhead—
Sang low as if they sang and slept,
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all,
Though ripe nuts crush'd at every step.'

while monkeys ran through the leaves, brown clad and blue,

'Like shuttles hurried through and through
The threads a hasty weaver weaves.
And the long days through from blossom'd trees
There came the sweet song of sweet bees,
With chorus tone of cockatoo,
That slid his beak along the bough
And walk'd and talk'd, and hung and swung,
In crown of gold and coat of blue,
The wisest fool that ever sung
Or had a crown or held a tongue.'

But more is demanded from national poetry than descriptions of

of the face of Nature, however fresh and vivid they may be. For a commercial democracy, dominated by the inartistic spirit which Puritanism engendered, poetry, as a means of refining and elevating the national mind, possesses a value which can hardly be over-estimated. In this direction American poets have fully recognized and endeavoured to meet their responsibilities. In strange waters Aphrodite once more rises from the sea an incarnate dream of beauty; on the soil of the New World are reared imperishable shrines to mediæval chivalry, courtesy, and reverence; above the appliances of material civilization, philosophic ideals of abstract goodness point upwards to the goal of modern democracy. But even more than pictures of still or imaginary life are demanded from national poets. Poets must reflect the human interest of the national life, the broad aspects of the national character. In this direction there still remains a great deficiency. Sections of American life have been painted, but the pictures are provincial, and therefore inadequate. In justice to her poets, it must be remembered that America as a nation has only existed since the war. Whitman's attempt to represent the large ideas, the concrete realities of multiform activities, the panoramic pageant of moving life—the great heart of the democratic Republic—was rather prophetic of the future than descriptive of the present. The exquisite backgrounds of national scenery yet require to be filled with human figures. It is not enough that these should be composed of elegant scholars, whose fastidious taste, polished grace, love of art and reverence for old traditions, enable them to yoke their waggons to the stars. The national poet must also paint the uncouth grandeur of rail-splitters and canal-boys, broad, strong, unconventional, coarse-fibred men, no saints but intensely human, respecting not idolizing forms, more impressive than the most fluent orators from their simple genuineness and sheer muscular force, yet bearing, like Lincoln, beneath the rugged exterior a heart so passionately tender that he could never endure to think of the storms beating over the lonely grave in Iowa.

Bryant is the first in order of time of the American landscape-poets, the pioneer of American descriptive poetry. Born in 1794, he gained an unique position, which he owed more to the absence of formidable rivals than to his range of poetic gifts. His taste is formed on the English classical school. He reproduces their repose, their finish, their clearness and precision of expression, together with their lack of warmth and rapture. Like them he dwells on the broad aspects, not the minute details of nature; like them he works with a large brush and not

not an etching-pen; his fancy like theirs is not brilliant, but his breadth of treatment often helps him to create a striking image. Not a man of quick and vivacious sympathies, but severe and self-restrained, he seemed impervious to other impressions than those of Nature. Though fashions altered, he never changed the severe classic garb in which he first wooed the Muse. With rare exceptions, he continued throughout his long career to use the same measures which he first employed in 'Thanatopsis' and the 'Water-fowl.' Blank verse is the metre which he made peculiarly his own, and which he employed for his translation of Homer. From his poetry it would be concluded that he stood entirely aloof from active interests, and studied life only in the abstract. But this was not the case. He found in contemplative poetry his only relaxation from incessant journalistic work, his sole avenue of escape from practical affairs.

Poets of inanimate nature may be philosophical, descriptive, or romantic. From Nature, Wordsworth drew divine lessons, and Goethe spiritual refreshment; Keats gave us, we know not how, a new and deeper sense of outward beauty; Byron regarded wild nature as the background of wild life. There was in Bryant no tinge of romance, nor did he possess that magical touch which belongs to a richly sensuous nature. Like Wordsworth, he is a poet of the philosophical school. He reminds us, not of Wordsworth only, but of Akenside and Cowper. Yet he is no imitator. He uses the form of verse which he found ready to hand, but he clothes the frame with new material. The similarity of substance arises from congeniality of mind. Passages in his poetry might have been written by his English predecessors, because they are marked by the same strain of pensive melancholy, the same quiet beauty and reflective calm, the same purity of thought, the same unforced felicity of expression. But he has his own individuality, though it is of an unpretending kind. He knows his own powers; his aim is not high, but it is sure. A close observer of Nature, he paints the general features of the country in a broad simple style. English descriptive poetry treats of hills, groves, wolds, and lakes. But Bryant is the first to give the hushed solitude of the forest. At times he describes the minuter traits of bird or floral life. But he has little of that microscopic accuracy which gives to modern descriptive poets their precision of colouring. The 'yellow violet' is not scented, and exhales no 'faint perfume' upon the 'virgin air.'

His verse has an autumnal tinge: it receives its sombre colouring from a mind rather occupied with the destiny and general

general aspects of life than with its details and present needs. His poetry is so detached from human interest as to be oppressive in its quietude, filled with the silence of Nature. His apostrophes of woods and rivers and winds are not pæans of joy, but fall with the solemn cadence of an anthem heard in the aisles of an empty cathedral. So far as sympathy with man is concerned, his domain is not the low-lying level of human sentiment, but the region of perpetual untrodden snow. Lowell truly, but severely, says:—

> 'If he stirs you at all, it is just, on my soul,
> Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.'

Men rendered to Bryant the homage due to his poetic genius and moral character. Both were classical; he has the severe taste and austere dignity of a Roman Republican. In no other sense than that of a descriptive poet did he represent the nation. Whittier, on the other hand, represents vividly and adequately the interests and character of a section of the people. Mr. Stedman tells a story that, after the conclusion of the Civil War, the question was mooted, 'Who is the best American poet?' 'Horace Greeley replied with the name of Whittier, and his judgment was at once approved by all present.' Judged simply as a poet, the estimate appears exaggerated. No wide field of nature was open to Whittier; he is not catholic in his sympathies, nor rich in historical imagination, nor abundant in the quality of suggestiveness. His fluency is fatal to him: he rarely knows when to stop; he says in many words what would be better said in few. His artistic faculty, starved by early training, and checked by his subsequent devotion to political questions, has never reached maturity; repetitions and carelessness often mar his best passages. His fervour is sometimes only noisy: he carries the habit of pious exhortation to excess; he is a preacher and a reformer, but seldom a conscious artist. He has little mastery of the technicalities of versification; his metrical range is limited, his chimes are singularly monotonous, his poems, at their best, are simple airs. He falls below both Longfellow and Lowell. 'Snowbound' holds its own with 'Evangeline;' but 'Mogg Megone' is no rival to 'Hiawatha.' As a poet of domestic or European politics he is greatly inferior to Lowell. The 'Biglow Papers' or 'Villa Franca' far surpass 'Voices of Freedom,' or the 'Peace of Europe.'

In another sense Greeley's estimate is just. Whittier is the most home-bred of American poets. No one is more racy of the soil; in no other poetry does the foreigner smell so strongly the scent of newly-upturned land: in none is there traced so characteristic

characteristic a picture of the domestic life of New England homesteads. There is about Whittier's verse

> 'A certain freshness of the fields,
> A sweetness as of home-made bread.'

A farmer's son,

> 'Proud of field lore and harvest craft, and feeling
> All their fine possibilities,'

experience gave him that power of landscape-painting which no book-lore can supply. He is the Burns of New England; 'Snowbound' is the American 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' But he cannot with more justice be said to represent America than could Burns be called the representative poet of Great Britain and Ireland. Greeley's estimate shows that American critics recognize the want of characteristic pictures of home-life which we have endeavoured to indicate.

A born poet, Whittier would have earlier developed his artistic faculty but for his devotion to the Abolitionist cause. He had already begun to work the rich mine of New England legends when there came to him the call, as he himself sings of Sumner—

> '"Forego thy dream of lettered ease,
> Put thou the scholar's promise by,
> The rights of man are more than these."
> He heard and answered, "Here am I."'

The cost was not slight. In 1833 it meant social ostracism and literary martyrdom. As Garrison was the apostle, and Wendell Phillips the orator, so this Quaker Körner became the laureate of the Abolitionists.

> 'But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
> For freedom and humanity is registered in Heaven;
> No slave hunt in our borders, no pirate on our strand,
> No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land.'

To the cause of freedom the chivalrous philanthropist sacrificed his literary future. Up to 1865 poetry was, as he himself wrote, 'something episodical, something apart from the real object and aim of my life.' He has given promise of what he might have achieved had his life been spent, like his later years, in repose. To this later period belongs his best poetry. 'Maud Müller,' which might have been told in half its length, is associated with his name in England: but it is greatly inferior in spirit and sentiment to such true poems as 'Skipper Ireson's Ride,' 'Barbara Frietchie,' or 'Snowbound.'

It is in no spirit of harsh criticism that we have pointed out Whittier's

Whittier's artistic deficiencies. The cause to which his literary future was sacrificed was worthy of the noble-hearted Quaker poet whom Longfellow thus addressed in 'Three Silences':—

> 'O thou whose daily life anticipates
> The life to come, and in whose thought and word
> The spiritual world preponderates,
> Hermit of Amesbury! Thou too hast heard
> Voices and melodies from beyond the gates
> And speakest only when thy soul is stirred.'

Emerson's fragments are rich in that quality of suggestiveness in which Whittier is deficient. To him, more than to any other single man, America owes her intellectual independence. Channing preceded him in the field; but it was Emerson's voice that stirred the blood of young America like a bugle-call to join the crusade against utilitarianism and tradition, to rely on intuitions, to trust instincts rather than authority. His lecture at Harvard in 1838 forms a landmark in the history of American thought. He pointed with confidence to the future from which Carlyle turned fretfully away: the one is the philosopher of an Old, the other of a New, World. Not content to behold God and Nature through the eyes of the past, he claims for the present an original relation, a poetry not of tradition but of insight, a religion not of history but of revelation. Prone to soar into universals, to deal with abstractions, to suggest indefinite rather than concrete possibilities, he moves in an atmosphere which is often too rarefied for terrestrial beings. His Oriental studies encouraged his mysticism. But cloud castles were his diversion, not his dwelling. A Swedenborg in treating of the ends of life, his rules for its actual conduct have all the practical shrewdness of his age and nation. A platonic idealist, he translates the message of the universe, interprets the Divine inscriptions written in Nature's hieroglyphics, expounds the Vedas of the violet, reads the secrets of the solar track. He sees in the beauty of Nature the expression of God, the herald of the inward and eternal, the symbol of something higher than itself. To him the end and aim of the changes of the phenomenal world is the production of the highest forms of life, the development of humanity, the birth of the man-child who is to be the crown and summit of the whole.

Those who cannot overlook palpable defects of form deny Emerson the title of a poet. But if his uncouth lines are tested by their power to stimulate thought, he must be classed among the greatest. Nor can he be altogether denied the gifts of a singer. At times his verse has the true lyric lilt and melody:

at

at others it hobbles, limps, and stumbles. This combination of success and failure is a puzzling feature. Undoubtedly he failed in art, partly from intentional neglect, partly from mechanical incapacity. He valued the thought more highly than the form, and believed that art, if over-studied, became not an aid but a chain. The almost unnatural strength of the speculative side of his genius overpowered the artistic element. This excess in one direction, and deficiency in the other, partly explains his enigmas, his defiance of grammatical and metrical laws, his want of constructive power. Often his verse is no less difficult to understand than to scan. His keenness of penetrative insight was combined with a carelessness in exhibiting his creations in definite shape. In 'May dreams' there is brilliant fancy, original thought, acute sensibility; but the result remains unsatisfactory from the want of that artistic sense which reduces beautiful images into order, and arranges them to perfection. It might be supposed that he gained nothing from the fetters of verse. In prose he is a poet, and he is free. But in two senses he gained by metrical form. In verse he permits himself a self-revelation which in prose would be egotistical. Verse also aids him to coin his aphorisms. His thought is clarified and distilled to its subtlest essence, and packed into the smallest possible compass. His poetry sparkles with gems in which he has crystallized varied results of discussion, and it is rich in gnomic sayings which give to thought a literary stamp and a portable form. No writer in the English language surpasses Emerson in the power of concentrating the net result in a single phrase. Every sentence has the ring of true metal.

His 'Threnody' is a sob of passionate grief. But as a rule his poetry is bloodless, intellectual, not emotional. There is little glow in the midst of the clear scintillating lights. His verse has the cold beauty of the moon rather than the vital warmth of the sun. He is extraordinarily accurate in his close observation of Nature: he has studied her with the minutest care. Yet the lore which he has gathered imparts no bounding impulse to the current of his life; Spring is in his poetry, but it is not in his blood. His descriptive verse has none of the spontaneous delight of Lowell, or the single-hearted rapture of Wordsworth. The wave of feeling seems to subside into calm as it passes through the intellect; the chief part of the man remains outside his descriptions. The keen transcendentalist feels the delight of the sights and sounds of external nature; but the expression of that delight does not saturate his whole being, absorb every faculty, enlist every sympathy, and without this absolute possession lyric force remains unattainable.

Bryant made his poetic reputation with a vision of Death; Longfellow with a Psalm of Life. Both were artists, not bards; poets of culture, self-criticism, self-measurement. But the inspiration of the former is the clear-cut statuesque grace of marble, of the latter the tenderness and sentiment of romance. Longfellow's verse is as soothing as Emerson's is stimulating. He never tips with light those silent peaks of thought that pierce the sky, but bathes the common highways of life with a sunny Claude-like haze. Like Whittier he is a national poet, but in a different sense. He does not rely, as did 'the wood-thrush of Essex,' on native resources; but, swallow-like, has haunted the gilded eaves of many old-world schools of poetry and thought, and returning brought back summer to a land frost-bound in the dreary winter of Puritanism.

The completeness of his success is measured by the reaction against his fame. He was the pioneer of a wider culture; he enriched the impoverished blood of his people with a love of beauty, of art, and of romance. He created the standard of taste by which he is now condemned as deficient. He enlarged the resources of American refinement by opening to them the treasures of the Old World, and making them joint-heirs in the rich inheritance of the past. By his translations he annexed a new field of literature, which Americans have cultivated with remarkable success. He touched a hidden spring. Americans appreciate, more keenly than any other people, all that is traditional and historical, perhaps because they can look back upon the Middle Ages wrapped in the golden mist of memory, with a feeling of reverence that is dispelled by no daily contact with their errors, ruins, and decay. He appealed to that romantic sentiment which underlies the most realistic natures. He is the poet of the mellow twilight of the past; the poet of courtesy, gentleness, and reverence. His heart was in his work. He strove to give his poetry the influence which time-honoured associations exercise in older countries, to make it supply the correcting force which is provided by diffused education or an Academy, to counteract the tendencies of mammon-worship and materialism, to urge his fellow-countrymen upwards as well as onwards.

What are now regarded as Longfellow's shortcomings were the elements of his marvellous success. To be hackneyed was essential for his work. He never flatters his readers with the compliment of obscurity; every line is clear and lucid. Though his verse has not the wine-dark depths of the crystal, it has the clear transparency of glass. He lavishes no ingots of thought, new and strange, drawn from the silent depths of a meditative mind.

mind. His imagination loses in sweep, and daring, and vehemence, by his refusal to look away from outward realities. He never attempts to soar into the spirit world; he has none of the frenzy of the bard. But, for these very reasons, he addresses the many, not the few: he makes his way to every home, not merely to the studies of scholars. His cultured compatriots required no additional refinement; Longfellow addressed the class to whom the love of beauty had not penetrated. Neither too high nor too deep for immediate appreciation, he waited for no posthumous fame. His influence was as rapidly gained as it was widely extended. He deals but little in abstractions: he gives his readers definite particulars and fixed quantities. To tragic pomp, consummate grandeur, or the lyric cry he does not pretend. He is the poet of domestic life, the interpreter of the better moods of ordinary men, the singer of commonplace experience. He has a keen, somewhat epicurean sense of beauty, but he never realizes that spirit of beauty which entranced and enthralled the soul of Shelley. To him Love is romance rather than passion, Death pathetic rather than tragic, Life not a mystery to be solved, but a fact to be accepted with cheerful serenity. The ease of execution, the simplicity of the language, may indicate that the thought is not difficult of expression. Yet what other poet has performed the same task with such simple grace, natural flow, and homely felicity? There is something in his verse of which few can catch the secret. It is, as the 'Life of Longfellow,' which lies before us, shows, the free expression of his simple sincere character: none of it is written in the spirit of literary make-believe. Even his tendency to preach and moralize contributed to his success. It illustrated the truth that art, and poetry, and romance are not necessarily the foes of religion; it changed the attitude of Puritanism from hostility to support.

If Longfellow's poetry is sifted, it will yield little ore of deep ethical beauty or profound thought. But though not a great, he is a genuine, poet. He has an accurate perception of his own capacity. His strength lies in narrative, and he puts it forth in poems like 'Evangeline' and 'Hiawatha' with a simple directness that seldom fails of its effect. 'Evangeline' is an idyll, broad in style, gravely simple, and altogether innocent of theatrical effect. The metre flows on like a slow-moving, brimming stream—

> 'Limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds,
> Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
> The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
> Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.'

Upon

Upon the vexed question of the hexameter, which Mr. Stedman ably discusses, we have not space to enter. Victory in the argument is secured to scholars so long as the metre retains its classic title, and thereby provokes comparison with the masterpieces of Greece and Rome. For Longfellow the measure possessed peculiar advantages. With his usual artistic tact he removes both 'Evangeline' and 'Hiawatha' out of the ordinary range of Old World associations by the adoption of a peculiar metre. It is characteristic of the kindly poet that he dwells on the graces rather than on the deformities of colonial and Red Indian life. To American readers these two poems will always appeal more strongly than any other of his longer pieces. But, with all its obvious faults, the 'Golden Legend' appears to us the most powerful and personal of Longfellow's poems. Genuine enthusiasm could alone call up that picturesque pageant of feudal society; it is the attempt of a poet, a student, and a true medievalist, to catch the higher significance which underlay the life of the 'Ages of Faith.'

It is an ungrateful task to dwell upon Longfellow's defects. The range of his genius is narrow; he does not always wear his learning 'lightly as a flower;' his descriptions are composed in the study and are not transcripts of outdoor life; his epithets lack force and vividness. Except in his beautiful sonnets, his language needs condensation. The play of his bright fancy often illuminates his verse; but the power of illustration is repeatedly abused. He is carried away by his passion for making images till he compares external objects to things most remotely and accidentally connected with the original idea. His sympathy is wide rather than deep; he speaks about sorrow rather than to it; his consolation is often merely perfunctory. The obtrusion of his moral purpose is partly due to the weakness of his dramatic faculty. His 'New England Tragedies' are singularly flat and tame. On artistic grounds it might be questioned whether the subject is intrinsically tragic. New England persecutions were appalling from their suddenness and comparative transience; in Europe their gradual growth may be traced, in the New World they flame up suddenly against a cloudless sky. True dramatic action is based on the elemental passions, while these persecutions sprang from intellectual blindness. The interest of the tragedy, if aroused at all, must therefore depend less on the horrors of religious superstition than on the character of the actors. In other words, Longfellow has chosen a subject which is not necessarily tragic, but may be rendered so by a dramatic treatment of character. And here he completely fails. Nothing can

can be weaker than his presentation of such supreme crises in their lives as the close of Giles Corey's career, or the appearance of Christian Wenlock before Judge Endicott. There is no play of forces, no struggle between freedom and religion; the course of persecution runs as smoothly as if there were no element in the New England character which fought against cruelty.

America has, in our opinion, produced a greater poet than Longfellow; but to few of her citizens does she owe a deeper debt of gratitude. His powers were perfectly adapted to the stage of civilization at which the nation had arrived. His countrymen had never passed through the ballad period of literature, but he supplied them with the simple poetry for which they craved, and which was the substitute for a popular literature. Poets of greater or less genius would have failed to do his work so effectively. Those who now depreciate his poetry stand on a level which he was the first to raise. In a more direct sense his poetry is national. He quickened the step of progress by setting it to the music of a sacred march. Few sides of American history or life were left untouched. He sang the death-song of the conquered races, immortalized the solid virtues of the early settlers, pleaded the cause of freedom on a free soil, bade 'God speed' to the bark of the Union on its perilous voyage through unknown seas. But he was also an universal poet. The Old and the New World mourned his loss.

> 'We praise not now the poet's art,'
> The rounded beauty of his song;
> Who weighs him from his life apart,
> Must do his nobler nature wrong.'

He preached no idle gospel of contentment; he wailed no moan of sickly despair. His trust, courtesy, forbearance, and serenity, were more than the outcome of a tranquil and prosperous life. They were, as is conclusively proved by the volumes of extracts from the poet's journals and letters which Mr. Samuel Longfellow has edited, the genuine expression of the inner nature of the man himself; a man to whom envy and malice were strangers, a man who pursued, both in conduct and in art, the even tenour of his cheerful, true-hearted way, and walked, doubting nothing, in the light of a sincere but unobtrusive religious faith.

Poe and Oliver Wendell Holmes are more voluminous writers in prose than in verse, yet both contributed important elements to the development of poetry. Poe's poetry was small in amount,

amount, but in quality it was peculiar. Yet Mr. Lowell's criticism is not far from the truth—

> 'Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
> Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge.'

A lover of poetry for its own sake, he protested against the didactic tendencies of American verse. His own poetry is a wail of morbid despondency. His genius was displayed in a powerful though uncanny imagination, and an effective but showy versification. He demonstrated with extraordinary brilliancy the subtle charm which is exercised by the sound, apart from the meaning, of words. The 'Autocrat' too early gained a world-wide reputation as a versifier by request to develop to the full his undoubted gifts as a writer of songs and ballads. In his fine taste, command of pure English, and love of the 'straight-backed' measures of Dryden and of Pope, he belongs to the classic school. But his verse is always fresh and bright with the dews of fancy. His special contributions to American poetry are the power of assimilating to the services of the Muse the latest discoveries of science, and that union of humour with pathos which adds to the sparkle of the one by the glitter of the tear-drop of the other.

Essayist, poet, satirist, critic, lecturer, professor, diplomatist, man of the world, of letters, and of affairs, Lowell is, as Mr. Stedman says, the representative of American literature. In him are combined the ripe scholarship and varied learning of Parson Wilbur, with the shrewd mother-wit and sound common sense of Hosea Biglow. He sums up the best qualities of the refined and cultured Americans. He has outlived the Vandalism and illiberal fanaticism of the Puritans, and yet retains the religious resolve and fighting spirit which at Naseby swept the chaff from the threshing-floor of the Lord.

From the very first his poetry was marked by an ambitious purpose and a high ideal of his art. Love was indeed the inspiration of a 'Year's Life,' which he published in 1841, with the motto from Schiller, 'Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.' But this youthful volume was followed in 1844 by poems in which the tender notes are blended with sturdier tones. Already he raises his voice to plead for freedom or dignify the heritage of the poor. He was determined to be—

> '. . . No empty rhymer
> Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,
> And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
> To all men's pride and fancies as they pass.'

A similar

A similar strain appears in the following lines—

> 'Never did Poesy appear
> So full of Heaven to me, as when
> I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
> To the lives of common men.'

or again, in the words which he puts in the mouth of Hosea Biglow—

> 'Ef I a song or two could make,
> Like rockets druv by their own burnin',
> All leap an' light, to leave a wake
> Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin'.'

His theory of the choice of themes also impelled him to active life. He held that the Muse never reveals herself to the man who pursues her with prying eye and panting breath, but seeks out for herself the favoured lovers, in whose ears she whispers subjects which, as Lowell writes,—

> 'By day or night won't let me be,
> And hang about me like a curse,
> Till they have made me into verse.'

With this aim and ideal before him, his poetry has always been characterized by manly earnestness and strong religious feeling. He aspires not to conceive exquisite creations of the fancy which might charm the dilettante, but to speak the simple words that waken their free nature in the poor and friendless.

Ardent, enthusiastic, eager to rehearse the epic of a man, Lowell threw himself into the stream of national life. The current was already seething and foaming with the impulse of a mighty movement. The application of science to industrial enterprise changed the face of nature; habits, ideas, fashions of thought, altered with marvellous rapidity; population doubled and trebled itself; society underwent a transformation as complete as it was sudden; literature became a power. Everywhere was spreading the influence of Channing and of Emerson, humanizing Religion and Nature, protesting in the name of something higher against the exclusive reign of the senses and the understanding. Towards the same end contributed the genial culture and tender romance of Longfellow. A movement so rapid and extensive necessarily brought in its train vast social changes. Strange hopes were in the air of an approaching millennium: the sin of slavery must be purged before its advent. Lowell threw himself, heart and soul, into the cause of the Abolitionists. His fervour made him didactic; but its fiery impulse, when

when the preaching element subsided, gave his verse a peculiar force.

In the 'Biglow Papers' his enthusiasm urged him to a masterpiece which ranks with the greatest political satires of classic or modern Europe, and enrolled Lowell among the successful humorists of the world. Parson Wilbur, with his simplicity and vanity, his pedantry and wit, his solid and varied learning, his combined capacity for sermonizing and hard hitting, is an incomparable editor. Hosea's drily humorous picturesqueness, strong common sense, effective and homely illustrations, and quaint Scriptural allusions, admirably represent the New England character. The type of provincial Yankee which Lowell depicts is now nearly extinct. Competent judges appear to be agreed that the dialect is reproduced with the utmost purity, and that as a specimen of the vernacular idiom the Biglow Papers are infinitely superior to Sam Slick or Major Downing. Hosea Biglow and Bird-o-fredum Sawin are dramatic creations, racy of the soil yet intensely human, at once American and universal. It is not in the New World only that there are military braggarts, or that 'pious editors' or 'north-by-south candidates' endeavour to dodge the moral laws of the universe, and steal a march on virtue without having their retreat cut off. There is no ribaldry in the Scriptural phrases; they are not introduced as an element in the ridiculous effect, but are the natural expression of a simple people whose language and modes of thought are saturated by Biblical feeling and phrases. There is in the pungent satire none of the misanthropic ferocity of a Swift, nor the irritated vanity of a Byron; but beneath the bitter hatred of slavery, the incisive sharpness of the political denunciations, the withering scorn of the social faults, lies a fund of genial humour and human sympathy. The purpose is grave and serious, for it forms part of the writer's very existence; yet the fun is apparently reckless. A second glance shows that only a cool brain, steady hand, and complete self-command, could apply the lash with such unerring aim and sinewy strength to the tenderest part of the adversary. The blows fall quickly, unexpectedly, and never miss their mark. They not only sting, but make their victims ludicrous. Lowell effected for the Abolitionist cause what a wilderness of homilists could not achieve. He turned the laugh against the slave-owners; the light shafts of ridicule penetrated the toughest hides and could not be withdrawn. The second series is inferior to the first in freshness and vigour. Yet there are lines in the tenth letter of the series, which perhaps strike as high a note of poetry as Lowell has ever reached. 'The Biglow Papers' form an invalu-

 able

able commentary on the history of the times. All the deep interests, with which the twenty years that succeeded 1848 were throbbing, beat in that unique collection of humorous and passionate verse. None the less interesting are the Papers because they show the mental changes through which Lowell passed. In the first series he complains of the ascendancy of the South in the councils of the States, and prefers the severance of the Federal Union to its continuance. In the second, he advocates the assertion by force of arms of the physical supremacy of the North. The light airy tone, in which the later series begins, shows that the war was expected to be nothing but a summer picnic; but the tone grows grimmer as the death-grapple continued, till personal loss and the gloom and horror of the gigantic struggle drew from the poet the tenth letter of the series. The 'Fable for Critics,' a slashing but discriminating criticism on American poets, gives another proof, if that were needed, of Lowell's power of satire and humorous invention.

Lowell's serious poetry is fresh and vigorous, deeply stamped with the personality of the poet, marked at its best by that condensation which is the charm and justification of verse, kept close to human life in its concrete realities by his keen and practical shrewdness. It has little abstract or ideal inspiration, and wants that brooding cast of mind which belongs to the prophet. Perhaps the poetry of a true humorist can never bear a message. Lowell has little of the artistic instinct which was Longfellow's guide. His exuberance of fancy continually squanders its wealth on incongruities and trivialities: some patch of crude harsh colouring repeatedly disturbs the harmony of tone. Both in his verse and in his prose he sometimes mistakes far-fetched decoration for richness. No one has put his early faults so clearly and yet so wittily as Lowell himself.

'There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme.
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
The top of the hill he'll ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction between singing and preaching.
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well;
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem.'

In later life the tendency of his poetry is towards transcendentalism and introspection. His early inspiration had deserted him. The moral and national enthusiasm of the Union movement

ment inspired his noble Commemoration Ode; but the tragedies, public and private, of the war clouded his sense of the triumph. The tide of tumultuous progress rushed too fiercely along. He recoiled from the materialism of evolution and from the extremes to which men of science pushed their prophetic assertions. He takes his stand more and more on the ancient ways, and seeks in 'the Cathedral' that calm and satisfaction which he could no longer find in political movements.

His descriptive poetry reaches a high standard of excellence. Nothing better of its kind has been produced in America. His touches are bold and sharp, his outlines never blurred; the vision is reproduced as it actually appeared to an acute and careful observer. He has followed the footsteps of Nature in all her moods and disguises with the devotion of a lover; he does not study her movements like a philosopher, his enjoyment of her beauty is fresh and spontaneous as a child's. Hence his descriptive verse glows with a fresh summer colouring which puts to shame the autumnal faded tints of Bryant. His fancy is more iridescent than that of Wordsworth. The ripple of gaiety, which ruffles the depths of spiritual feeling, imparts a marvellous charm and variety to his poetry. Nature possesses him, not he Nature; Wordsworth finds Nature mirrored in his own heart, Lowell sees himself reflected in Nature.

> 'I was the wind that dapples the lush grass,
> The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,
> The thin-winged swallow skating on the air.'

In other words he lets himself swoon away on the breast of Nature, and merges in hers his own personality. The lofty rapture, the strong single-hearted joy of Wordsworth, belongs to a higher kind of poetry. But it is obvious that Lowell's more sensuous feeling enables him to depict Nature with a greater directness than the more subjective and brooding passion of the English poet will allow. In the unfailing freshness of his illustrations, the local truth of his descriptive touches, the rich catholicity of his acquirements, the solid basis of his practical understanding, Lowell combines, as has been said, the best qualities of his class. He stands, in our opinion, first among the American poets of culture. To him America owes her finest satire, her noblest ode, and her truest descriptive poetry.

There remain the democratic poets, among whom Bret Harte, Cincinnatus (Joaquin) Miller, and Walt Whitman present themselves as types. All three are poets of the peculiar life of the New World, and not of the features which it possesses in common with the Old. Bret Harte is the poet of the red-

shirted diggers, Miller of filibuster chiefs like Walker in Nicaragua, Whitman of the workmen on wharves and farms, in dockyards, factories and foundries,—of the free strong life of Young America.

The two first-named poets deal with the rough lives of the pioneers of American civilization, the stage of semi-barbarous lawlessness and rude simplicity, through which new settlements pass before they become civilized communities. They dwell on the peculiar features of life in the New World, the contrast between barbarism and civilization. Dependent like the savage on his own hands, the settler of the Far West is within reach of the resources of civilization. This was the life of which critics expected pictures at the commencement of the century. But it was not till the daily drudgery became less penurious, not till the discoveries of science enforced the contrast by means of steam and electricity, that the suggestiveness of backwoods life became apparent. Here, if anywhere, settlers may combine the practical resourcefulness of the savage with the intellectual activity of the dweller in cities.

Bret Harte undoubtedly owes some of his popularity to the novelty and freshness of his subjects. The keynote of his poetry is that somewhere in the most lawless nature exists a point of honour and a conscience. From coarse and common clay he creates life-like figures of these pioneers of civilization, rough gold-diggers whose shamefaced tenderness, hidden under the veil of reckless profanity, is singularly affecting in its unexpected display. He paints with a few broad touches, without any false gloss, vivid pictures of a society evolved from the concourse of lawless individuals, a society which sets little store by human life, but scrupulously obeys its own code of honour. A man of less genius might mar the effect of the picture by magnifying the romance. But Bret Harte tells his wild incidents with a simplicity which seems to make light of their strangeness. His diggers are never converted into sanctimonious sentimentalists; they remain fierce, unruly, cursing, reckless scamps, capable of chivalrous heroism, open to tender impulses, as ready to lay down their lives for a partner as, under other circumstances, to shoot him like a dog. Vice and self-sacrifice are effectively contrasted. There is nothing maudlin in the sentiment; no siege is laid to the feelings; the heroes are never allowed to attitudinize, or indulge in the luxury of grief. It is a pathos that struggles to hide itself, and strangles a sob with a curse. Bret Harte is a master of that understatement which constitutes the essence of American irony. Fluency is fatal to many of his compatriots; Bret Harte's

Harte's eloquence is that of a hiatus. His most characteristic gift is dramatic suggestiveness, the conveyance not of vague undermeanings, but of definite ideas. A few careless touches carry the reader into the very centre of the subject. Stories could not be told in fewer words.

Except in his subjects, Joaquin Miller is not essentially American. He is the poet of the roving adventurous life of a borderer. He wrote the 'Songs of the Sierras' from his own experience with all the ardour of youth; his voice had the genuine ring of one who had lived 'among the Modocs.' He is at his best in 'Arazonian,' and 'with Walker in Nicaragua.' Besides their striking descriptions, both poems display a considerable dramatic power. But elsewhere he is deficient in Bret Harte's self-control. The dramatic element is swept away, together with sense, metre, and grammar, by impetuous gusts of passionate imagery. His true poetic genius is disfigured by carelessness and affectation. In him seems to flow the 'quick-mettled rich blood, impulses, and love' of the 'glistening, perfumed South;' it appears as if his nature had been steeped in the ancient civilization of Mexico. His poetry is tropical in its profusion of colour, and Eastern in the glowing heat of its impetuous passion.

Apart from the extreme difficulty of discussing a poet like Whitman, to whom existing standards cannot be applied with exactness, the contest which rages round his name seems to necessitate a more lengthy examination of his merits than can be included in a general article. From the first he has invited dogmatic criticism. As wild and unkempt as he is fresh and vigorous, he has excited as much opposition as enthusiasm. Is his extravagance originality or inflation, his lawlessness genius or license, his obscurity depth or nonsense, his self-assertion strength or bluster? Only in the briefest outline will it be possible to indicate our view of the nature of his claims, and of the degree of his failure and success.

He claims, though it is understood that his views have undergone some modification, to be the founder of a new literature, the prophet and poet of the United States as the Great Republic of the present and the great Democracy of the future. The past does not legislate for him, for every generation is a law to itself. He admits no such contracted view of art or human nature as belongs to an aristocratic literature, relegates the stock materials and forms of poetry to the background, includes all words among the means,—all classes, characters, actions, occupations, functions among the subjects,—of poetic representation. He abjures all respect to received opinion, all deference

deference to accepted canons, all obedience to authority. For the poet of America he demands absolute freedom of treatment, unbounded liberty in choice of form and subject. He composes systematically with the ever-present purpose of breaking down the barriers between prose and verse, and creating a new style which shall supersede all others in ease, variety, and flexibility. Yet at the same time he professes to write with that unconscious naturalness which is the art of arts and the sworn foe of artificiality. In his pictures of practical life no selection is exercised, but every element is represented. He sings of Man as a microcosm of the world, in his relations to the past, the present, and the future; of Personality with the egotism of one who, in celebrating himself, celebrates the Adam of the nineteenth century, the manhood of the American democracy; of materialism with an ideal realism which treats 'objects gross and the unseen world' as one, and the body as the living garment of the soul; of Universality with the enthusiasm of an American patriot who rises above distinctions of race or nationality to chant the evangel-song of democratic comradeship. It forms a curious comment on Whitman's claims that he finds more readers in the Old World which he despises than in the New which he glorifies, and that the multitude, whose singer he professes to be, welcome Longfellow but remain absolutely ignorant of the literary merits of their own poet.

Such pieces as the burial hymn to Lincoln 'When lilacs last, &c.,' or 'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,' stamp Whitman as a lyric genius of the highest order. In creative force and imaginative vigour Whitman stands, in our opinion, first among American poets. But he has not justified his claim to initiate a new departure in the form or the substance of poetry. His finest passages are written when, in the sweep of his lyric passion, he forgets his system and his purpose. His poems come before the world in a shape which is as attractive to some as it is repulsive to others. In either case the audacity of the strange attire rivets attention. Yet the form is not new. At their best his lines have the sweep of the Hebrew prophets; they roll in upon the ear, rythmic as the waves beating on the shore. But just as often they resemble the baldest prose of Tupper. Whitman denounces rhyme as the medium of inferior writers and trivial subjects. His slatternly prose irresistibly suggests the conclusion, that his revolt against the tinkling serenader's style was confirmed, if it was not stimulated, by mechanical incapacity or at least by a want of artistic patience. In the first heat of his revolutionary enthusiasm, he claimed to throw art to the winds, and to demonstrate its futility when applied

applied to the higher forms of poetry. In his maturer judgment he poses as the Wagner of poetry. It is possible, and even probable, that poetry, like music, may undergo great rythmical changes; but whatever change takes place will be in the direction, not of the neglect, but of the development of Art. It is no defence of Whitman's theory, that he wished to render poetry inartistic; it is a complete and adequate defence, that he attempts to reproduce in verse the cosmical symphony, the strong musical pulse that beats throughout the world, the great undersong of the universal surge of Nature. Had this conception been in his mind from the first, had he been an innovator and not a mere iconoclast, he might have worked out his system less crudely. His vocabulary is strong and rich. He bows to no aristocracy of words. He hopes to see the Versailles of verse invaded by the language of the 'Halles.' He uses whatever expression most forcibly conveys his meaning, without regard to conventionalities. Thus his language is piercingly direct, and he repeatedly strikes out original epithets or phrases which create a picture in themselves.

In the protest which Whitman makes against conventionalities of form and language, he did good service; but he only echoes the voice of Emerson. His claim to be the founder of a new poetic school is more justified by the substance than the form of his verse. A characteristic feature in his treatment of his vast measureless subject is the method which he adopts of union instead of division—comprehension, not selection. The body is not divided from the soul, nor the spiritual separated from the material world. Modern science, by its analysis, lays waste much of the old domain of the imagination; Whitman shows that modern poetry may, by its synthesis, gather into a focus the scattered rays of light, and keep scientific research in contact with humanity. In his democratic theories he gives utterance to no novel thoughts, though he expresses his convictions with so striking a force that the ideas appear original. His view is that of a transcendental evolutionist. He clothes in concrete form the abstract ideas of Emerson. To his own noble ideal of the future of Democracy he adheres with a confidence, which even his gloomy estimate of the present condition of society wholly fails to shake. On the wide breadths of his canvas he throws, with strangely vivid patches of local colouring, the restless activities and energies of his nation. His theory of poetry excludes him from exercising the principle of selection. He only ends his catalogues when his sense of number and variety is satisfied. Clumsy and inartistic

inartistic though the device may be, his lists are sometimes a powerful means of expressing vastness.

But it is not the size of the picture, nor the novelty of the thoughts, nor the audacity of the form, which constitute the fascination of Whitman's poetry. It is the impressive personality of the writer; the force and vitality of his broad living sympathy with his fellows, whatever their degree or condition; the strength of the dear love of comradeship, which is as feminine in its tenderness as it is masculine in its passion; the fresh, breezy, open-air character of his descriptive touches. The mongrel words, the transitions, the slang, the bald prose, the unendurable catalogues, hardly check the swing and volume of the whole poem, which moves with the force of thousands sweeping forward as one man. Whitman's attempts to assimilate the results of science lead him to contemplate Nature as a whole, and to render general effects rather than minute details. Yet, though his picture of the mocking-bird is ornithologically incorrect, he often displays a faculty of close observation which is as accurate as his local touches are vivid. His introspective attitude causes him, as a general rule, to represent the effect of Nature upon the mind rather than the natural object itself. Thus, in one of his lyric outbursts upon midsummer night, he expresses the physical ecstasy which it produces, not the special features of the

> '. . . bare-bosom'd night, . . . magnetic nourishing night,
> Night of south winds, night of the few large stars!
> Still nodding night—mad, naked, summer night.'

The passages in the 'Children of Adam' are, in our opinion, ineffably and unnecessarily disgusting. But their place in the poem is obvious, and Whitman may appeal to a life of singular nobility and heroism to rebut the charge of pruriency. In theory he has right on his side. If every part, every natural action, every organ of humanity, were equally honoured and sacred, mock modesty would be at an end. To be naked and not ashamed—the primitive innocence of the savage—is the ideal state. Prurience thrives in concealment: it cannot bear exposure. But Whitman either did not pause to consider whether it is possible to re-establish the primitive condition of unconsciousness, or, as we incline to think, was too fanatical in his convictions to reflect upon the fearful risks by which such an attempt is inevitably accompanied. It is this fanaticism which is at once his strength and his weakness. To it he owes that vehement absorption in his creed which belongs to the prophet: it raises his passion to an elemental force; it enables him

him to sing the future of Democracy in a voice of full-toned ecstasy which never shakes or falters. On the other hand, it deprives him of humour and self-criticism; it changes his consciousness of strength into an arrogance which is blind to all merit in the work or the methods of others; it inspires him with an exaggerated contempt for that Art to the principles of which his genius pays a silent and perhaps unconscious homage.

Like all modern versifiers, American poets of the cultured school are characterized by scholarly refinement of thought, command of dainty fancies, and mastery of the technicalities of their art. As the special birthright of their nation, they possess fluency of language, genius for effective illustrations, and power of condensing thought into portable epigrammatic shape. Their native nimbleness of mind enables them to approach their subjects from many different points of view, each of which suggests a profusion of novel associations. It is this power that imparts to their verse the charm of freshness. Their poetry has the transparent brilliancy, the sparkle, and the sharp outline of cut glass. But it is vitreous, not opaline. There is little depth of light and shade, no flesh-tints, no broad, massive effects of colour. This class of American poetry, as the abundance of the crop seems to indicate, is the fruit of extreme culture. The soil in which it grows is never rank or coarse, but neither is it deep or rich. There is not the gusto and relish of life among cultivated Americans which seem to belong to master-minds. The climate has sharpened the mental perceptions, but dried up the marrow and the juice. The intellect preponderates over all that is emotional and spontaneous: the critical and discerning elements overpower the passionate and fervid. Refinement seems to rob the literary character of its bone and sinew, and culture to bleach its flowers of their colour. And, after all, the grace of strength transcends all other grace. Touches of anything gross and strong are rare: the dauntlessness of Nature seems exhausted; there is little that is grand-hearted, tumultuous, and self-forgetful.

On the other hand, and in these days it is a most legitimate source of pride, nothing is more remarkable than the consistent purity of the moral tone, and the unfailing delicacy of feeling. There are few, if any, lines in the whole range of this class of American poetry that a dying poet need wish to blot. From first to last, there are no insidious suggestions.

The democratic school of poets, with all their glaring faults, recognize that dainty perfection of expression is no substitute for stimulating thought; and that subtle analyses of the lighter emotions or deft-fingered sketches of society may display ingenuity

genuity or fancy, but afford no occasion for the exercise of creative force or imaginative power. Whitman has failed to revolutionize poetry. Rhyme and metre will endure so long as the songs of men or birds; Art will outlive the longest life. But the future is, we believe, in other respects with him and his school. He illustrates, as often by failure as by success, what are the true needs of modern poetry. Power, and force, and freedom, confer an immortality which no culture can secure. Behind the poetry there must be a living personality, a nature, coarse-fibred perhaps, but strong, deep, and vehement. Modern poetry, again, must be full of human interest. The cultivated poets of America have carried description to the highest pitch of perfection, perhaps because it affords the readiest escape from the crudities of their material civilization. But pictures of Nature, however exquisite, are comparatively valueless, unless they form the backgrounds for human action. The living figures are too often absent. It is in this field of human life and character that American novelists have reaped abundant harvests. There is yet room for her poets. The dramatic element is strong in Bret Harte, and, though Whitman draws types rather than individuals, his poetry is thronged with the concrete realities of life. Lastly, the future position of poetry must largely depend on her attitude to modern science. Legends, and myths, and romance, seem destined to disappear: but in their place are revealed unsuspected expanses of knowledge, and unbounded vistas opened to the imagination. Here again Whitman has proved a worthy pioneer. In many striking passages he has anticipated and assimilated the latest results of scientific enquiry.

To conjecture the future of poetry, whether in the Old or the New World, would be a fond and foolish task. Mr. Stedman considers that many causes combine at the present moment to check its growth in America. Among the principal causes of impaired vitality, and of the blight which destroys the promised fruit, this acute and fair-minded critic includes the Law of Copyright. The following paragraph, with which we conclude our survey of American poetry, is taken from his remarks upon this important subject:—

> 'All classes of literary workmen still endure the disadvantage of a market drugged with stolen goods. Shameless as is our legal plundering of foreign authors, our blood is most stirred by the consequent injury to home literature,—by the wrongs, the poverty, the discouragement to which the foes of International Copyright subject our own writers.'

ART.

ART. IV.—1. *Annual Report of the Director of the National Gallery to the Treasury, for the year* 1885. Presented to Parliament, 1886.

2. *The Abridged Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery.* Foreign Schools. 1885.*

3. *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery, with Biographical Notices of the deceased Painters.* British and Modern Schools. 1886.

4. *Italian Art in the National Gallery.* By Dr. Richter.

5. *L'Arte Italiana nella Galleria Nazionale di Londra.* By Dr. G. Frizzoni.

MORE than a quarter of a century has elapsed since we published an Article on the National Gallery.† Many suggestions, which we then ventured to make for its improvement, have been carried out, and some of our predictions with regard to it have been fulfilled. On the other hand, some of the defects and shortcomings we pointed out still exist; opportunities which have occurred to render our national collection of pictures worthy, in every respect, of the nation have been, in some instances, neglected; and the building which contains it is in many respects as open to serious objections as it was five-and-twenty years ago. We propose in the present article to show what has been done and what left undone.

The subject divides itself into three parts—the collection itself, the building containing it, and its administration. First, as to the collection. Upon this point we can write with almost unqualified satisfaction. From one of secondary importance among the great public galleries of Europe, it has risen within the period we have mentioned to the very first rank, both as regards the number of its pictures and its importance as illustrating the history of painting. In 1859 it contained 593 pictures, of which 259 were by the 'Old Masters,' and 334 of the British School. The latter included Mr. Vernon's munificent gift of 157 paintings—all, with the exception of two, by English artists; and those bequeathed by Turner to the nation, consisting of 282 of his own finished and unfinished pictures, and no less than 19,331 water-colour drawings and sketches by his own indefatigable hand—a collection unrivalled for its beauty, variety and instructiveness.

At the present time the National Gallery possesses above

* We regret that we cannot refer to the new edition of the full Catalogue, the publication of which has been long delayed.

† 'Quarterly Review,' April, 1859.

1200 pictures, of which about 720 are by the 'Old Masters'—the number having thus nearly trebled within the space of one generation. Of the British school there are about 450 examples. In addition, the Trustees, under the authority of a recent Act of Parliament, have lent to various Government and Provincial Institutions 180 pictures in their keeping as part of the national collection. No other European gallery has shown so rapid an increase within so short a period.

If we eliminate from the most famous European collections pictures of very inferior merit, and unworthy of exhibition, or by painters who have no claim to a place in the history of Art, we shall find that, although in actual numbers, and in the best examples of the greatest masters, the National Gallery may be inferior to some of them, it may claim superiority to them all as regards completeness, variety, and value to the art-historian and student. Many of us have felt the oppressive dreariness of the acres of painted canvas which cover the walls of the Louvre, scarcely relieved by the many gems which that vast aggregation of uninteresting works contains. Few persons, if any, we venture to say, will have experienced a similar sensation in the National Gallery, the pre-eminent feature of which is, that it contains scarcely one picture which the most fastidious critic would be disposed to remove, and which does not deserve a place there either from its merits as a work of Art, or as illustrating a period, or forming a link in a school, and consequently essential to the completeness of the collection. The power of sale conferred by an Act of Parliament upon the Trustees and Director has enabled them to weed it of pictures unworthy of a place in it—a power of which they availed themselves to sell a number of works by unknown early German painters, which Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the exercise of his own judgment, had purchased for the nation from a collector of the name of Kruger.*

Among the additions to the collection of the Old Masters made since our previous article was written, are many of the highest interest and importance. We may, perhaps, assign the first place in both these respects, and on account of the extreme rarity and value of the painters' works, to 'The Virgin and Child with the Infant St. John and an Angel,' by Leonardo da Vinci,

* 2800*l.* was paid for these sixty-four worthless pictures, only four of which have been considered as fit to remain in the National Gallery. Ten were sent to Dublin—no compliment to the Irish or their public Gallery, now one of real interest and importance under the able management of Mr. Henry Doyle. Thirty-seven were sold at Christie's for 249*l.* 8*s.*, averaging about 6*l.* 14*s.* each! See 'Return of all Pictures purchased for the National Gallery,' &c. Presented to the House of Lords, 1860.

purchased

purchased in 1880 from Lord Suffolk for 9000*l.* Before the acquisition of this picture the National Gallery was without any example of this great master—from his universal acquirements, from the influence that he exercised upon art, and from his genius, one of the greatest that ever lived. The one long attributed to him, representing 'Christ disputing with the Doctors,' is now admitted to be by Bernardino Luini, in some respects his follower and imitator, and is ascribed to that gifted and graceful painter in the Catalogue. No great public gallery could be considered complete without an example of Leonardo's work; we may, therefore, consider the Trustees and Director as especially fortunate in having acquired this masterpiece for the nation. As it is well known, there is a repetition of the picture, under the name of the 'Vierge aux Rochers,' in the Louvre—also assigned to Leonardo. Although the two correspond in the general treatment of the subject, they differ in the details. The existence of the Louvre picture has led to doubts being cast upon the authenticity of that in the National Gallery. In these doubts we cannot concur. If there be grounds for any with regard to either picture, we are disposed to believe that they apply to the one in the Louvre, rather than to that in Trafalgar Square.

The history of the latter picture can apparently be traced from the time when it occupied the position for which it was painted. Lomazzo, a writer on the Art of Painting, who lived in the second half of the 16th century, twice mentions an altarpiece by Leonardo da Vinci as then being in the Chapel of the 'Concezione,' in the Church of S. Francesco at Milan. His description of it applies to that in the National Gallery, and not to that in the Louvre. The picture is again alluded to as being in the same chapel by Carlo Torre, in his description of Milan published in 1674. He adds that it had originally been in the Church of S. Gottardo, whence it was removed to that of S. Francesco by Lodovico il Moro. It is further mentioned in guide-books of Milan, printed in 1737–8 and 1752, as still occupying the same place. But the Abbate Bianconi states in his 'Nuova Guida di Milano,' published in 1787, that the picture having been removed to a pious institution, had been taken from Milan ('passata ad un luogo pio, è partito da noi'). After this time it is no longer spoken of by local writers as among the works of art in that city, which would scarcely have been the case had the picture been still there.

In 1779, the English painter Gavin Hamilton, who had recently returned from Italy, and was then living in Poland Street in London, offered to Lord Lansdowne for sale a picture by

by Leonardo da Vinci, which he described, in a letter, as 'a most capital performance of the master, and never to be got again.' On this recommendation it was bought by Lord Lansdowne. After his death it passed into the possession of Lord Suffolk. It corresponds in every respect with the description by Lomazzo and others of the picture once in the Chapel of the 'Concezione,' which, as we have seen, was removed from Milan between 1752 and 1787. There can, therefore, scarcely be any reasonable doubt that the two pictures are identical.

Two ancient, perhaps contemporaneous, copies of his masterpiece—one in the 'Ambrosiana' at Milan, the other in the Museum at Naples—entirely correspond with the picture in the National Gallery and not with that in the Louvre; the principal difference between the two being that, in the Paris picture, the Angel is indicating with outstretched finger the Infant Christ to St. John, whilst in the one in the National Gallery the Angel supports, with both hands, the little Baptist. We may consequently assume, with some confidence, that both these copies were made from the altar-piece once in the Chapel of the 'Concezione,' which must, therefore, at that early period, have been accepted as the genuine work of the master.

As far as our investigations enabled us to judge, there is no such authentic and consecutive history connected with the 'Vierge aux Rochers' in the Louvre. As to the comparative merits of the two pictures, this must, of course, be a matter of opinion. There exists a written statement by Sir Charles Eastlake that he, M. Passavant, and Dr. Waagen—no mean authorities on such matters—who examined together the National Gallery picture when in the possession of Lord Suffolk, concurred in the opinion, that it was far superior to that in the Louvre.* However this may be—and our opinion coincides with that of these three eminent connoisseurs—it is highly probable that the principal portion of both pictures is by the master's own hand; whilst parts, such as the background, may have been painted by his pupils or assistants. It may be added that the National Gallery picture appears to us to be in better condition—to have suffered less from the fatal brush of the restorer—than its 'replica.'

Although we have given this picture the first place in the

* Sir Charles Eastlake, whose caution and accuracy no one who had the privilege of knowing him would question, wrote to Lord Andover after examining the picture at Charlton :—'The foreign connoisseurs (Passavant and Waagen) authorize me to express their opinion, in which I quite concur, that the picture of the "Vierge aux Rochers" is far superior to that in the Louvre, and that it is probably the original picture.'

additions

additions to the National Gallery on account of the extreme rarity of Leonardo's works, greater public interest was excited by the acquisition for the nation of the altar-piece by Raphael known as the 'Madonna degli Ansidei,' from the family of Perugia for which it was painted, and the 'Blenheim Raphael,' from the Palace in which it had hung since it was brought to this country by a member of the Marlborough family towards the end of the last century. For this purchase the House of Commons voted a special grant of 70,000*l.*—the largest sum ever paid for a single picture. The Government which agreed to give this large price, and the Trustees of the National Gallery who recommended the purchase, have been accused by some of squandering the public money; but not by the public in general, who find profit and enjoyment in such things, and who are justly proud of our great national collections. It was, indeed, public opinion that induced, if it did not compel, the Government to acquire this celebrated picture. Sir Frederick Leighton, when forwarding to Mr. Gladstone a memorial signed by most of the members of the Royal Academy, strongly urging the purchase of this and other pictures in the Blenheim Collection, writes:—

'It would be impossible to overstate that anxiety (as to the decision of the Government), partly because the occasion is one of an absolutely unique and unprecedented kind, and partly because the competition which has sprung up of late years in such matters is of that urgent and immediate nature as to admit unfortunately of little, or no hope, I believe, of a middle course.'

A memorial similar to that of the Royal Academicians was presented to the Prime Minister by a numerous body of artists, including the Presidents of the Royal Society and Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, in which it was declared 'that a stigma would be attached to this generation if, having these pictures in our possession, they are now allowed to leave our shores,' and Mr. Gladstone is implored to prevent 'an event so disastrous as the loss to the country of the Blenheim masterpieces.' A resolution signed by sixty-four members of the House of Commons, including men of all parties and all political opinions—even Mr. Burt, Mr. Broadhurst, and Mr. Labouchere—inviting the Government to purchase the two Blenheim pictures by Raphael and Van Dyck, contained this remarkable declaration:—

'The occasion is quite unprecedented, and is so unlikely ever to recur, that we urge the Government to step outside of the hard line of a severe economy in order at one stroke to raise to a higher level the collection of pictures of which the whole nation is proud, and which is a source

a source of widespread and refined enjoyment to the poor as to the rich. And we would assure the Government that, to the best of our belief, our constituents and the whole nation will approve and applaud an expenditure, even though so large, for the special object in view.' *

These are wise words, and show the true spirit which should guide the Government and the nation in adding to our great art collections.

Under these circumstances, and the Trustees and Director not having been given the option of purchasing the two Blenheim pictures or of retaining the sum annually voted for the requirements of the National Gallery, we cannot but think that it was an unfair, unwise, and parsimonious act on the part of Mr. Gladstone's Government to have suspended this annual grant until the sum of 87,500*l.* paid for these pictures—17,500*l.* being the price of the equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck—is recouped. Against this course the Trustees and Director protested 'as highly injurious to the interests of the Gallery, interrupting, as it would do, the continuity of acquisitions which can only be made from time to time as possible opportunities occur, and to defer which would mean to abandon them altogether and thus seriously check the growth of the collection and materially diminish its prospective value.' † By depriving the Director of the annual grant, occasions are lost of obtaining pictures of great importance as filling up gaps in the collection, and examples of rare masters not represented in it, which may never occur again. This is especially the case at the present time, when many celebrated collections are coming into the market, and when we have so many rivals in the field. When such pictures pass into foreign museums they are lost to us for ever.

Such purchases as those of the Blenheim pictures, the Peel collection and others in the same category, being altogether of an exceptional character, should be treated in an exceptional way—as national purchases distinct from those made by the Trustees, and in no way interfering with the grant annually voted for the purpose of keeping up and adding to the National Gallery. And this, judging from the resolution we have referred to, is the view of the House of Commons—a leading member of which declared, to our knowledge, that he 'would only vote for the buying of the Blenheim pictures on the understanding, that it would not interfere with the annual grant.'

* See 'Papers relating to the proposed purchase for the National Gallery of certain of the Blenheim Palace Pictures.' Presented to Parliament, 1885.

† See 'Annual Report of the Director of the National Gallery for the year 1884.' Presented to Parliament.

Upon

Upon the beauties and importance of the 'Blenheim Raphael' it is unnecessary for us to dilate. They have been admitted by every writer on art, and by those most competent to judge of its merits and value. Before it was acquired, the National Gallery did not contain a first-class example of Raphael, such as are to be found in the galleries of Rome, Florence and Dresden, and in the Louvre, although it had been fortunate in obtaining smaller specimens of his work of exquisite grace, such as the 'Sleeping Knight' and the Aldobrandini, or Garvagh, 'Holy Family.' The possession of this picture alone places our national collection among the first in Europe. It must be further remembered that this was the only capital work of the master—for size and condition amongst the foremost—that had not found its way into a public gallery; the so-called 'Colonna Raphael,' belonging to the King of Naples, having been well-nigh ruined by reckless restoration and over-cleaning.

In addition to its recognized beauties, the Blenheim Raphael is of the highest interest as showing the master's development, and as illustrating an epoch in his career, when, under the influence of the great colourists and draughtsmen of the Florentine school, whose works he had seen for the first time, he was freeing himself from that of his early teachers—of Timoteo Viti, Perugino, and Pinturicchio—asserting his own individuality, and forming what came to be known as his second manner. Moreover, it is entirely the work of his own hand—no pupil or assistant having aided him in it, as in so many of his later pictures—and it is in an exceptionally fine condition. These facts enormously enhance its value, when the fate and history of so many of his celebrated masterpieces are borne in mind—ruined by over-cleaning and clumsy restorations, and in most instances only in part painted by himself, indeed in some cases, although ascribed to him, entirely by pupils or imitators.* Therefore, although critics may discover defects in the picture, it is, at least, in the highest degree satisfactory to know that we have before us Raphael's own work as it left his easel.

The two pictures we have described are, no doubt, the most notable additions to the National Gallery since 1859. But others have been acquired, which from their beauty, their interest, or their rarity have contributed to place it in its present high position. We may point out the most important.

* Such, for instance, is the case with the Raphaels in the Madrid Gallery, which were carried off to Paris, where, by being transferred to canvas, and over-cleaned and restored, they lost much of their original character. All those in the Munich Gallery are described in a recent German publication as having been destroyed by restorations. See 'Vade Mecum pour la peinture Italienne des Anciens Maîtres,' by George E. Habich: Hamburg, 1886.

By Michael Angelo, the illustrious head of the Florentine School, paintings are so rare, that only one public gallery in Europe—that of the Uffizi at Florence—lately possessed an authentic example of his work in this department of his art. The National Gallery has been fortunate enough to obtain two pictures by him—both, after his wont, unfinished—the 'Entombment of our Lord,' and the 'Madonna and Infant Christ, St. John the Baptist and Angels.' The first is now admitted by connoisseurs of the highest authority, both English and foreign—by the eminent Italian critics the Senator Morelli and Signor Frizzoni, and by Dr. Richter, the well-known German writer on Art—to be by his hand. It shows, even in its unfinished state, his grand and accurate drawing of the human frame, and is painted after the manner peculiar to him. Sketches, or studies, believed to be for it, are moreover to be found in the fine collection of drawings by the Old Masters in the Albertina at Vienna. The history of this picture is somewhat singular, although not exceptional. It was originally in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, which was sold and dispersed at his death. From its unfinished state and neglected condition it attracted little attention, and was purchased for a small sum by Mr. Robert Macpherson, an English gentleman established as a photographer at Rome, who, struck by its remarkable qualities, was disposed to attribute it to the great Florentine. After the dirt which had accumulated upon its face had been removed, it was submitted to competent judges, who unhesitatingly pronounced it to be the work of Michael Angelo. The discovery caused a great sensation. An attempt was made to deprive Mr. Macpherson of his picture, and a law-suit was instituted against him for its recovery by the representatives of Cardinal Fesch. The Roman Law Courts ordered it to be sequestrated pending their decision. After the usual delays—which were prolonged for some years—Mr. Macpherson obtained a judgment in his favour, and was enabled to remove the picture to England, where he offered it for sale to the Trustees of the National Gallery. Sir William Boxall, the then Director, had the taste and judgment to recognize its merits and importance, and secured it for the nation for 2000*l.*

The genuineness of the second picture attributed to Michael Angelo has been called in question. It has been ascribed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, or to one of his pupils (among whom, it will be remembered, was Michael Angelo himself), to Granacci, and other Florentine painters of the period. But to none of their recognized works does it bear the least resemblance. The manner is that of Michael Angelo in his youth; the method of painting, as

as shown in the unfinished parts, appears to be his; the original and not very pleasing treatment of the subject, and the vigorous drawing, are characteristic of him. The picture cannot but remind us of the well-known 'Holy Family' in the Tribune of the Uffizi—unquestionably the work of the master. If it be not by him, we are at a loss to whom to attribute it. No painter of the time shows the same mastery in the drawing and moulding of the human figure, and similar originality—not to say eccentricity—in composition. From these considerations we are disposed to accept the picture as a youthful work of Michael Angelo.

Another important addition to the Florentine or Tuscan School, which is now well represented in the Gallery, is 'The Trinity' (the Almighty supporting the Crucified Saviour) by Pesellino—the best known example of a master whose works are of rare occurrence, and who holds a high position in the history of the development of painting. Scarcely less important and interesting as illustrating the feeling and sentiment of the Florentine masters of the fifteenth century, is the delightful and touching picture by Piero di Cosimo of the 'Death of Procris'—with its idyllic background of lake and hills—showing one of the earliest attempts at a poetical, and at the same time, truthful representation of nature by an Italian painter. Some excellent examples of Sandro Botticelli and Filippino Lippi—master and pupil, who so much resemble each other in their graceful and attractive works that they can scarcely be distinguished even by the most acute connoisseurs; two altar-pieces by that vigorous and sturdy inspirer of Michael Angelo, Luca Signorelli; two admirably preserved panels by Francesco d'Ubertino, better known as 'Il Bachiacca,' pronounced by Vasari as among the best productions of that rare and imaginative painter; the fine composition representing 'Joseph and his kindred in Egypt,' by Pontormo, also described by the Aretine biographer; and the 'Christ driving out the traders from the Temple,' by Marcello Venusti, for which there are three drawings by Michael Angelo in the British Museum, complete the illustration of the middle and most interesting period of the Tuscan school.

Other Italian schools of painting have received additions of scarcely less value. The collection of Venetian masters has been enriched by the impressive and suggestive representation of 'Christ's Agony in the Garden'*—an early work of

* We have observed, on our visits to the National Gallery, that this remarkable work, with its solemn effect of dawn, appears to be especially attractive to working men, showing that many of them, at least, have a true feeling for Art; for the picture is not of a class generally understood and appreciated.

Giovanni Bellini, in which he is almost confounded with his fellow-pupil, Andrea Mantegna, and the 'Death of S. Peter Martyr,' with its elaborate background of trees and buildings, by the same great master—the generous gift of Lady Eastlake; by two remarkable altar-pieces, by that rare and original painter, who occasionally unites Italian grace with German uncouthness — Marco Marziale; by a life-like and striking portrait head by Antonello da Messina, whose genius has only of late years been fully appreciated, * and a 'Crucifixion' by the same rare master; and lastly, by the 'Vision of St. Helena,' a work of exquisite charm, by Paul Veronese.

The schools of North Italy, including those of Lombardy, Bergamo, Brescia and Verona, formerly little known in England, can now be studied, and the genius of their principal masters appreciated, in the galleries in Trafalgar Square. It was especially in portraiture that they excelled, and the National Gallery now possesses admirable examples of the skill of Bonsignore, Solario, Moretto and Moroni, in that branch of painting. Of the Paduan School, two capital and characteristic pictures of its great head, Mantegna—the 'Triumph of Scipio,' and the 'Samson and Delilah'—have been acquired; whilst of the Ferrarese school we can now boast of a splendid altar-piece by Ercole di Giulio Grandi; and of a highly-interesting 'predella' panel—the 'Israelites gathering Manna'—by his predecessor and relative, Ercole Roberti de' Grandi, whose forcible and original works have not unfrequently passed under the more renowned name of Mantegna.†

These, and other acquisitions have done much to complete the historical series of the works of the Italian masters in the National Gallery. What is now required is that they should be divided and hung according to epochs and schools. This arrangement we strongly urged in our previous article. Without it, we pointed out, a collection of this kind loses much of its value and instructiveness. It was the one proposed by Sir Charles Eastlake; and many of his purchases were expressly made with a view to it. His successors have followed the same course, and the materials are not wanting for it. It is the necessary space that is required. The Gallery has not been built, as that of Berlin and others, with a view to it. We can only hope that with the new rooms, and those to be added hereafter, means

* It will be remembered that at the Pourtalis sale in 1865, the French Government paid, to the general surprise, no less than 113,500 francs for the portrait-head by Antonello, now in the Louvre.

† As, for instance, a powerful and beautiful drawing in the His de la Salle Collection in the Louvre, representing the 'Massacre of the Innocents.'

will

will be found to class the pictures as we propose, and thus to increase the interest and usefulness of the collection.

Although the Italian schools of painting are so well illustrated in the National Gallery, there are still many gaps in them which it is very desirable should be filled up, in order that the student and the public may obtain a complete knowledge of the history of Italian art, and of the productions of the principal Italian masters, who are either inadequately represented, or examples of whose works are altogether wanting. Some of these gaps which we pointed out in our previous article have since been supplied by purchase, gift, or bequest. But others of importance remain. We may instance a few. The Gallery possesses no work by Fra Bartolommeo, one of the greatest of the Italian colourists. Of Andrea del Sarto, but little inferior to him, the collection contains only a portrait, not unworthy of him, but wrongly described in the Catalogue as that of the painter himself, and an indifferent 'Holy Family.' Of Timoteo Viti, whose influence in the art-education of Raphael, first shown by Signor Morelli, is now generally admitted, we have no specimen; nor of Pinturicchio, who had probably a greater share than Perugino in the formation of that surpassing genius, have we any but inferior, if not doubtful, productions. In the Ferrarese school we miss that quaint and rugged, but powerful, painter, Francesco Cossa, and especially that splendid colourist, Dosso Dossi; in that of Siena, Bazzi, whose genius has nullified the calumnies of Vasari, is only represented by a small although characteristic work, which shows him under his early Lombard influence, and before the full development of his powers. Of the Lombard school we would desire to see a worthy example of that graceful and little known master, Gaudenzio Ferrari, and one of Cesare da Sesto. Although we have a fine example of Bernardino Luini, in the 'Christ disputing with the Doctors,' the collection would be enriched by more works of that delightful painter, showing his various manners.

Most of these gaps, if not all of them, and others which could be mentioned, could be filled up by possessors and collectors of pictures in England if they would imitate, as we venture to exhort them to do, the example set by those who have generously given or bequeathed to the nation some of its most precious art treasures.* Many private galleries in this country are rich in Italian pictures, some of which, of secondary

* We understand that in the additions to the National Gallery provision will be made, as in some foreign museums, for recording on marble tablets, conspicuously placed, the names of those who may make such gifts and bequests.

value

value in such collections, would be of considerable importance to the National Gallery as completing an historical series, or illustrating a period, or showing the manner of a master when affected by various influences. We may instance the fresco, recently presented to the nation by Lord Crawford of Balcarres, by Domenico Veneziano—a painter who holds an interesting position in the history of painting on account of his supposed connection with the first use of oil as a medium in Italy, and of Vasari's exploded calumny of his assassination by Andrea del Castagno.

In 1859, the National Gallery possessed only thirty pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools combined. Of these, three were by Van Eyck, six by Rubens, three by Van Dyck, and two by Rembrandt. The remainder were by painters of inferior rank. Neither Peter de Hooch, Van der Helst, Frans Hals, Hobbema, De Koninck, Metsu, Mieris, the Ostades, Paul Potter, Jan Steen, Terburg, nor other celebrated Dutch masters, were represented in it. Works by the early Flemish painters—so important and interesting for the influence which they exercised on the development of the art of painting—were almost entirely absent, with the exception of the three excellent works by John Van Eyck. By the purchase of the Peel collection in 1871, about seventy choice examples of the Dutch masters were added to the National Gallery. In the same year it was enriched by Terburg's masterpiece, representing the meeting of the Spanish and Dutch delegates for ratifying the Treaty of Münster, one of the most interesting historical pieces existing, with its numerous and miniature-like portraits—the truly magnificent gift of Sir Richard Wallace.* In 1876 it acquired, through the bequest of Mr. Wynn Ellis, a further addition of about ninety pictures of the same school. Other notable examples of it have been obtained by purchase, such as the delightful portrait of a boy, by Isaac Van Ostade; three admirable works, full of sun and air, by De Hooch; a precious little Interior, by Steenwyck, replete with the most minutely painted details, from the Hamilton collection; a domestic subject, by that rare painter, Adrian le Pape; and above all, the incomparable equestrian portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyck, once the pride of Blenheim. At the same time, the early Flemish and German schools have been added to by gifts from the Queen, by Mrs. J. H. Green's bequest of twelve pictures, and by a fine example of that rare and skilful painter, Gheeraert David, representing a Canon and his patron Saints, bequeathed by Mr. W. Benoni White.

* This remarkable picture had been purchased at the Pourtalis sale in Paris by Lord Hertford for 182,000 francs, in 1868.

Consequently,

Consequently, although the Flemish, German, and Dutch schools, cannot be said to be fully represented in the National Gallery, they are sufficiently so to convey instruction to the art-student, and to afford enjoyment to the lover of art and to the general public. They will no doubt be further increased, by future gifts, bequests, and purchases. The collection is still wanting in the second-class Dutch painters, and of 'the little masters,' as they are called, of whose *best* works it would be very desirable to obtain examples, such as Mytens, Fabricius, Brauwer, Flinck, De Vos, Van der Meer of Delft, Van der Meer of Haarlem, and others. Of those truly great painters, Frans Hals and Van der Helst, it contains but two portraits, not of the first class, nor calculated to convey any idea of their powers. When before their masterpieces at Haarlem and Amsterdam, we are lost in astonishment and admiration at the genius which could treat such subjects—mostly assemblies of armed men for consultation or carouse—with so truthful and yet so magical an effect. We cannot but compare them with the feeble and vulgar attempts to represent similar subjects by modern painters. Such pictures would be invaluable as examples to our artists, and for the improvement of the taste of the public, who do not appear to know what the representation of a contemporaneous historical event might and ought to be.

In the limited list of the works of the old German Masters, we miss the names of Albert Dürer (for the portrait attributed to him can scarcely be accepted as genuine), of the two Cranachs, and of Hans Holbein, to one member only of this artist family—Sigmund—the 'Portrait of a Lady' being more than doubtfully ascribed. The Duke of Norfolk has temporarily supplied the latter omission by lending for public exhibition the fine full-length portrait of Christina, daughter of Christian, king of Denmark—an act of liberality which well deserves public recognition. It is not creditable to the nation, considering the connection of this great painter with England, and that he painted the portraits of her king and of some of our foremost men, that the National Gallery should not possess a single work by his hand. And yet there are portraits by him in private collections and in Hampton Court Palace which should find a place in Trafalgar Square. We would express a hope that the Barbers' Company, following the example set by the Duke of Norfolk, may be induced to deposit their well-known picture by this master there, both for the enjoyment of the public and for its safe custody.

The Spanish school is still very inadequately represe
our national collection, and the attention of the Di

apparently not been turned to it. One of his annual visits to the Continent might, we think, be made, with much advantage, to Spain and to the galleries and churches of Madrid and Seville, hitherto, we believe, unseen by him. With the exception of the very fine bust-portrait of Philip IV. by Velasquez, and the full-length of that monarch, an earlier and inferior work by the same great painter; the 'Dead Warrior,' wrongly attributed to him, and more probably by Valdes Leal; and the very remarkable picture of 'Christ bound to the Column'—the generous gift of Sir John Savile Lumley—also ascribed to Velasquez, the Spanish branch of the Gallery has received no additions of any importance for many years past, and is inferior in completeness to the Louvre, and the Dresden, Berlin, and Munich Museums. Yet there are some Spanish painters whose works are well deserving of a place in it, such as the Coellos, Juan Juannes, Zurbaran (who is only represented by a gloomy monk, unless, as some are disposed to believe, the 'Christ bound to the Column' is by him), Herrera, Del Mazo, Alonso Cano, and others.

With regard to the attribution of the pictures in the National Gallery to their true authors, considerable improvement has taken place of late years. In this respect it may be compared favourably with any public collection in Europe, certainly with any in Italy, where the greatest confusion, ignorance, and carelessness, too often prevail in the naming of pictures. Its Catalogue exceeds in accuracy that of the Louvre, and those of the German Galleries, which, however, have profited of late by the suggestions of that most learned and acute of art critics, the Senator Morelli, in his work published under the pseudonym of 'Lermolieff,' especially dedicated to them.* It is of essential importance that in a collection formed upon the principle adopted in the National Gallery, which aims at illustrating the history of painting in its various branches, the pictures it contains should be attributed to their right schools and authors.

In our previous article we urged the importance of adding to our national collection, both as affording instruction to students, and as illustrating the history and condition of painting on the Continent, choice works of the best deceased painters of the French, German, Belgian, and other modern European schools. Italy, alas! has scarcely produced one who deserves a place in it. Since pictures by Rosa Bonheur, Clays, and Dickmans, were bequeathed to the Gallery, only two by

* 'Italian Masters in German Galleries,' by Giovanni Morelli, translated from the German by Mrs. Louise M. Richter: London, 1883.

foreign

foreign modern artists have been added to it,—the 'St. Monica and St. Augustine,' and the portrait of Mrs. Holland (both bequeathed by her husband), by Ary Scheffer, a painter enjoying considerable reputation, but greatly inferior in the highest qualities of his art to many other painters of the French school. The high prices which first-class works of the most esteemed French masters command in France, America, and elsewhere, is, however, a serious impediment in the way of their purchase by the Trustees, who can only entertain the hope, that the nation may obtain examples of them by gift or bequest from generous patrons of the arts, who may feel a just pride in adding to its art-treasures.

A desire has long been expressed by the public, and especially by artists and by persons interested in art, that the National Gallery should possess such a collection of pictures by English painters as would give a full and complete history of, and do justice to the great merits of, the British school.

The Trustees have of late years been desirous of meeting this very natural wish, and have been fully alive to the importance of having in the National Gallery as complete a collection as possible of the works of representative British painters. There are, however, at present two serious difficulties in their way, which it may be hoped will in time be removed. First, the want of space for exhibiting such a collection, which can only be remedied by extensive additions to the present building in Trafalgar Square, or by the erection of a new edifice worthy of the nation, capable of holding and properly exhibiting all its treasures in the realm of painting; and secondly, want of means of purchasing the best works of the most eminent British painters, which command exceptional prices in the market—a difficulty which can only be overcome by a special grant of the House of Commons for this purpose, and by gifts and bequests of pictures and money by individuals. Already a sum of 2655*l.* has been left by Mr. R. C. Wheeler to the National Gallery, the interest of which is to be expended exclusively on pictures of the English school. But the annual revenue derived from this fund will not go far. It had been hoped and expected that the interest on part of the large balance in the hands of the Trustees of the defunct British Institution (about 30,000*l.*, we believe) might have been devoted, according to their strongly expressed wish, to the same purpose. Such an application of its funds, now that its annual exhibitions have ceased, would unquestionably lead to the encouragement of art; and the formation of 'a public gallery of the works of British artists, with a few select specimens of each of

of the great schools'—we quote from the foundation deed of the Society—was one of the objects for which that Institution was mainly founded. The Charity Commissioners, who have claimed to dispose of the money, have, however, thought differently, and have decided that it should be devoted to Scholarships for poor students—an unwise and wasteful scheme, little in accordance with the views of the founders of the Institution and of their actual representatives.

Between the year 1824, when the National Gallery was founded, and the year 1862 not a single picture by an English painter was added to it by the Government or by the Trustees by purchase. But it received some gifts of great value, including masterpieces by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Copley, Wilkie, Lawrence, and other eminent British artists. The foundation of a collection illustrative of the British school may be said to have been laid by Mr. Robert Vernon's costly gift. To it were added, about ten years afterwards, the Turner bequest; and three years later that of Mr. Jacob Bell of seventeen pictures, including seven of Landseer's best works. Subsequent gifts and bequests, such as that of fourteen examples of the most popular English painters by Mrs. Elizabeth Vaughan, have raised the number of pictures in the British department of the National Gallery to about 450. Seventy-three painters, including the greatest the school has produced, are now represented in it.

It is, we think, very desirable that the works of some of the earlier English painters should be added to the collection, such as Dobson—of whom there is a fine example in the portraits of himself and his wife at Hampton Court, which might come to Trafalgar Square—Walker, Cooper, Riley, Lacey, and others, and even some choice miniatures by the Olivers and Hoskins; so that it might contain a complete history of the painting in England, and its final development into the true British school. That such a representative collection of the works of our painters would greatly tend to raise the reputation of the school abroad, and to encourage and stimulate art at home, there can scarcely be any reasonable doubt. The British school of painting is but little known out of this country. It is only of late years that the merits of some of our painters have been appreciated on the other side of the Channel, and even now only by the cultivated few who have devoted themselves to a broad and catholic study of art in all its branches and in all countries. There is scarcely a public gallery on the Continent which contains a work by a British painter. Now, however, the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Constable,

Constable, Bonington, and others are eagerly sought after by French collectors and connoisseurs, who do not hesitate to compete for them as they would for the paintings of the most renowned Italian masters, or for the sickly beauties of Greuze and the prurient canvases of Boucher. Other English painters have attained a European—indeed universal—reputation, rather from engravings and reproductions in various forms of their works—reproductions which have penetrated into the cottage as well as the palace—than from the works themselves. Such are Martin, Wilkie, Landseer, and Turner, before whose masterpieces of colour and poetic fancy we have seen the most accomplished foreign lovers of art stand in mute amazement in our National Gallery, wondering why one whom they readily admitted to be the greatest of landscape painters was never seen in a foreign collection, and was scarcely known—if known at all—out of England.

It is especially in landscape and portraiture that the British school of the last and present century holds its own. We may claim that it does even more when compared with contemporary foreign schools. We may say the same of that class of painting which represents domestic and other such subjects known as 'genre,' in which Hogarth, for delineation of character, truthful and lively representation of incidents, keen satire and moral teaching, if not for technical qualities—in which, however, he is far from deficient—has had no equal. Of this truly original genius the National Gallery possesses the most celebrated and most characteristic productions, the six pictures forming the series of the 'Marriage à la Mode.' In excellent works of our most eminent portrait-painters it is not wanting. The portraits of Lord Heathfield and Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and that of Mrs. Siddons by Gainsborough, would adorn any gallery, however rich in the works of the most famous of the Old Masters. It is still, however, in need of further examples of these two great painters. Full-length portraits by them would be especially valuable, both for their intrinsic beauties, and as affording instruction not only to students but to those who are already practising their art. How much the latter require this instruction such pictures as annually hang upon the walls of the Royal Academy are sufficient to testify. We may express the hope, that this want will be supplied by some generous and patriotic possessors of works by Reynolds and Gainsborough [illegible] would rejoice to see them fully and worthily represen[illegible] llection. The Dilettante Society have s[illegible], by depositing in the Gallery the t[illegible] ers

of their Society by Sir Joshua; which, long the admiration of the few who were privileged to see them, are now thus made accessible to the general public. There are other such pictures in England, as for instance the splendid family group by the same painter at Blenheim.

In addition to portraits by these two heads of the English school, the National Gallery possesses fair specimens of the works in the same category of Hoppner, Romney, Opie, Jackson, Raeburn, and Lawrence. We could wish, however, to see even those painters who, if not equal to their great precursors, have each peculiar merits, better represented in the collection, which should contain, as far as possible, only the very best examples of the works of those who are considered worthy of a place in it. As occasions offer, purchases of pictures of this class should be made. But the means are wanting. The Trustees are, moreover, almost precluded from buying English pictures by the Treasury Minute of March 27, 1855, re-organizing the National Gallery. In it, 'My Lords'—rarely, as represented by their official secretary, very competent or enlightened judges in such matters—express their opinion—

'that, as a general rule, preference should be given (in the selection of pictures for purchase) to fine pictures for sale abroad. As regards the finer works of Art in this country, it may be assumed,' they say, 'that although they may change hands they will not leave our shores: whereas the introduction of fine works from abroad would form positive additions to the treasures of Art in England.' 'My Lords' are further of opinion, 'that as a general rule, preference should be given to good specimens of the Italian schools, including those of the earlier masters.'

'My Lords' were sadly at fault in their prediction as to fine pictures coming to and not leaving our shores. The changes which have taken place during the last few years in the political condition of England, especially as regards the landed interests, have had, amongst other consequences injurious to the sources of much of the ancient grandeur and civilizing influence of this country, that of compelling those who, in former times, spent some of their wealth in the formation of picture galleries, to part with their collections to make up for the decrease or loss of income from their lands. A further cause for the breaking up of these collections may, in some instances, have been the improvidence of their owners. The Hamilton and Blenheim Galleries, great amongst those of which the country was proud, have fallen at Christie's under Mr. Wood's hammer. The famous Dudley collection has been despoiled of some of its rarest treasures. Others have shared, or are about to share, the same fate.

fate. Many of their choicest ornaments, contrary to the prediction of 'My Lords,' have 'left our shores.' Thus two from the Dudley collection, which would have been most valuable acquisitions for the National Gallery, have gone from us, probably never to return. One, Fra Angelico's masterpiece, the 'Last Judgment,' has been added to the Berlin Museum; the other, the 'Three Graces,' by Raphael, has passed into the possession of the Duc d'Aumale. Others could be mentioned, such as the three glorious pictures by Rubens from Blenheim, which now adorn the princely mansions of the Rothschilds at Paris. And it is at such a time that the Government has come to the short-sighted decision of suspending, for some years, the annual grant to the National Gallery!

But though great in portraiture, it is in landscape that the British school has excelled, and in which, it may be safely asserted, it has no superior in modern times. If space allowed of the proper arrangement of the examples of its principal painters in that branch of the art already possessed by the National Gallery, a sufficient idea might be furnished of its history and development. Of Wilson, the most classic of English landscape painters, who drew his inspirations from Italian skies rather than from homely English scenery, but who may, nevertheless, be almost claimed as the founder of the school, it contains nine works—of which the 'Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas at Tivoli,' and the 'Niobe,' may rank among his best. We should be glad to see added to them some other first-class specimens of his remarkable powers. Gainsborough, no less distinguished in landscape than in portraiture, is worthily represented by six landscape-pictures. Of Turner—the greatest of all landscape-painters—we have the magnificent collection of his own works, already mentioned, which he himself bequeathed to the nation. His genius, tardily recognized in his own country, is only beginning to be appreciated abroad, where as yet, however, he is known rather from the eccentricity of some of his later works than from the grand qualities of his masterpieces. Of Constable, the most truly English of our landscape-painters, whose canvases are redolent of English pastoral life and scenery—its fleeting clouds casting their many shadows over the green meadows, its waving corn-fields, its breeze-swept pools, its neat but humble cottages—we have several charming examples, to which have been recently added, 'The Hay Wain,' perhaps the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*—the noble gift to the nation of Mr. Henry Vaughan.* To these orna-

* The works of this painter have a special value, owing to the influence which they are well known to have exercised on the French school of landscape painting.

ments

ments of the British school of landscape-painting, born in the last century, but in part belonging to our own, it would be unfair not to add the name of Callcott, of whom the Gallery contains six characteristic works. Of our more modern landscape-painters who have worthily sustained the reputation of the British school,—James Ward, Nasmyth, Linnell, Danby, Stanfield, Creswick, Müller, and others*—it has also excellent examples. Among the works of still more recent painters we may specially mention the striking picture of the 'August Moon,' by Cecil Lawson, presented by his widow in fulfilment of her husband's wish, and the singularly beautiful 'Sunset on the Lake of Como,' by Frederick Lee Bridell—a young painter of great promise, too soon removed from us before his powers were fully matured—also given by his widow, in pursuance, we believe, of a hope expressed on his deathbed that this, his last work, upon which he had exercised all his skill, might eventually be considered worthy of a place in the National Gallery.

A branch of the British school of landscape, whose great merits are now fully recognized in England, but which, as far as we are aware, is unknown on the other side of the Channel—the so-called 'Norfolk school'—is represented in the National Gallery by three of its most eminent members—John, or 'Old' Crome, Cotman, and Stark. The name of a fourth, that of George Vincent, is well worthy of being added to the list. The history of this school is one of peculiar interest on account of its originality, its strictly English character, and its development in a provincial city far removed in former days from the centres of art, and from the teachings of academies and their professors. Its founder was 'Old Crome.' Whence he obtained his taste and feeling for painting, and even his knowledge of its technical processes, it is not easy to determine. He was the son of a journeyman weaver who kept a small public-house, and commenced his artistic career as apprentice to a house and coach painter in Norwich. That under those circumstances he should have struck out a line of his own, and have produced works which have placed him in the front rank of English landscape painters, affords a sufficient proof of his genius. A small local collection of Dutch and Flemish masters appears to have given a direction to his style, and the influence of Hobbema and Ruysdael may be traced in his works, and in those of his pupils and followers. He is unsurpassed in the truthful yet

* We do not include living painters, whose works have come into the Gallery by gift or bequest; but which the Trustees and Director are precluded from purchasing.

poetical

poetical representation of a certain class of English scenery—that of his native county of Norfolk, with its undulating heaths, its lake-like broads, its avenues of stately trees, its windmills, and its low, sandy coasts, with the coming storm, and the last sunray falling on the white sail of a fishing-boat hastening to port. He shows that close observation of nature, which is one of the chief merits of the English school, especially in his skies, luminous and transparent, with grand masses of cloud fringed with light marking the vicinity of the sea, which appear to float in the air, or to be drifting rapidly before the wind. These simple subjects he treats with so much mastery, that he rivals in them the best productions of the Dutch school. Mr. Redgrave, in his 'Century of English Painters,' states that he has himself seen a picture by Old Crome sold at Christie's for one by Wynants. The National Gallery contains four works of this remarkable painter, including two of his masterpieces — the view of Mousehold Heath, and a study of slate-quarries in Wales.

The most eminent of the associates of Old Crome was John Sell Cotman, who was in many respects influenced by his fellow-townsman. But he had studied in London with Turner, whose brilliancy, depth, and wealth of colour, he not unsuccessfully imitated in his best works with much measured sobriety,—as in grand effects of sunset and storm over land and sea. He is but insufficiently represented in the National Gallery by a small river scene, called 'Wherries on the Yare.'

Stark and Vincent were both pupils of Old Crome. By the former the National Gallery possesses a fine and characteristic landscape, purchased from his son. Hung provisionally with the Peel collection it holds its own among the works of the best Dutch masters—no slight proof of its merits. Of Vincent, the Gallery has no example. Yet he was a painter of considerable powers, if not of genius, and he ought to be well represented there.

Although the English school of painting can also boast of holding a very high place in that department of the art which consists in the representation of domestic incidents, of the events of ordinary life, and of manners and customs, of which, in England, Hogarth was the founder, and which has produced Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, and other distinguished men, it does not, it must be admitted, hold a foremost rank in its highest branch—the historical. Whether this arises from the national temperament, from the want of opportunities for its exercise, from the deficiency of adequate training instruction, or from what other cause, we cannot here en The attempts hitherto made to foster and develop this b

have failed, and we can only mention among our modern painters one man of genius who has shown the powers requisite for distinction in it—Mr. Watts. Yet among those British painters who, towards the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, turned to historical subjects, there were men of considerable ability and originality, and even genius, whose best works—and only their very best—ought to find a place in a collection pretending to illustrate the history of British Art, and who are at present altogether absent from the National Gallery—such as Northcote, Barry, Fuseli, Opie (only represented by two portraits), and others. Fortunately of one of the most gifted, Copley, it possesses two masterpieces in 'the Death of the Earl of Chatham,' and 'the Death of Major Pierson.' By that original and eccentric genius, Martin, who may be ranked among our historical painters, as no other place can be assigned to him, the national collection does not possess a single picture. Yet his 'Belshazzar's Feast,' whatever may be its technical defects, has perhaps a more world-wide reputation than the work of any other English artist.

To the water-colour drawings and sketches bequeathed to the nation by Turner has been added a collection of works of a similar class by De Wint and Cattermole, the bequest of Mr. John Henderson. They are exhibited, together with the monochrome studies by Rubens and Van Dyck, purchased with the Peel collection, and some sketches by Gainsborough, in the basement of the National Gallery. Now that additional space in this part of the building will be at the disposal of the Trustees, it is a matter, we think, for serious consideration whether a representative collection of the works of the most eminent British water-colour painters should not form a part of the British school. In water-colour painting England has taken the lead; it may indeed be considered almost as a national art. It would, of course, be desirable, and even necessary, to limit such a collection to the best works of the best men, and then, except in special cases, to only one or two characteristic examples of each sufficient to show their skill, and to illustrate the history and development of the Art.

It has long been the opinion of those most competent to judge of these matters, and who are desirous that our great art collections should be as complete and as useful as possible, that the fine and extensive series of original drawings by the Old and Modern Masters, now in the British Museum, should be kept in the same building as the national pictures. This undoubtedly appears to be the proper and logical arrangement. It is the one that exists in all the great Continental museums —in

—in the Louvre, at Florence, Dresden, and Berlin. It might at one time have been adopted with respect to the National Gallery. But it is now, it is to be feared, too late. The drawings and sketches of the Old Masters, which in some instances are studies for pictures actually in the National Gallery, will remain in the British Museum, where they are out of place, but where at least they are well cared for, under the direction of Mr. Sydney Colvin, who is studying to render them as accessible and useful as possible to the artist and the public.

Any drawings or copies of pictures which serve to illustrate the works of painters of different schools, and which are consequently of use for reference, must always be welcome additions to the National Gallery. Let us hope that the fine collection of copies from the Old Masters—Italian and Flemish—made for the Arundel Society, and exhibited to the public in its rooms in St. James's Street, may eventually find a place in the National Gallery, where it would be of no little value for reference and for instruction in the history of painting.*

Our magnificent, and in some respects unrivalled collection of pictures, has cost the country about 400,000*l.* We may safely assert, that when the object of this expenditure is considered—the instruction and enjoyment of the public, and the encouragement of art in England—this sum has been judiciously, wisely, and economically spent. As regards its actual saleable value, the collection is at least worth four times the money. Beginning by the thirty-eight Angerstein pictures, purchased by Lord Liverpool for 57,000*l.*, it can scarcely be doubted, considering the prices now given for masterpieces by the great painters, that four, perhaps even two of them if we include 'The Raising of Lazarus'—the joint work of Michael Angelo and Sebastian del Piombo—would fetch very nearly if not quite that sum. What would not be paid in these days for Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne'—for gorgeous colour, exquisite grace, poetic feeling, and all the highest qualities of his art, perhaps his most perfect work, sold with Poussin's 'Bacchanalian Dance,'

* In an article published so far back as October 1858, we called attention to this Society, then recently founded, pointed out its usefulness, and predicted the services that it was likely to render to Art. Our anticipations have been more than fulfilled; they have been, indeed, much exceeded, and we can again warmly recommend the Society to continued public support. Subscribers to it, for the modest sum of 1*l.* 1*s.* a year, obtain an ample return for their money in excellent copies of the most important and beautiful works of the Old Masters; and, moreover, are doing much towards spreading the knowledge and appreciation of the highest branches of the painter's art, educating the public taste, a affording a source of enjoyment and instruction to a numerous class of whose means will not permit them to acquire costly engravings, or c similar works.

and An. Carracci's 'Christ appearing to Peter,' for 9000*l.*; for Correggio's renowned 'Mercury teaching Cupid to read,' and his 'Ecce Homo,' bought for 11,500*l.*; for the splendid altar-piece, by Francia—the painter's *chef-d'œuvre*—for 3500*l.*; for Van Eyck's portraits of 'Giovanni Arnolfini and his Wife,' for 630*l.*; for Giovanni Bellini's 'Doge Loredano'—a priceless work—for 630*l.*; and lastly, for the lovely creation of the young Raphael's pencil, the 'Vision of a Knight,' for 1050*l.*? A well-known wealthy collector has declared his readiness to give 250,000*l.* for the Peel collection alone, which was acquired for the nation scarcely fifteen years ago for 75,000*l.*, and we have no doubt whatever that this sum, and probably more, could be obtained in a London or Paris auction room for the sixty-six masterpieces which are comprised in it. Many other instances might be mentioned of the greatly increased value of pictures since their purchase. We have, therefore, no hesitation in affirming, that the nation has obtained far more than its money's worth in what it has spent upon the national collection, and that the contents of the building in Trafalgar Square, including the pictures by the Old Masters and those of the British school, may be considered, from the most sordid point of view, no bad investment of public funds.

The annual grant of Parliament for the purchase of pictures to the Trustees of the National Gallery was, before its suspension, 10,000*l.* When this sum was not fully expended, the balance was to be paid into the Treasury—a very unwise and improvident regulation, as encouraging the purchase of inferior works, and not tending to economy. The Treasury Minute of 1855 stated that the annual sum 'need not be annually expended, but might accumulate, and thus enable the Trustees and Director to purchase a fine collection at once, if such an opportunity should offer.' This was a very wise and judicious provision, highly advantageous to the public interests, both as regards the character of the works acquired for the Gallery, and in respect of economy, as it rendered applications for special grants unnecessary. Why it was superseded, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Trustees, it is not easy to understand. We believe that the change formed part of one of Mr. Gladstone's financial reforms. The National Galleries of Scotland and Ireland are allowed to accumulate the unexpended portion of their grants, much to the advantage of both those Institutions. There must always be a danger that with money in hand, rather than pay it back to the Treasury, the Trustees and Director may be tempted to buy a picture, which, although perhaps not altogether unworthy of a place in the Gallery, they would not have bought had they been

been allowed to reserve their balances for some more favourable opportunity. The balances thus refunded since 1854–85, and other sums derived from sources to which the Trustees and Director appear to have a reasonable claim, might have gone far towards paying for the Blenheim pictures, and have rendered unnecessary the very injurious measure of suspending the annual grant.

The sums permanently at the disposal of the Trustees and Director for the purchase of pictures, irrespective of Parliamentary grants, are, it must be remembered, but limited. They consist of bequests from four enlightened and public-spirited English gentlemen: 23,104*l.* from Mr. Francis Clarke, 10,000*l.* from Mr. Thomas Denison Lewis, and 2655*l.* from Mr. Richard Clark Wheeler—the interest on these sums to be at the disposal of the Trustees—and 10,000*l.* from Mr. John Lucas Walker to be laid out in the purchase of 'a picture or pictures,' without any conditions or restrictions. The importance and opportuneness of such bequests will be specially appreciated at a moment when the Government has suspended the annual grant to the Gallery. Without them the Trustees would have been unable to acquire for the nation during the last year several pictures of exceptional interest and value which have been in the market, or have been privately offered to them for sale. Through them, and especially through the bequest of Mr. Walker, they have been able to add to the national collection the works of painters of the Italian and British schools previously unrepresented there, yet forming essential links in the histories of those schools and of their branches. Thus the Veronese school, one of the most important of Northern Italy, has now been fully illustrated in our Gallery—indeed, except in the Pinacoteca of Verona, nowhere so well—by the addition to the examples of the masters it previously possessed, of two works of an historical, and therefore exceptional character by Domenico Morone, who may be considered one of its founders, and a curious canvas by a scarcely less rare painter, Michele da Verona. To that of Florence have been added the two admirable pictures already mentioned by 'il Bachiacca,' from Lord Methuen's collection at Corsham Park; to that of Perugia 'The Virgin and Child' by Andrea Alovisi, supposed to be the L'Ingegno, whose biography by Vasari is more than usually full of mistakes and misstatements, and of whom, as far as we know, no other public gallery possesses a signed picture; to that of Venice a remarkable portrait by Gentile Bellini; to that of Malatini, a famous mathematician, by him and his brother Giovanni in perspective,

examples of Bonifazio Veronese—a painter of refined sentiment and a delightful colourist—and his pupil and imitator, Cariani; and to that of Lombardy, two good specimens of an artist who represents the Piedmontese branch of it, Macrino d'Alba. The works of these painters are seldom found in any public gallery, and the opportunities to acquire them, of which the Trustees and Director have been able to avail themselves through the Walker bequest, are not likely to occur again. In addition to these pictures by the old Italian masters, they have obtained, by means of this and other bequests, the landscape by Stark already mentioned, 'The Vagrants,' esteemed by many as the best production of Frederick Walker, whose promising artistic career was cut short by an early death, and an exquisite youthful work by Rosetti, 'The Annunciation.' The two latter pictures were purchased at the sale of the collection of the late Mr. Graham for very large prices—the Trustees and Director thus carrying out the strongly expressed wish of the public, that the National Gallery should contain the best representative examples that could be acquired of the British school.

Such, then, being the priceless collection of pictures possessed by the nation, what provision has been made by successive Governments for its exhibition, preservation, and safe custody? Something has been done in these respects to remedy a state of things described in our previous article so little creditable to our culture and civilization; but far from what ought and what might have been effected. At that time we strongly urged the removal of the national pictures from Trafalgar Square to a new edifice specially constructed to receive them on some more suitable site, where they would be less exposed to the injurious effects of the London atmosphere, or, if this were impossible on account of the expense, or for other sufficient reasons, that they should be transferred to the British Museum, to which an upper story might have been added for their reception at a comparatively small cost—a scheme which Sir Charles Barry had emphatically declared before a Royal Commission to be 'perfectly practicable,' and which would be '*very economically and effectually, as well as effectively*, carried out.'*

Unfortunately complete ignorance of what a 'National Gallery' ought to be, and of what, in a highly civilized and wealthy country like England, it must eventually become—what its real objects are and how they could be best attained

* These words are in *italics* in the 'Report of the Evidence before the National Gallery Site Commission,' p. 2188.

—seems

—seems to have existed on the part of those who undertook to erect, and the architect who designed, the edifice to contain it. Hence the many irretrievable mistakes that have been made, and the failure of every attempt to provide adequate accommodation for the proper exhibition of our pictures. The Government and the House of Commons, giving ear to arguments which had been over and over again refuted, and disregarding the weighty evidence which had been adduced to prove that the building in Trafalgar Square was in every respect unsuitable for a picture gallery—on account of its neighbourhood, of the adjacent barracks, which prevented its necessary extension and were themselves a source of danger, and of the atmosphere in this part of London—decided upon retaining it for the national collection of pictures. To find proper space for the exhibition of those by the Old Masters, which were crowded on the walls, and for those of the English school, generously presented and bequeathed to the nation, which were temporarily hung in the South Kensington Museum, or were banished to dark basement rooms contemptuously called 'the cellars,' it was further determined to remove the Royal Academy, which had hitherto occupied one half of the building, and to construct some additional rooms. The late Mr. Edward Barry, the son of the distinguished architect of the Houses of Parliament, was appointed by the Government to plan and carry out these additions. In 1876 the new rooms—eight in number—were opened to the public. They were unquestionably a great improvement upon the old ones, both as regards light and decoration. Mr. Barry was an architect of ability and experience. But, like other members of his profession, he appears to have been more anxious to display his skill and taste in producing striking and picturesque effects, than to consider the special object for which the edifice was intended.* The central hall of the new portion of the building is, no doubt, a handsome feature, with its columns, and notwithstanding its somewhat commonplace ornamentation; but it occupies space which could have been more usefully employed; and it is not well fitted for the exhibition of pictures, the light not being of the best, and the polished marble floor casting perplexing reflections upon the glass which covers them. Moreover it is

* In making this remark, we are forcibly reminded of the loss we have sustained in the late Mr. James Fergusson, who, in his able writings on Architecture, strongly dwelt upon this tendency in the modern professors of the art. To his judicious criticisms and suggestions, founded upon an unequalled knowledge of his subject, and to his continuous endeavour to point out the true ends and principles of all good architecture, the country is largely indebted for much of the improvement that has taken place in its public and private buildings.

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not, nor can it ever be, *the* central hall of the present edifice, whatever additions may eventually be made to it. Such a central hall we have always held to be necessary for the display of Raphael's Cartoons, which show the art of design in its highest and grandest development. Consequently their fitting place is in the centre of a great collection of the works of the masters of all countries and schools, and not in the midst of the incongruous assortment of furniture, mediæval curiosities, bric-a-brac, and objects exemplifying the application of art to industry collected together at South Kensington.

Even with Mr. Barry's additional rooms, the building proved totally inadequate for the proper display—indeed, for even the bare hanging—of the works of the Old Masters and of the English school. They were soon congested with them. An Act of Parliament passed in 1883 enabled the Trustees, as we have said, to lend pictures in their charge to provincial galleries. They availed themselves of this power to allot a number of those for which hanging space could not be found, and which were not of essential importance to the collection, to various institutions in the country. But still room was wanting for the proper exhibition of those that remained. Upon the urgent representation of the Trustees, the Government consented to add four more halls. But in order to construct them, and a new staircase which will give a more dignified and commodious access to the galleries than the present double entrance to them, a room has been sacrificed. They will be opened to the public, it is to be hoped, in the course of another year. It may be easily imagined what an edifice thus built by patchwork, and upon no well-considered original scheme, must necessarily be. It can have no claim to architectural beauty, nor can it be well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended.

But it is already found that even with these additions the building in Trafalgar Square will be insufficient for the exhibition of the pictures actually forming the national collection—much less for its daily-increasing wants, especially when the demand of the public for pictures to illustrate the British school of painting is kept in view. Indeed, it will be impossible to provide room for the latter unless it be considerably enlarged. The only alternative, if the nation desires to possess a full and worthy collection of the works of its principal painters, would be to construct, as some persons propose, a new edifice purposely for their reception. But this alternative we strongly deprecate. Fortunately an opportunity now presents itself of enlarging the building, so that many years will elapse before a fresh demand for

for space will arise; and, what is of considerable importance, without raising the vexed question of encroachments upon the barrack-yard, which is looked upon by our military authorities as a sacred spot, essential to the safety of the capital. Owing to the opening, by the Metropolitan Board of Works, of a new thoroughfare running from the corner of St. Martin's Lane—near St. Martin's Church—to Oxford Street, several houses adjacent to the National Gallery have been demolished. The site they occupied, except that part required for the new street, was expressly reserved by Government for its extension. This site, which is public property, must either be built upon for temporary purposes—which would be absurd under the circumstances—or be left an unsightly spot enclosed by a hoarding, or remain vacant as a receptacle for rubbish.

It is, therefore, much to be desired that the Government should at once direct a plan to be prepared for extending the National Gallery over the unoccupied site, and that no delay should take place in putting it into execution. If this be done, the nation might in three or four years be in possession of a building in which could be exhibited, without crowding, its splendid collection of the works of the foreign and British schools. The very existence of such a building would tend to render that collection more complete, as it would be an inducement to the possessors of valuable pictures to present or bequeath them to the nation—no longer hesitating to do so because they feared that they would not be properly exhibited, or would be relegated to 'the cellars.'

We can never, we fear, hope to see on the present restricted and inconveniently-shaped site—even supposing that the military authorities would consent to surrender the barracks and their yard—an edifice worthy of the nation and of its contents. Nor could such an edifice, considering its surroundings, be ever rendered perfectly secure against the danger of fire. There is only one remedy for the present state of things, which has arisen out of a long series of blunders and shifty compromises. That remedy will probably never be applied. The present building should be turned to some other purpose, and a new one constructed on some more convenient and suitable spot, expressly for the reception of our collections, which, at the same time, should be an architectural monument in harmony with the object for which it is intended, and an ornament to the Metropolis. Such would be the course taken by an enlightened and wealthy nation which duly appreciated the value and importance of its art treasures. It has been followed at Berlin, Dresden, Mu Vienna, and elsewhere. Even the comparatively small

Cassel has provided, for its choice collection of the works of Rembrandt and other Dutch masters, a building which for its well-lighted and commodious galleries, its elegant and appropriate decorations, and its architectural merits, may serve as a model for what such an edifice ought to be.*

It remains for us to consider the administration of the National Gallery, and the changes and improvements that may have taken place in it since 1859. At the end of 1865 it suffered a severe loss by the death of its first Director, Sir Charles Eastlake. No more accomplished gentleman and scholar, no one better acquainted with the history and literature of art, no more enlightened and discerning connoisseur, could have been found for the office. To him the national collection owes the high position among the public Galleries of Europe which it now holds. In 1855, when it was first committed to his care, it contained but 149 pictures by the Old Masters, of which seventy-three only—including the Angerstein collection—had been bought by the Government. During Sir Charles's administration 145 were added to it by purchase, including such capital works as the Aldobrandini, or Garvagh, Raphael; the altar-piece by Perugino, formerly in the Certosa of Pavia—the masterpiece of that painter; the 'Family of Darius,' by Paul Veronese; the fine 'Portrait of a Tailor,' by Moroni; 'Christ's Agony in the Garden,' by Giovanni Bellini; the Trinità,' by Pesellino, and others of the early Italian, Flemish and Dutch schools.

The pictures thus acquired by the Trustees on Sir Charles Eastlake's recommendation prove the catholic spirit in which these purchases were made, and the desire that all schools of painting should be represented in the National Gallery, so that all tastes and requirements should be satisfied. He was the first to establish, at least in England, the principle upon which a great public picture gallery should be formed—that of showing the history of painting in all its branches and in its successive periods of development. Before his nomination as Director, pictures were bought by the Treasury or by the Trustees in a haphazard kind of way. A Keeper, with the insufficient salary of 200*l.* a year, had charge of them, and his duties consisted, according to the Minute of March 23, 1824,

* It is constructed upon the true principles which ought to guide an architect in providing for the exhibition of a collection of pictures—central halls lighted from above for altar-pieces and large pictures, flanked by small rooms with side-lights for cabinet pictures. The side walls of these small rooms are not at right angles to the windows, but incline inwards, so that all the pictures hung upon them can be well seen. The architect of this beautiful Gallery was the late Herr von Dehn-Rothfels, of Cassel.

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of being 'present *occasionally* in the Gallery.' No system was followed in classifying and exhibiting them according to schools and epochs, such as that subsequently adopted by Sir Charles Eastlake as far as the space at his disposal would allow, and which, we trust, will eventually be fully carried out when the Gallery receives the additions absolutely necessary for the purpose.

On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir William Boxall, a Royal Academician, was appointed his successor. He was a portrait painter of great refinement, but of so scrupulous and sensitive a nature, that he was rarely satisfied with his own work, and left much which he undertook unfinished. He consequently did not attain that reputation to which his undoubted abilities entitled him. Although a man of a nervous and anxious disposition, he had qualities which well fitted him for the post of Director—exquisite taste, literary acquirements, a wide knowledge of art, and engaging manners—the latter very requisite in negociating for the purchase of pictures, especially with foreigners. During the eight years he held the post, 116 pictures were added to the Gallery on his recommendation, including the two pictures by Michael Angelo which we have described; the 'Exhumation of St. Hubert,' by that rare and skilful Flemish master, Dierich Bouts; the 'Triumph of Scipio,' by Mantegna, and a singularly fine example of that engaging colourist, Peter de Hooch (No. 794). But the nation is specially indebted to him for his successful negociations for the purchase of the Peel collection—an addition of inestimable value to the National Gallery, which, without the splendid examples of the Dutch school that it contains, could not now aspire to be classed among the great European collections.

On Sir William Boxall's retirement, from failing health, in 1874, the present Director, Sir Frederick Burton, was named in his place. Although not a Royal Academician, Sir Frederick was as well known for his skill and taste as a painter as for his extensive acquaintance with the history of art, qualities rarely to be found together, which eminently fitted him for the Directorship. During the time that he has held it, he has enriched the Gallery with some works of exceptional value and importance. We have already mentioned 'the Holy Family' by Leonardo da Vinci. It was mainly upon his weighty recommendation that the Government decided upon acquiring for the nation the Blenheim Raphael, and the equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck. He has greatly increased the completeness of the Gallery by adding to it excellent examples of little known yet eminent Italian masters of

of various schools—of Ercole Roberti de' Grandi, Ercole di Giulio Grandi, Antonello da Messina, Lorenzo Lotto, Bonifazio, and others previously unrepresented, or very insufficiently represented, in Trafalgar Square, and by the choice examples of Botticelli and Filippino Lippi bought at the Hamilton sale.

But it is for his efforts to acquire for the nation the best examples obtainable of the principal painters of the British school that the public are chiefly indebted to him. Supported by the Trustees, he has endeavoured to act in conformity with what they believe to be the public wish. Nearly thirty works by English painters, including Hogarth, Gainsborough, Old Crome, Morland, Romney, Constable, James Ward, Blake, Arnold, Stark, Stothardt, Nasmyth, and others, have been added by Sir Frederick Burton to the national collection.

During the last twenty-five years much has been done to render the National Gallery more useful to students and more accessible to the public in general. The latter were formerly excluded from it on Thursdays and Fridays, which were reserved for students and copyists. All persons are now admitted on those days on the payment of sixpence. The Gallery is only entirely closed on Sundays. Whilst not long ago its doors were shut for six weeks in the year for cleaning the rooms, making requisite changes in the hanging of the pictures, and for other objects, but two days are now annually allowed for these purposes—the Thursday preceding and the Saturday following Good Friday—and the public are only excluded from one half of the Gallery on those occasions. As on Sundays neither workmen nor attendants are employed, we are disposed to think that this desire to meet the public convenience has been carried too far. In most, if not all, foreign galleries, one day in the week is set apart for cleaning. Pictures without constant care and supervision must suffer from accumulating dust and dirt, and in London from the noxious deposits of the atmosphere. The time, moreover, for keeping open the Gallery on public days has recently been extended from 5 P.M. to 7 P.M. during four months in the year, and to 6 P.M. in September. On the Continent there is no museum, we believe, which is not closed at 4 o'clock—some even at 3—summer and winter.

That the public have availed themselves eagerly of the additional facilities afforded them to visit the Gallery is proved by the large number of visitors which flock daily—and especially on such occasions as Bank and other holidays—to it. During last year (1885) no less than 831,539 persons entered it on public days, showing an increase of 133,050 on 1884, the average daily attendance on the 207 free days being 4017.

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In addition, 52,378 persons were admitted on students' days on payment of sixpence, an increase of 15,407 on the previous year. In 1881, when these fees were first taken, they yielded 719*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*: last year they amounted to 1309*l.* 9*s.*—a sum which might with great advantage be applied to the purchase of pictures to illustrate the British school, but which the Treasury insists upon appropriating.

As regards the students, the result of the changes introduced has been no less satisfactory and encouraging. The Director states in his last Report that

'as late as 1855 the total number of students' cards issued since the foundation of the Gallery (*i.e.* in thirty years) was 2150, while the actual number admitted during the year was 63. At the close of 1885, the Students' Register contained 10,667 names, of which 388 have been added since the issue of the last Report.'

In fact there are more students than proper accommodation can be provided for—there having been no less than 26,736 attendances during last year. We doubt whether any public gallery in any other country can show anything like the same number. Students not only complain of over-crowding, but that two days a week are not sufficient for them to copy pictures, especially as it frequently happens that during many days in the winter their work is suspended on account of want of sufficient light. But even if considerable additions are made to the building, we fail to see how this state of things can be remedied. The public would scarcely consent to be deprived of a third day of free admission to the Galleries.

Our readers may be curious to know the pictures which appear most to attract the students. This information, which is given in the Director's annual report, may furnish some clue to the public taste and to the tendency of art education in England. We regret to say that, during last year, of the pictures by the Old Masters the one most frequently copied—twenty students having been engaged upon it—was Greuze's 'Girl with an Apple'! Next, however, comes the fine portrait—called that of Gavartius, but known to be that of Cornelius Van der Geest—by Van Dyck, of which sixteen copies were made. Rembrandt appears to be a favourite with the students or their teachers, four of his works coming next—the 'Portrait of an Old Man' having been copied thirteen times. De Hooch's 'Courtyard of a Dutch House,' we are surprised to find, stands last on the list, having only found three copyists: yet a more admirable example of brilliant colour and of masterly treatment

treatment of light and shade, and one more instructive could scarcely be recommended to the student.

Among the English masters, Landseer is evidently the most admired, no less than ten of his works having been copied; his 'Spaniels' fifteen times, and his 'Dignity and Impudence,' coming next, thirteen times. Six pictures by Reynolds were copied—the 'Age of Innocence,' ten times—and only two by Gainsborough.*

Notwithstanding the desire shown by the Trustees to meet the general wish for greater facilities of visiting the Gallery, by the addition to the number of hours for which it is kept open during five months of the year, endeavours are being made to induce, or rather to compel them by Parliamentary pressure, to admit the public, at least on three days a week, up to ten o'clock at night. Hitherto they have resolutely, and we think rightly, resisted these attempts. They have given their reasons for doing so in a very able and conclusive memorandum, drawn up by the Director, Sir Frederick Burton, and presented to Parliament, which we are glad to find has had the effect of enlightening and greatly influencing public opinion on the subject. Our space will not allow us to state at length the arguments against night openings of the Gallery. They mainly rest, first on the difficulty, if not impossibility, of finding a mode of lighting which it can be proved would not be injurious to the pictures, and which would avoid all risk of fire; and secondly, on the class of persons who would frequent the galleries if open after nightfall, considering the site it occupies.

The Trustees are not only the guardians for the British nation, but for all civilized peoples of the priceless treasures committed to their charge. Not only do these treasures include the produce of the genius of our own painters, which contributes to the renown and glory of England, but they comprise the masterpieces which we have acquired and taken from other countries, and which those countries have a right to expect should be most scrupulously cared for and preserved. No European public picture galleries are kept open after dark; and their directors would, we are convinced, scout the idea of exposing their contents to danger from fire, or injury from gas

* In the previous year, among the Old Masters Rembrandt headed the list; his 'Jewish Rabbi' having been copied fourteen times. But Greuze ran him close; the 'Girl with an Apple' having found thirteen copyists. Among the English painters, Romney held the first place—his portrait of Lady Hamilton having been copied thirteen times; but Landseer was still the favourite—ten of his pictures having been copied; and only seven by Reynolds.

or electricity. The Trustees would be guilty of a grave dereliction of duty if they were to yield to demands, which can only be preferred from ignorance of the weighty, and, in our opinion, insuperable objections to them. From the few petitions presented to Parliament on the subject from the Metropolis—the provinces can have no direct interest in the matter—we are convinced that the movement is fictitious, and has little or no support among the working men, in whose interest it is pretended that the efforts are being made to have the Gallery opened at night. Few of them, after a hard day's work, would be disposed to go long distances to see pictures. The persons who would congregate in the galleries after dark would probably be of a very different class, whose object would neither be instruction nor enjoyment from works of art. The question of opening the Gallery on Sundays, which is urgently advocated by many persons, involves so many considerations, foreign to the subject of this article, that we have neither the space nor the desire to touch upon it. We need only say, that we have reason to believe that the majority of the Trustees are in favour of it—especially if it be the alternative to night opening.

In 1883 the Trustees obtained the Act of Parliament to which we have referred, empowering them to lend pictures of the British school in their charge to provincial and other institutions. This Act has enabled the Trustees to remove from the National Gallery a number of pictures, which occupied no inconsiderable space upon its walls—mostly works of painters who are still sufficiently represented there. We should not be sorry to see the British school further 'weeded.' We do not consider it desirable, except in exceptional cases, to retain more than one or two examples, and those the very best that can be obtained, of the same master.

A further Act of Parliament authorizes the Trustees to make similar loans of pictures presented or bequeathed to the nation, ten years after the gift or bequest has been made, in cases where it is deemed desirable, out of compliment to the donor, to keep the collection for a certain period together. The late Mr. Wynn Ellis, by the terms of his munificent gift of his large collection to the Gallery, very considerately gave the Trustees the power of selecting such pictures as they thought worthy of being placed in it, and of rejecting the remainder, limiting the time that they should be kept together to ten years. The Director accordingly chose, out of above four hundred, ninety-four works, chiefly by the Dutch masters. The time for exhibiting them together having now elapsed, they will, when the additions to the Gallery admit of a proper arrangement of its contents, be

be transferred to their proper places in the schools to which they belong. Mr. Wynn Ellis, by the terms of his bequest, showed a true love of art and a just appreciation of the object of a great public collection of pictures.

The principal duty assigned to the Trustees and Director is the due preservation of the pictures committed by the nation to their charge. This, of course, includes the obligation to see that they do not suffer injury from improper treatment, and especially from injudicious restorations and over-cleaning. Innumerable instances might be mentioned of irretrievable damage done to pictures of inestimable value by these fatal processes. On the whole, the National Gallery, especially of late years, may compare very favourably in this respect with foreign collections. The treatment, to which the great series by Rubens and other pictures in the Louvre were subjected some years ago, is a matter of notoriety, and caused the utmost grief to lovers of art in France. In Italy the havoc in picture galleries, public and private, caused by the restorer and picture-cleaner is perfectly appalling. The German Museums have, unfortunately, not escaped. Some of the National Gallery pictures, which have passed through the skilful hands of Mr. William Dyer, under the vigilant supervision of the Director, are examples of what judicious cleaning and renovation should be. We may specially instance the 'Raising of Lazarus,' by Sebastian del Piombo. It required no little courage to place this renowned masterpiece in the hands of any restorer. It was confidently asserted that much of it, alleged to be the work of West, would come away if any attempt were made to remove the coat of dirt and the discoloured varnishes which obscured the colour and detracted from the original splendour of the picture. The operation was not undertaken without the most mature deliberation, and without the sanction of the most eminent painters of the day. The result has been in every respect satisfactory. Even the watchful and captious race of art-critics has had no fault to find. West's supposed restorations have not disappeared, details of exquisite beauty before unseen have been brought to light, and we now enjoy as much of the original richness and harmony of colour of this marvellous work as time, after the lapse of three centuries and a half, has spared.

It is, however, of the greatest importance to prevent the necessity of cleaning and restoring pictures, and this can only be done—in London at least—by protecting them with glass. This the Trustees and Director of the National Gallery have endeavoured to do, and there is now scarcely a work of any value in the collection which is not so protected. There are, no

no doubt, objections to the use of glass, principally arising from the reflection of surrounding objects, which interfere with the full enjoyment and appreciation of the picture, and with its examination by the artist and connoisseur. But the advantages far exceed the objections. If the picture is to be copied, the student can in most cases, on application to the Keeper, obtain the removal of the glass; and as regards the public in general, we believe that in their eyes the glass adds to the beauty and value of the painting. Any one may convince himself of the necessity of the precaution who will wipe the glass with a white pocket-handkerchief on the close of a day when the galleries have been crowded. The noxious matter found upon it would have been deposited upon the picture itself if not so protected, and in course of time, as it accumulated, would have had to be removed by some injurious process of cleaning.

Fault has been in some quarters found with the Trustees, for paying what are considered exorbitant and unreasonable prices for pictures; but such complaints have never come from the public in general, nor have they been raised in the House of Commons by persons of any weight and standing. We have shown that no comparison can be fairly made between prices given five-and-twenty years ago and at the present time. In the first place there is greatly increased competition, both on the part of foreign Governments and private individuals. Berlin and the Louvre are bidding against us. Even the Belgian Government has recently paid 8000*l.* for a dubious Rembrandt, whilst the city of Antwerp has acquired for its museum, at equally high prices, a portrait by the same master, and one by Frans Hals. A full-length of a girl by the latter painter, whose works not many years ago were little known and esteemed out of his native city, was lately purchased, we have heard, from a charitable institution at Haarlem by a lady of the Rothschild family for 10,000*l.* Two members of the same wealthy family acquired for 72,000*l.*, the three most precious pictures by Rubens in the Blenheim collection. At the sale of that collection by public auction the life-sized portrait of Anne of Austria by the same master fetched 3700 guineas, and his 'Venus and Adonis' was bought in at 7200 guineas. The Duc d'Aumale is said to have paid 25,000*l.* for the little Dudley Raphael—the 'Three Graces.' Not a year ago 170,000 francs were subscribed by four or five lovers of the arts in Paris to purchase six pictures by old Italian and Flemish masters, and to prevent them leaving France by presenting them to the Louvre. They were of so inferior a character,

character, and of such doubtful authenticity, that the Directors of that great Gallery felt constrained to refuse the gift! In the second place, the supply of really important pictures is daily diminishing, and must in the course of time come to an end, whilst the rigorous, and in many respects foolish, measures taken by the Italian Government to prevent the exportation of works of art from Italy, renders it now very difficult to obtain them from that country. There is scarcely a painting of any true value in a private collection in England or elsewhere which is not well-known, and the appearance of which in the auction room is not eagerly looked for. The halcyon days of the collector when masterpieces could be 'picked up for nothing' have passed away. It is true that Raphaels, Michael Angelos, and Titians, are yearly discovered, and introduced to the public authenticated by the certificates of foreign—principally Italian—Academies of Art. Those who doubt their genuineness are anathema. The late Mr. Morris Moore, the most irascible and reckless of connoisseurs, did not hesitate to accuse, in pamphlets widely distributed, men of the highest character and position, who ventured to doubt whether his picture of 'Apollo and Marsyas' was by the hand of Raphael himself, of the gravest crimes.*

It must further be borne in mind that a picture bought for a great national collection, such as the National Gallery, has a relative as well as a specific value. A gap is to be filled up, an important master is to be represented, or a school has to be illustrated, and an opportunity which presents itself of doing either of these things may never occur again. The Trustees, therefore, must be prepared to pay a larger sum for a picture than, under ordinary circumstances, they would consider its fair value. In our opinion there is no reason to complain that too much money has been spent upon our national collection; on the contrary, we are disposed to think that more might have been expended with advantage. All true lovers of art, and those who are desirous of providing for the instruction of and of stimulating our students, and of encouraging public taste, by

* This little picture which, beautiful as it no doubt is, is now admitted by all competent connoisseurs not to be by Raphael, was purchased by the Louvre for 8000*l.*, Mr. Morris Moore making a condition that it should be attributed in the collection to that master—a condition which, in the interest of Art, to say nothing of truth, ought not to have been accepted. The picture would have been an ornament to the National Gallery; but its owner, owing to imaginary grievances against the three successive Directors and some of the Trustees, who were the objects of his most virulent denunciations and of grave accusations, which could only have originated in a disordered brain, absolutely refused to sell it to them. The price paid for it by the Directors of the Louvre was, we think, above its real value.

adding

adding to the National Gallery the best examples of the foremost masters, will not cease to regret that Mr. Gladstone's Government did not act upon the recommendation of the Trustees and Director, and upon the urgent representation of the Royal Academicians, and add to the two great pictures purchased from the Duke of Marlborough the matchless full-length portraits by Rubens of himself and his family, and of Helen Fourmont—a class of work which the National Gallery does not possess, and which is essential to its completeness. They have now passed, like so many art-treasures, into the possession of the Rothschild family at Paris, and the opportunity of obtaining such things will never occur again. We believe that Lord Beaconsfield, with that wise liberality which distinguished him, would not have hesitated to acquire these two pictures for the nation, nor have we the slightest doubt that he would have deserved the gratitude, and received the approval of the country in so doing.

But we must bring our remarks to a close. We have sought to convey to our readers some idea of the growth of the National Gallery during the last twenty-five years, and of the manner in which this priceless collection of pictures, forming no inconsiderable portion of England's wealth, and adding not a little to her renown, is cared for and administered by those to whom the country has confided it. If such an institution is an indication, as we believe it to be, of the civilization and culture of a nation, we may be justly proud of it. We may envy the masterpieces of Rembrandt which adorn the Hermitage and the Museum of Cassel; we may be entranced by the magic effect of the blaze of colour from the canvases of Titian and Carpaccio on the walls of the Venice Academy; and we may be fascinated by the exquisite grace and matchless drawing of the altar-pieces of Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto in the Pitti and Uffizi. We cannot hope to obtain such works, which form part of the glories of the countries to which they belong. Nor is it desirable that we should seek to rival the Louvre in its endless display of pictures of all sorts and kinds. But our National Gallery excels all these renowned collections in the variety and genuineness of the works of painters of all countries it contains, in their judicious selection, and in the materials it furnishes for the illustration and history of the various epochs and schools of painting, and consequently for the instruction it affords. Nor is there any foreign Gallery so much frequented by students, or so generally visited and enjoyed by persons of all classes.

ART. V.—1. *Fifteenth and Sixteenth Annual Reports of the Deputy Master of the Mint.* 1884, 1885. Presented to the Houses of Parliament.

2. *Journal of the Institute of Bankers.* (The probable results of an increase in the Purchasing Power of Gold. By the Rt. Hon. Geo. J. Goschen, M.P.) May, 1883.

3. *Essays in Finance.* By Robert Giffen. Second series. London. 1886.

4. *Letter of the Secretary of the Treasury to the Speaker of the House of Representatives.* Washington. March, 1886.

THE subject, which we propose to investigate, is the difficult and thorny question, whether or not the Standard of Value has recently altered its position relatively to all things purchased through its means; and we may fitly commence our remarks with a reference to the work of that public department to whose charge is entrusted the production of our British coin. Ever since the office of Deputy-Master of the Mint has been committed to Mr. Fremantle, he has been at great pains to render his Reports attractive as well as instructive. Thus the Sixteenth Report, that for 1885, contains some very interesting remarks on the method by means of which the cast medals, of beautiful design, such as are among the most precious relics of medieval Italian Art, may be produced. Mr. Fremantle has called attention to this process, easy of application in capable hands, cheap in comparison with modern tasteless substitutes, in the hope that thus an art may be revived which at the present time has degenerated to a manufacture. This attention to the artistic work of the Mint has not diverted consideration from other and more important matters. The Report contains estimates of the production of gold and silver in Australia and New Zealand from the earliest Colonial records obtainable; and also the documents relating to the monetary convention between France, Belgium, Italy and Greece, signed at Paris in November and December, 1885.

These last papers refer to the side of the question with which we are immediately concerned. The reports from our Australian Colonies relate to the production of the precious metals, the documents signed at Paris refer to their employment. Both these points, production and employment, are of the highest importance, as determining price, and it is the price of the Standard of Value—that is to say, its command of the goods purchased through its means, which we propose to consider. The question is; Is it not well that this command of goods purchased

purchased should be as large as possible; that is to say, that the price of everything reckoned in money should be as low as possible?

Among the desirable objects which men have continually sought to attain, peace and plenty may be placed among the first. And with plenty, cheapness is in the mind of every one invariably associated. On the other hand, distress, famine prices, and anxiety, both public and private, are terms connected almost of necessity with scarcity. Why is it then that at the present time, when the reverse of scarcity is experienced by us, when prices generally are unusually low, when no threat of foreign war hangs over us, when no dread of want, no doubt that the raw materials for our manufactures will be forthcoming in abundant supply, no fear lest the food for our industrial population should fail, crosses the mind of any one, there is yet a general expression that business is hardly worth carrying on?

Why is it that the existing general lowness of price which is found to extend almost to every article of consumption, is not hailed as a blessing instead of being the subject of anxious thought? The answer in the plainest terms is this: that hardly any one seems to be the better for it. Though the amount of goods exported, of materials manufactured, remains undiminished, if it has not even increased, yet the complaint is general that business has never been so bad, and profits have never been so low.

Trade and industry have suffered so much, that a Royal Commission, of which a well-known statesman, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, now the Earl of Iddesleigh, is Chairman, has been appointed to enquire into the existing depression. Several large volumes of evidence, delivered both by word of mouth and in writing, attest the diligence with which the enquiry has been prosecuted. The replies to all the questions give back one answer, that in Europe and the northern portion of America alike, there is a great and general absence of that profit, by which alone trade can be maintained. Pressed for the cause of this, some of those who have been questioned reply, that the depression arises from over-production. But over-production is of necessity accompanied by increasing stocks of unsold goods, accumulating in warehouses in England, or held by agents abroad. Such accumulations are, however, not to be found; and it is a canon of economic faith that general over-production is impossible. Sometimes the condition of the money market is the cause of depression; but at the present time the surface of the money market is unruffled by any storm, nor

are its depths supposed to hide any extraordinary number of recent wrecks of commercial venture. One anxiety alone, it may be said, occupies the minds of that acute body of men who centre in Lombard-street; and that anxiety is, how to employ to any profit the sums entrusted to their care. The deposits in their hands scarcely show any perceptible sign of shrinkage. It is true, and it is also unusual, that these sums hardly appear to increase, even in a very slight degree. But though this is the case, and though the ordinary growth of business profits, which has been recorded in most years of our previous commercial history, appears absent from the recent returns, yet the amounts do not seem to diminish. Large as ever, the same blight appears to hang over the balances of London bankers as over the products of Lancashire manufacturers, or of Lincolnshire farmers. Absence of profit is the complaint here, as elsewhere.

In one sense it is well for the country, that the rate which has to be paid for the use of money is not high at the present time. If money were dear, this, under existing circumstances, would mean additional difficulties to men who are already struggling with troubles enough and to spare. Thus it is well that the rate for money is low, and means of subsistence cheap, as both these circumstances prevent the edge of the existing pressure from being felt so keenly as otherwise would be the case. But there is a tradition among business men, founded on that lore which experience alone can provide, that trade is never good with a permanently low rate of money. The rate of interest on loans for short periods is low, not because loanable capital is over-plentiful, for, as has just been mentioned, the supply does not augment; but capital is cheap because it is plentiful relatively to the demand for its use; and the demand is slack because of the continued tendency of general prices to fall, and of the little hope of profit in business transactions. Here, again, we seem to move in a vicious circle, from which there appears to be no escape. The cursory glance which we have just taken of the subject shows the existence of a general lowness of price, coupled with an absence of general prosperity, which is usually associated with high, rather than low prices.

The method by which a record is kept of the prices of commodities is simple enough. A list is made of certain productions, either of agricultural produce, such as wheat, meat or wool, or of typical manufactures as cotton yarn or cloth of a description which is not greatly dependent for its employment on the fashion of the day, and a record is kept of the prices quoted for these goods, year by year. This is the basis of the method.

method. It has been followed by some of our earlier economists. Arthur Young has preserved some useful information; Mr. Poulett Scrope carried the idea somewhat further; Mr. Tooke and Mr. Porter were among the first to collect the facts in a systematic manner. Much information may be gleaned from a careful research into the old account-books of families and institutions. It is from sources like these that Mr. Thorold Rogers has compiled the History of Agricultural Prices in England, which is so useful an adjunct to the study of the ordinary history of the country. The method of the records of prices is simple enough in its idea. In its application, however, there is this important failure, that unless the results are arranged in a systematic manner, it is difficult even for a careful student to trace the course of circumstances, from a mere inspection of the figures shown. Unless a considerable number of prices of different articles is recorded, the statement is apt to be imperfect, and hence of little value; but on the other hand, when the number is considerable it becomes difficult to gather and combine the numerous threads of fact. The old adage is exemplified, that it is impossible to see the wood for the trees. Curiously enough it was reserved for an economic writer almost of the present day, the late Mr. William Newmarch, acting, we believe, on a suggestion contained in the works of the late Professor Jevons, to assist the investigation of these questions by the simple expedient of assigning a proportional number to each of the articles whose price was recorded, and to register, from year to year, the relative percentage of the prices of the day, whether more or less, to those of the first yearly record. By combining the figures thus obtained in a general total, it becomes easy for any one to follow the fluctuations of price from year to year; and the record has been annually continued in the 'Economist' newspaper. Objections have been made to this method on the ground, that unless every imaginable commodity dealt with, manufactured, or produced by human industry is recorded, the calculations may be deficient so far as giving a really general view is concerned. No doubt there is truth in this remark; and a calculation, based on figures which assigned an equal importance to wheat and to pepper, to beef and to mustard, would be liable to mislead the reader to some extent. If a rise took place in the price of the two table condiments, which in the statement of percentages exactly balanced a fall in the price of the two great articles of food, it might be held that prices generally had experienced no fluctuation; though the consumer would be of an entirely different opinion. Were the variation in the relative prices reversed, the proof of such erroneous

erroneous generalization would be happily conclusive. Any system of calculation which does not include, if not all, at least a great many of the articles usually dealt in is open to this drawback, and on the other hand any attempt to include every article would be baffled at once by the fact, that many articles become out of date, and are discontinued; while others, though nominally continued, become in course of years so changed that a comparison becomes impossible. Typical examples of the most important articles form the only good basis for an enquiry of this description. Nor, when they are well selected, is the relative importance of each to the general industry of the country a matter that need be taken greatly into account. Without going further into the details of the basis of the calculation, we may feel satisfied that prices are generally very considerably lower now than they were between forty and twenty years since.

But in examining into all the matters concerned, there is one great difference between the level at which prices stand now and that between the dates mentioned. Though the level is now a lower one than it was twenty years or forty years since, yet, if we compare the course of affairs between the two limits, namely, from about forty years since to about twenty years since, we shall find instead of a fall in prices, a very considerable rise in prices, the proportions of which correspond to a great extent with the fall which has taken place since. These circumstances are so curious that a closer examination into them becomes advisable. It is certainly a very remarkable thing, that, well within the memory of persons still not far advanced beyond middle life, such considerable variations, and in directions entirely opposite to each other, should have occurred.

Now, it is obvious that there is every reason to expect a continual drop in the prices of many of the articles in ordinary use. Great as were the triumphs of manufacturing skill shown in the earlier years of this century, they have been surpassed many times over by the inventions which have since been made, especially so far as economy in production is concerned. Take, for example, the production of iron. Iron, an article which enters into almost every imaginable industry, is being rapidly superseded by steel; and with this change, an economy in two ways has been brought about—the new material lasts much longer, and the manufacture is cheaper. For every ton of steel made by the old process, ten tons of coal were required. By the new, the wages and fuel required for converting pig-iron into steel are stated to be only one-third of what are now required for iron, and for iron the present requirements are one

ton

ton of coke to make a ton of pig-iron. It may be difficult with these varying factors to make an exact comparison of the relative cost of producing iron and steel. But it is clear, that the employment of steel must be a very great source of economy, and again, that a vast deal of labour and expense is saved in its manufacture. The labour thus displaced has to seek employment elsewhere. Incidentally, changes of this description produce a wide influence. No one, who is not conversant with the vast number of fluctuations in employment, can form any adequate idea of the way in which alterations in the demand for labour tell on the condition of workpeople. One by one, as the trade becomes less remunerative, the workpeople drop off, and employment is sought elsewhere. The ranks of the army of labour remain filled; but the regiments of which it is composed are not the same.

A similar change in cost of production is also brought about by economy in transit. The following extract from the works of Mr. Edward Atkinson, the author of 'The Distribution of Products,' puts this before us with great clearness and vividness of expression. The effect of the economy described on the whole of the carriage of our exports and imports is a most important factor in the reduction of prices. The period referred to includes something like a quarter of a century.

'In the period under consideration the screw-propeller has finally displaced the paddle-wheel in all ocean traffic. At the same time the compound engine has been perfected, the end of both being that the fuel required has been vastly reduced, and where it required over 200 tons per day of coal to cross the Atlantic twenty years since, a much more capacious steamer is driven across by the use of 35 tons, but this statement is far from showing the full change. The important matter is the ratio of fuel to the weight moved. Every pound of coal now carries thirty-two times as much cargo across the Atlantic as could be carried thereby in the earlier days of ocean navigation. The steamer 'Persia' in 1850 consumed 14,500 lbs. of coal to each ton of cargo, while even the "racer" 'Arizona,' in 1882 consumed only 450 lbs. per ton of cargo. In the freight steamers, assuming that paper has the same calorific value as coal, the combustion of an ordinary letter such as is carried by mail for a penny would move a ton of cargo and its share of the vessel two miles. A lump of coal which can be mailed anywhere in the postal union for a halfpenny would do the same work. Thus has room been made for cargoes of provisions or other merchandise, and carried at a low cost more than half way round the world to feed and clothe the people of the most distant lands.'

Nor is this economy in transit the only change which has cheapened the cost of production during the last quarter of a century.

century. For many purposes, the telegraph has virtually placed the merchant in Calcutta or Bombay, New York or Sydney, next door to the producer in Great Britain or in most parts of Europe. A letter which used to be some weeks, or months, on the road, is now replaced by an enquiry almost as it were from one room to another in the same house. This facility of communication, joined to rapidity of transit, renders large stocks of goods unnecessary; the interest on the capital invested in the stocks of goods is saved; and, as production keeps far closer to demand than formerly, goods do not become out of date and unsaleable. Thus the seller becomes less a merchant and more a commission agent. It may very likely be the case that, as time goes on and communication becomes more complete, the manufacturer will place himself still more closely in connection with the retail dealer; for the alterations in the mode of transacting business are not confined to those we have already enumerated. The telegraphic transfer of money is a change in the mode of transacting business, the effect of which is not seen at once. Besides superseding the instruments formerly employed for the transmission of money, such as bills and letters of credit, it brings the various classes of dealers far more to one level than before. It is no longer only the merchant whose name passes current on 'Change for any amount of money, who engages in this class of business; the less known dealer, who possesses sufficient funds or sufficient credit, can obtain similar facilities from his banker. The credit of the bank, through whose agency the remittance is made, supplies the link between purchaser and seller. The latter feels confident that he will obtain the value for what he has sold, and deals unhesitatingly with purchasers whom he might never, without this intermediate assistance, have felt at liberty to trust. A different description of competition arises as an entirely different class of dealer, and one content to work at a smaller profit, comes into the market.

But we must not be diverted from our main purpose to follow the ever-widening ramifications into which this part of the subject extends, though we should not omit a reference to the economy caused by greater scientific skill in the reduction of metals from a crude state. Thus in the case of copper, the price of which within a few years has dropped nearly a half, it is stated that the fall in price is due partly to the introduction of cheaply-worked foreign ores, but partly also to the fact, that some of these ores contain silver, and some gold. By extracting these the smelter is enabled to realize a profit which allows him to sell the copper at a great reduction. The increasing number of competent chemists and assayers, trained at our School of Mines

Mines and other similar institutions, gives reason to believe that in time many further economies in production may be effected. An unscientific process is usually an extravagant process; and as the science of chemistry lends its aid in many directions to manufacture and production, the practical man finds a working profit among substances hitherto regarded as mere waste.

But, even when all these causes of economy in production are considered, they scarcely seem sufficient to cover the problem which is set before us—the reduction of prices in almost every article dealt in, produced or manufactured, not only in this country, but in most of the countries of the civilized world. A reduction, too, it must be remembered which has occurred in almost every country nearly simultaneously, within a comparatively short space of time.

The subject before us—the connection between the present range of prices, and the purchasing power of gold—has, we may observe, received attention from several of our best known statisticians. Thus, Mr. Goschen made it the text of an Address delivered to the Institute of Bankers in April, 1883; and Mr. Giffen has dealt with it among the papers in his Volume of Essays on Finance. Both Mr. Goschen and Mr. Giffen agree in believing, that some appreciation in the purchasing power of the standard of value has taken place. Mr. Goschen said, in his Address to the Bankers' Institute, 18th of April, 1883—

'To my mind, the connection between the additional demand for gold and the position of prices seems as sound in principle as I believe it to be sustained by fact.'

Mr. Giffen observes:—

'Looking at all the facts, therefore, it appears impossible to avoid the conclusion that the recent course of prices, so different from what it was just after the Australian and Californian gold discoveries, is the result in part of the diminished production and the increased extraordinary demands upon the supply of gold.'—'Essays in Finance,' R. Giffen, Second Series, p. 27.

Again, the subject has not been unnoticed by observers in other countries. M. de Laveleye, the well-known Belgian economist, has recently discussed the question in the May number of the 'Contemporary Review.' The stagnation of trade is even more complete in Belgium than here. Nor have warnings from one at least of our own statesmen been wanting. More than twelve years ago, and again seven years ago, Lord Beaconsfield called attention to the effects which would follow from the altered supply of gold. 'Gold,' Lord Beaconsfield said,

said, on March 29, 1879, 'is every day appreciating in value, and as it appreciates in value, the lower becomes the price.'

That the value of gold can alter is an idea which many persons find it difficult to grasp. They say, 'This coin is a sovereign: it is true that it may not be actually the same coin which I had in my purse ten years since, but the weight is the same, the gold of which it is formed is as pure—how then can its purchasing power differ from what it was at the former time?'

The narrative of one of the Polar expeditions, which have distinguished the naval and scientific annals of our country, may supply an illustration. When approaching the limits of perpetual frost in the Southern hemisphere, the explorers noticed a considerable lowering of the mercurial column of the barometer. But all the expectations of bad weather, founded on this change, and based on previous experience gained elsewhere, were disappointed. The changes of the weather apparently prognosticated by the instrument did not occur. Gradually the truth dawned on the observers of this strange event. They had sailed, in their venturous course, into a region of apparently permanent barometric depression. While they continued within the limits to which this influence extended, the depression remained constant. As they gradually moved northwards, the mercurial column resumed its former normal level, and the old signs indicated again the old atmospheric changes.

Before entering on the further examination of the question, there is one point which must be made especially clear, namely, that the purchasing power of money can never be expected to be exactly, or even very nearly, on a level in different countries at the same time. Ricardo, whose opinion on all questions connected with exchange operations is especially valuable, remarks on this point:—'The value of money is never the same in any two countries, depending as it does on relative taxation, on manufacturing skill, on the advantages of climate, natural production, and many other causes.' This difference, he continues, will not be indicated by the rate of exchange between one country and another.

It is equally true, though at the same time almost imperceptible to the ordinary observer, that the value of money, in the sense of its purchasing power, hardly ever continues the same in any country, even for a year. The difference between the purchasing power of gold in one country as compared with another would not, however, have any influence on the fluctuations of prices within those countries themselves. For, though the value of gold, which, as Professor Cairnes remarked, is merely another

another expression for the gold price of commodities, may vary greatly in different countries, yet, the difference in the purchasing power of gold being for the time constant, or nearly constant, in each country, this external variation would have no effect on a simultaneous rise or a simultaneous fall of internal prices in each.

We shall now rapidly glance at the recent monetary legislation of the United Kingdom. And having first accepted Professor Cairnes's definition, that the 'value of gold' is an expression equivalent to the 'gold price of commodities,' we must proceed to consider the manner in which this country, in common with those countries which do not possess mines of the precious metals, has to supply itself with the gold from which its standard of value is formed. Ricardo explains, in words which have been generally accepted, the rule by which the commercial distribution of the precious metals over the world is carried out.

'Gold and silver having been chosen for the general medium of circulation, they are, by the competition of commerce, distributed in such proportions among the different countries of the world, as to accommodate themselves to the natural traffic which would take place if no such metals existed, and the trade between countries were purely a trade of barter.—'Ricardo's Works,' Edition 1852, p. 78.

Again, as to the value of money, Ricardo reminds us that this depends on four causes, taxation, manufacturing skill, climate, and natural productions. Now, in respect to two of these causes,—manufacturing skill and natural productions,—particularly in the working of coal and iron which are main elements in economy of manufacture and transit, this country has been, in former years especially, highly favoured as compared with other countries. As Ricardo states, a country like Great Britain, where there are no mines of the precious metals, has to obtain these metals by an exchange against its own product, or by receiving them in payment for a debt which is the result of a previous export of produce. The less labour a country has to expend on its productions, the more advantageously it exchanges these against the precious metals. Thus, in effect we spend less labour than other countries in obtaining —in our case the equivalent of producing—gold. Gold, in common with other commodities, is obtained by us on easier terms than by other countries which do not possess advantages of production and manufacture equal to our own.

It is to our commercial supremacy alone that we owe our power of obtaining the possession of gold on relatively easy terms; and, while we are very far from believing that the skill of our

our artizans and workmen, or the industry and intelligence of our manufacturers, is at all less now than it was twelve years since, yet we cannot overlook the fact, that within recent years, and especially within the last decade, other countries have advanced closer to us in manufacturing power than they were before. This circumstance would enable them to obtain the money they require, that is, the gold they require, on easier terms relatively than they were able to do previously. Now, it happens that very great alterations in the standards of value have recently taken place contemporaneously with these other changes in different countries, and gold is far more generally employed as the standard than it used to be among them. Some few years since, money and gold were by no means synonymous terms in several of the countries where they mean virtually the same thing now. In Germany, as late as the year 1872, gold was not money in the sense of standard at all, silver being the only standard money, and down to a year or two later in France, and in those countries in which the standard of value has been the same as in France, silver was as much money as gold. Of these countries, however, Italy had suspended specie payments from 1866 to 1883. It was also not till 1879 that the United States, which had had a paper currency for more than fifteen years, completely re-established a metallic standard. The United States had possessed, ever since their first existence as a nation until the civil war between the Northern and the Southern States, a standard based on the concurrent use of gold and silver. When, however, resumption was resolved on, a gold standard was adopted, for reasons which have never been entirely explained. But though what influenced the United States is a matter of doubt, the reason why France suspended the coinage of silver is well known, and it is intelligible enough. When the great conflict between France and Germany was over, and the latter country had received from France the heavy tribute of two hundred millions sterling, the first thing that Germany set about to supply out of her suddenly-acquired wealth was a sound monetary system, to be co-extensive with the whole territory of the newly-formed empire. There were very sufficient reasons which inclined Germany to this course. The coinage of the different States of the Empire was various, inconsistent, and ill-arranged. Prince Bismarck desired to withdraw this motley assemblage of coins, and to replace it with a standard money, which would not only be current throughout the whole of the dominions over which the Imperial power extended, but should stand on a good footing in international transactions as well. The minds of

of those whom he consulted turned, and perhaps naturally, though probably not wisely, to a gold standard—their former one having been silver. To a country changing from a group of small kingdoms and principalities, into a compacted empire, it seemed only natural to mark the step they had taken by advancing simultaneously to a standard formed of the metal most highly esteemed among mankind. And if, when doing so, Germany had been surrounded only by gold-using countries, it is quite possible that little might have been thought or heard, comparatively speaking, of the transaction, except on its own merits. The operation was in itself certainly no small financial undertaking. Even with the existing supplies of gold floating throughout the civilized world, a demand of ninety-six millions and a-half (for such has been the amount of gold minted between the years 1873 and 1885 in Germany), as the coinage of one country alone, would have been no small thing to provide. But in this case, the circumstances were such that the effect of the demand, which Germany made on the monetary stock of the world, was more than doubled through the results which followed. To be able to appreciate the meaning of this to the full extent, we must remember the source whence the newly-acquired wealth of Germany had been obtained. It was a tribute exacted after successful war, and paid by a neighbouring country, with which Germany had, in times of peace, very close commercial relations. That country happened also to have a standard of value composed, not as was the case in Germany, of one metal, but of two metals, silver and gold, circulating at a fixed ratio the one to the other. Silver, which Germany discarded, was current, legal tender money to any amount in France, and hence the power of absorption of silver by France might have been only limited by its power of employing metallic money. All the old circulating medium of Germany might have found an abiding-place within the frontiers of France, at a price fixed not by the market value, but by the mint laws of France. When two metals circulate simultaneously side by side in a country, the cheaper metal naturally tends—by force of a power which is intelligible enough, and the effect of which was first described accurately by our countryman Sir Thomas Gresham, as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth—to exclude the dearer metal from circulation. Silver naturally became cheaper, not only through the action of Germany in selling off the coins formed of that metal which she no longer sought to retain, but through the fact that Germany discarded silver as a standard of value. Had France been, as Germany desired to be, possessed of a gold basis alone for the standard of value, the silver which Germany parted with

with could never have found a purchaser in France, except to a very limited extent, and at the price which the purchaser chose to fix. But silver being a legal tender to an unlimited amount in France, there was not only no power to exclude it, but the ratio at which it was valued relatively to gold was fixed, and at that ratio it was not only theoretically, but actually, possible that the whole of the silver sold off by Germany, and, more than this, the remainder which Germany has continued to retain, might have been absorbed by France, with the result that an equivalent amount of gold in the proportion of fifteen and a-half pounds weight of silver for one pound of gold, the legal ratio established in France since the year 1785 and confirmed by the legislation of 1803, would have left that country.

It is not wonderful that the French authorities resolved, that they would not allow this to happen, and thus be compelled to accept the rejected currency of their conquerors. In carrying out this resolution, however, they could not act alone. France is the centre and really the vital force of a great international monetary association, called the 'Latin Union,' formed while Napoleon III. was on the throne, the object of which was to arrange a common circulating medium through all the countries where the 'Franc' was current. In these countries, the most important of which are Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, the same ratio of value for gold and silver exists as in France. Switzerland has always rather accepted the larger coins of her neighbours than struck her own, and Italy was at that time, and for several years later, on a system of forced paper currency. It was to France and Belgium principally that the stream of silver from Germany would have been directed; and France had, under these circumstances, not much difficulty in persuading her allies in the 'Latin Union' that the suspension of the unlimited coinage of silver, which had been one of the cardinal points of the agreement, was inevitable. The effect of this measure was twofold. Germany was not only deprived at once of a most convenient outlet for her silver, but compelled to sell it, not at a fixed price, but for whatever price she could obtain in the open market, and the whole stress of the further coinage demand of the civilized world for standard money was put on gold alone, to the exclusion of silver, except of such silver coin as was actually at the time legal tender money. For the first time during something like a century, silver, from being a standard of value, employed by some of the most important countries of Europe, became a mere commodity the price of which was determined by the same principles as those which regulate the market price of iron or copper. The immediate result

result was a drop in the price of silver when reckoned in gold, the only standard measure of value with which it could now be compared. Germany, resolute to establish a gold standard, still struggled on. It was stated in the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Silver, held in 1876, that up to the year 1874 Germany had succeeded in parting with 7,000,000*l.* in value of her redundant silver. As it has been computed that the German sales of silver reached an amount, according to some estimates, of 50,000,000*l.* in all, and as the price began rapidly to decline from the moment that the mints of the 'Latin Union' were closed against that metal, it is clear that by far the larger part of this amount can only have been got rid of at a considerable reduction from its nominal value. And, as it is, Germany still holds a very considerable amount of its old silver currency in the form of thaler pieces, which are still legal tender up to any amount. Some of these coins remain in ordinary circulation, but it is believed that a very large proportion of those still in existence is held by the Imperial Bank of Germany. As that bank, however, never publishes the details of the gold and silver coins it holds, the exact amount of the thaler pieces in its vaults is unknown. But the stock of 'legal tender German money,' among which these coins are included, is always large in the accounts of the Bank of Germany, and that institution is popularly credited with holding two-thirds of the whole amount of these coins now remaining, believed to be from 18,000,000*l.* to 20,000,000*l.* There is also a very large stock of silver in five-franc pieces in France. Here again, as in Germany, a very considerable proportion of the full-weighted silver coins is held by the principal bank, the Bank of France. They form a large part of its total metallic reserve, which at the present time reaches the stupendous total of one hundred millions sterling; about forty-five millions being in silver, and the remainder in gold. The silver remains in a condition of abeyance. It is still legal tender; the Bank of France is entitled to offer it in payment of any demand whatever which may be made on it, and it endeavours to employ it thus whenever it fairly can do so. But those, to whom the silver coin is paid, continually return it to the bank at the earliest opportunity. And as, in the present state of the French mint regulations, no addition to the quantity in circulation can be made, the silver coinage of France, though that country has still a double standard of silver and gold, affords no support to the market price of silver. Nor again, curiously enough, do the mint regulations of the United States, though in that country silver dollars are coined at the rate of about

about 5,000,000*l.* a year, assist in maintaining the value of silver at its old price.

Gold, and not silver concurrently with gold, is now the sole standard of value in the United States. Hence the purchases of silver made by the United States mint do not affect the price of that metal otherwise than purchases of any other metal, however made, would affect the price of that metal. The purchases are made by the director of the mint of the United States in the open market at the price of the day. The mint does not now coin silver without limit, nor at a fixed ratio to gold, as formerly was the case in the United States.

Mr. Manning, the Secretary of the United States Treasury, states the point as to the standard of value with great clearness, in a letter recently addressed by him to the Speaker of the House of Representatives on Currency. We quote from it as follows:—

'The revised statutes and statutes at large direct the issue and prescribe the more or less limited uses of several kinds of currency. To but one do they assign the office of a standard. They named the unit of all these currencies, and of our money of account with the name—dollar. To but one dollar do they assign the function of a unit of value. The law of Feb. 12th, 1873, sec. 14 (R. S., 3511), reads as follows:—"The gold coin of the United States shall be a one-dollar piece, which at the standard value of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains shall be the *unit of value*. . . ." Thus the gold dollar, circulating amid all other then existing, or thereafter to be issued, whatever their substance, description, or kind, shall be the unit of value.'

Hence the silver dollar of the United States is, as our older economists would have said, 'but a commodity very like money.' The silver dollar of standard weight is legal tender, but forms no part of the standard of value.

It is doubtless true that if the coinage of silver dollars under the law of 1878—the well-known Allison or Bland Bill—were discontinued, the price of silver would fall in the United States and elsewhere generally; though the arrangements followed have not assisted silver to rise above the current market price of the day in London. Meanwhile every effort has been made by the Government and the Executive Authorities of the United States to employ the silver dollars either in circulation, or as the basis of silver certificates, that is to say, of State notes resting on a valuation of silver; but silver has not been placed absolutely and entirely on an equality with gold.

Mr. Manning, in his letter which we have quoted above, writes almost in despair of being able to prevent the stream of silver

silver dollars which the mint is constantly pouring forth, from overflowing his department, and hence, incidentally, driving out gold from it altogether.

'I have laboured,' he writes, 'to promote the circulation of silver with unremitting energy. I have pressed its circulation at a constant expense to the Treasury, when other forms of lawful money could have been circulated without such cost.' Still the silver dollars continue to accumulate in the Treasury. Meanwhile, the attempt to keep up the price of silver by means of the compulsory purchases of the Government never succeeds in raising the price in the United States above the level in London, and for all practical purposes the price in London measured in gold is the gauge of the price in the civilized world, and even in the bazaars of India.

This rapid survey of recent changes in monetary legislation shows us that gold has, within the last twelve or fourteen years, been the precious metal mainly in demand for standard money throughout the countries of the civilized world, with the exception of India and Mexico; and also, which is more important, that two of these countries — Germany and the United States—have adopted gold exclusively as the standard of value; Germany having previously employed a silver standard, and the United States a bi-metallic standard formed of gold and silver; while France, with the other States associated in the 'Latin Union,' though they have not discarded silver, have resolutely closed their mints to the coinage of that metal as legal tender money. Thus, in addition to the old demands, fresh requirements for gold have sprung up, which we will proceed to consider. First of all, taking these fresh requirements for gold in the order in which they have occurred, is the demand for Germany. Between 1871 and the year 1885, the German Empire has coined no less than 96,500,000*l.* gold. Since 1872, the United States, having resumed specie payments in 1879, coined more than 125,000,000*l.* Italy, which resumed specie payments in 1883, has provided herself, according to Mr. Ottomar Haupt, with a stock of about 29,000,000*l.* in gold. The Italian mint has coined more than 8,000,000*l.* of that metal. A large part of this must have been recently acquired. These amounts, which tell up to about 230,000,000*l.* in all, may in one sense be regarded all as new demands, as they were taken, and to a great extent are still held, by countries which, like Germany and the United States, previously had not gold for their standard, while Italy had a paper currency. Meanwhile, the old demands, that is to say, those to maintain gold coinages already existing, continued. For, side by side with the new

 operations,

operations, the gold coinages of other countries have not ceased; and these during the same period have amounted to about 110,000,000*l.* further. Since 1872, France has coined more than 35,000,000*l.*, and England has coined more than 39,000,000*l.* at the Mint on Tower Hill, and more than 51,000,000*l.* at the Australian mints; while in Australia the value of 4,500,000*l.* has also been issued in assayed gold bullion. The English coinages, mentioned above as more than 39,000,000*l.*, include about 15,000,000*l.* of recoinages of worn gold coin. They may thus be regarded as an effective demand for about 24,000,000*l.* In this estimate the requirements of several important countries are not included, nor the amounts annually exported from Europe to the East. Leaving these last—the amounts exported to the East—out of our estimate, and taking the English coinage at the lower sum mentioned, the known demand for gold for coinage during the last fourteen or fifteen years has been to the value of fully 340,000,000*l.* sterling; showing a demand which, if it had proceeded at a uniform rate throughout the period under consideration, would have averaged more than 25,000,000*l.* a year. Large as the demand has been, the question whether it was large in proportion to the supply has to be considered. All figures respecting the production and use of the precious metals must be received with considerable caution. There exists, however, a statement prepared by the well-known German economist, Dr. Adolph Soetbeer, of the available supply of gold from the time of the earliest important Australian and Californian discoveries to the present time. This corresponds very closely with the one given below, which has been derived from other sources. The coincidence of the two supports their general accuracy. The periods, except the last, are of ten years each. The column to the right, however, shows the yearly average, and thus puts before us at once, in a clear and intelligible way, the amounts added from year to year to the supply in the world.

ANNUAL AVERAGE PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

Period.			Yearly Average.
1851–1860	at the	rate of	£28,650,000
1861–1870	„	„	26,600,000
1871–1880	„	„	23,000,000
1881–1884	„	„	19,550,000

From this amount, which probably represents with the closest possible approach to accuracy the gross annual production of gold, several important deductions have to be made to enable us to arrive at the quantity available for additions to the supply of

of coin. These deductions may be divided between the following heads:—Wear and tear of coins in existence; employment in arts and manufactures; and export to the East, which perpetually absorbs large amounts of the precious metal, and never or most rarely returns any to circulation. The exports to India have been as follows during the period in question:—

EXPORT OF GOLD TO INDIA.

Period.	Yearly Average.
1851–1860	£2,140,000
1861–1870	5,900,000
1871–1880	1,470,000
1881–1884	4,700,000

The Indian official years do not correspond completely with those employed in making the previous statement; but the dates correspond with sufficient exactness. Roughly speaking, the estimated production from 1871 to 1884 is rather more than 319,000,000*l.*, and the exports to India are rather more than 33,000,000*l.* Besides these, the amounts consumed in the arts and manufactures have to be considered. We shall not follow Dr. Soetbeer in his statements on these points, as they appear to be excessive. Mr. Stewart Pixley, of the well-known firm of Pixley and Abell, bullion brokers, has favoured us with an estimate of the quantity probably available for the supply of coin, after making allowance for the amounts consumed in the arts, manufactures, &c., and the exports to India. Mr. Pixley has not been able to carry his researches back further than the year 1852. On bringing the statement, with which Mr. Pixley has kindly supplied us, to the same form in which the estimated production of gold and the exports to India are shown, the following results appear:—

GOLD AVAILABLE FOR THE SUPPLY OF COIN.

Period.	Yearly Average.
1851–1860	£27,600,000
1861–1870	17,600,000
1871–1880	18,700,000
1881–1885	11,200,000

Estimates of this description cannot be relied on as being so accurate as either those of the production or of the export and import of gold. Mr. Pixley, however, has not only made every effort to obtain correct statements himself, but he has submitted his estimates to several of the best authorities on the subject, and he believes his figures to be as close to the facts as the circumstances permit. It will be observed that, according to

 Mr. Pixley's

Mr. Pixley's estimate, the amount available for additions to coinage supply was, on an average, larger during the ten years, 1871–1880, than during the ten years, 1861–1870, though the estimate of the gross production was less during the later period. The statement of the exports to India will enable us to understand how this can have occurred.

Two other points will occur to any one who reads these figures. The first is the progressive decline in the gross production; from being 28,650,000*l.* a-year, this has dwindled to about 19,500,000*l.* The second is, that the estimated production since 1871 is not equal to the known coinage requirements, even without including the exports to India, and the amounts consumed in manufactures, as indicated by Mr. Pixley's estimates. If we take into consideration the amount exported to India alone, the remainder does not come up to the value of the coinage of the principal mints of the world. How then can the coinage demand have been supplied? The answer is a very simple one. A very large proportion of the coinages are merely re-coinages. Thus, in the case of the work of the English Mint, about thirty-nine millions' worth of gold was struck at the Royal Mint on Tower Hill between the years 1872 and 1885; but from information with which Mr. Fremantle has been so good as to supply, it appears that nearly fifteen millions' worth of this—a proportion of more than three-eighths of the whole—was the re-mintage of worn coin. Again, during the same period the mints of the United States coined the worth of more than one hundred and twenty-five millions sterling in gold coin; but the amount of the United States and foreign gold coin, received at the United States' mints and assay offices between the 1st of July, 1871, and the 30th of June, 1885, dates which correspond sufficiently closely with the period mentioned above, to allow a comparison to be drawn between them, was more than thirty-nine millions sterling. This immense sum, which about equals the whole of the coinage at the English Mint during nearly the same period, consisted of about eight millions' worth of United States coin, and more than thirty-one millions' worth of foreign coin. It does not follow that the whole of this coin was received for re-coinage, but it was, at any rate, withdrawn from circulation in those countries where it had been coined. The amount was nearly one-third of the whole gold coinage of the United States during the most active period of the history of its mints. Even in Australia, one of the most productive gold-fields in existence, no less than four hundred thousand pounds' worth of the work of its mint consisted in re-minting worn British gold coin; a large

large proportion of this was undoubtedly of English extraction, as Imperial British gold coin forms a large part of the Australian circulation.

These examples show us that a large part of the apparently new coins in use are made, not from gold recently buried deep in the earth, but from the old stores of man. Could we interrogate the particles of which a coin has just been struck, bearing now, we will say, the effigy of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and learn their previous history, we should probably discover that from the time when they had first been stamped, perhaps with the elegant impress of one of the early Greek Republics down to the present day, they had been continually passing through a constant succession of mints, and had descended, it may be, through the hands of Roman and later Imperial assayers, till they received the more commonplace devices of modern times. We should see a constant stream of coin flowing at the requirements of trade, or compelled by the conditions of conquest from one mint to another, from one country to another; in one place the metal welded into an ingot with the addition of gold recently extracted from its matrix in the quartz; in another united, perhaps, with a portion of a much older coinage. Both from the statements supplied from the mints themselves, and from the recorded statistics of production, there can be no doubt that the demand for new coinages is, to a very large extent, satisfied through the absorption of old coins.

It is to be noticed that the demand both for gold and silver for coinage has exceeded the net production of recent years; that is to say, the amount available for minting after allowing for consumption in manufacture.

The arts and manufactures make very considerable drafts on the amounts of the precious metals originally extracted from the earth. The waste of silver from wear is considerable; plated goods receive a very thin layer of the metal, which is mostly worn away and lost; and demand is in excess of supply in the case of both the precious metals. But price has not, as usually is the case, followed close on demand; silver has dropped largely in price relatively to gold in Europe, thus showing how greatly the prices of the precious metals depend on the legislation which regulates currency. And during the same time that the use of silver as the standard of value has greatly diminished, the use of gold as the standard of value has greatly extended. This has especially been the case of recent years.

In England or across the Atlantic, in Germany or in France, gold as a standard of value, whether known as the 'Sovereign' or the 'Eagle,' being either in circulation or part of a bank reserve,

reserve, is available when wanted. But the purchasing power of the standard of value is not a quality inherent in itself; it depends, within certain limitations, largely on the use that is made of it, on the rapidity of its circulation, and again on the quantity of the commodities the value of which it assists to measure. And hence the purchasing power of the metal gold employed as a standard of value, becomes a perfectly different thing when the use of that standard, instead of being confined to one country, or accepted conjointly with silver in others, is extended to several of the most important and populous countries of the civilized world, and employed as the only standard of value there.

Such an alteration in the employment of the standard of value could not take place without corresponding alterations in its purchasing power.

It may assist us to realise what the changes in the purchasing power of a standard of value may be, if we carry our thoughts back, some five-and-thirty years or so, to the period when the discovery of gold in the Australian Colonies was first announced. The 'rush to the Gold Fields' was the first spectacle. Ships were deserted the moment the anchor was dropped, and left without crews; fields were left untilled and flocks untended, while the greater attractions of those early 'finds' lasted. While the ship-owner sorrowed, and the flock-master was ruined, the economist and the statistician pondered over the effect which the expected alteration in the circulating medium would produce. Many and confident were the predictions; but, as is often the case, much of what was prophesied never came to pass; the error, however, was one of degree, not of principle.

Prices did rise to a great extent, owing to the large addition to the amount of the circulating medium, but not to the extent that had been anticipated. The economists, who made the predictions, had overlooked the fact, that there existed a great reserve of capacity to accept the metal which was discovered; and that the new supply tended to create fresh employment for what was poured forth in so lavish a manner. Here again, as regards the reserve of capacity to accept the new gold, France had a considerable part to play. The principal coinage current in France at that time consisted of heavy five-franc pieces. Some of those whose memories go back to the period when the locomotive was hardly known across the Channel, and the lumbering diligence afforded almost the only means of movement, will remember that each gold piece bore a slight and a varying premium, and the traveller who desired to avoid this charge had to load himself with a small sack of large silver coins. The new discoveries

discoveries in California and Australia rendered gold fractionally cheaper than silver; and a demand arose for silver to export to the East, corresponding to the demand for cotton from India, to take the place of the supply usually proceeding from the United States, which was checked for the moment by the conflict between the Northern and Southern States. This demand, sufficient to draw off from France a large portion of its silver currency, simultaneously provided a new abiding-place for much of the new gold. The remainder sufficed to provide a wider basis for the circulating medium, not only in this country, but in most of the countries of Europe, and a rise of prices simultaneously took place. Of all the English economists, who watched and chronicled the social events of that period, none did so, perhaps, with a clearer insight than Professor Jevons and Professor Cairnes. It is one of the misfortunes of the English School of Economic Thought, that through the premature decease of several of the ablest exponents of the science, including Mr. Bagehot and Mr. Fawcett, the country has lost the services of a band of men—whose services, considering the growing tendency to depart from strict economic principle, seem now especially needed. All these economists cannot be classed together for method or mode of view, nor can we accept all their works equally as expositions of sound economic opinion. But in his 'Essays on the Gold Question,' the late Professor Cairnes has left a record of acute observation, blended with temperate theory. We shall now quote from the introduction to those Essays:—

'I had said that, resolving commodities in general into the two grand classes of crude products and manufactured goods, the rise in price would be more rapid in the former than in the latter class; while, as amongst commodities of the former class, I asserted that animal products would advance more rapidly than those of vegetable growth. Now, I think I shall not have to go into details to prove that, speaking broadly, this has in fact been the course which prices have followed. The articles, of which the advance in price has been most marked, have been such as butchers' meat, butter, bacon, and other provisions of the animal kind. Mineral products and agricultural products of the vegetable kind have come next in order; while manufactured goods, unless where, as in the case of cotton, the raw material has been affected by causes of a very exceptional nature, have shared but slightly in the upward movement or not at all. So far, I say, I can claim for the views advanced a substantial verification from the course of events.'—'Essays on Political Economy, Theoretical and Applied,' p. 10.

The rise in prices in this country that took place between the years 1540 and 1582, of which an account will be found in Mr. Thorold

Mr. Thorold Rogers' 'History of Agriculture and Prices in England,' appears to have followed in some points much the same course, especially as regards the movement in the price of live stock and the wages of labour, as the rise which took place, but thirty years since, after the stream of gold set in from California and Australia. A great part of the rise in prices between 1540 and 1582 was due to the debasement in the currency which Henry VIII. effected in order to meet the lavish expenditure that his extravagances entailed. The debasement was carried further by the unprincipled advisers of Edward VI., 'for one issue from the Mint contained only one-fourth silver to three-fourths of alloy. When the currency was restored by Elizabeth, the base money brought into the Mint between September 29, 1560, and September 29, 1561, was 631,950 lbs. weight.' (Rogers' 'History of Agriculture and Prices in England,' vol. iv. p. 30.) Prices, however, did not, as Mr. Rogers remarks, respond immediately to the restoration of the currency; while live stock, clothing, and grain of all kinds, had greatly increased in price, and followed very closely the alteration in the real value of the circulating medium, the money wages of labour did not rise in the same proportion. It would be idle to attempt to base a general law on the instances which have been observed, but it is quite possible that while bargains for provisions, which are to a great extent continual higglings for purchases of small value repeated from hour to hour, accommodate themselves with comparative rapidity to alterations in the real value of the circulating medium, engagements for a longer term—which the hiring of labour frequently is really, though the wages may be paid by the day or the week—take a greater length of time to adjust themselves to the changed position of affairs.

The point which we desire to put before our readers is, that the movement downwards in the course of prices which has recently occurred has, to a great extent, reversed the order of the movement upwards which Professor Cairnes first predicted and recorded. Meat and other provisions of the same class long maintained the price to which they had risen; and even in the teeth of increased importations, assisted by improved scientific processes, they have been very slow to return to their former level. The drop in vegetable productions and mineral products is far more marked than in animal provisions. The reduction of price has been greater among manufactured goods. In the case of these last, another force and one which is always at work comes into action; namely, the improvements continually effected in manufacturing industry, which

which enable the same or even a better class of goods to be made at a lower cost. Wages, again, have not yet been lowered in proportion to the drop in prices, at least in the case of many industries. But wages, we have to remember, did not respond rapidly to the former rise in prices; and, as it was some little time before they moved upwards, in response to the general alteration of level, it is only natural to expect that they should move downwards in the same order. So far as an opinion can be formed, it is that the course of events during the last ten or twelve years has been the reverse of that which occurred twenty years previously, as far as the history of prices is concerned. Nor has this movement been confined to our own country alone. It has occurred in France, and apparently within much the same limits of time, and it is at work in Germany. A similar change has taken place in the United States; and though the comparison in that country, if carried some twenty years back, is affected by the over-issue of paper money during the late war, yet the fluctuations in recent years correspond sufficiently closely with those which have been recorded in England and France to indicate that they all may have resulted from one common cause.

Improved modes of manufacture, the opening out of fresh fields for agriculture, such as the districts of North America and India, and economy in means of conveyance both by sea and land, will account for much of the reduction in price experienced of late years in the leading countries of the civilized world. But these things, though powerful in themselves, would, alone, hardly account for a movement so general. Again, in India, we do not find the same conditions as in Europe. The prices of Indian products in the local markets have apparently not varied more than may be accounted for by variations of the seasons, and by the equalizing effect of improved means of internal communication; and it is impossible to doubt, that this comparative stability of prices must, in a great degree, be attributed to the influence exerted by the standard of value by which they are measured, the Indian standard being silver.

While the value of silver, when measured against gold in Europe, has dropped nearly a third during the last twelve years, the purchasing power of silver as a standard of value, when measured against commodities in India, appears to have scarcely fallen. In other words, the rupee, which used to be valued as nearly equal to 2*s.* in London, is now valued at little more than 1*s.* 4*d.* there; while in India it will buy at least as much of most articles of native produce as it did before.

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We will not enquire into the serious consequences, which have resulted to the finances of the Indian Government, and to the English farmer and manufacturer, from the recent fall in the exchange with India; but we may mention, that every fluctuation of a penny in the rate of exchange is equivalent to about one shilling and five pence in the selling price of the quarter of wheat.*

There are, at the present time, standards of value formed of two different metals in use in the different countries of the world. The production of gold has diminished, while the employment of the standard formed from it has increased. The production of silver has increased, while the employment of the standard formed from it has diminished. Prices, when measured by the first of these standards, have fallen; when measured by the second of these standards, prices have remained comparatively steady. If the reduction of prices be connected in any degree, however slight, with the appreciation of the standard of value of this country and other countries, it is probable that, unless there is a further mineral supply of gold, this appreciation will, as time goes on, become more marked. The effect will be cumulative; for as population increases, the need for a greater quantity of the circulating medium increases correspondingly. Again, the quantity of commodities of all kinds tends to increase, both in proportion to the numbers of the population and to improvements in machinery. Hence, unless the increase of the circulating medium keeps pace with the increased need for it, prices will, sooner or later, have to adjust themselves to the increasing scarcity of gold. No doubt a country like our own, where cheques and bills are used, is not influenced by the scarcity or abundance of gold and silver as other countries would be influenced, where transactions rest mainly or solely on a metallic basis. Rapidity of circulation will, to a certain extent, supply deficiency of quantity. But the purchasing power of the 'credit' pound—if such a word may be used—which is based on the 'metallic' pound, should be in strict accordance with that of the metallic pound itself. A difference in this respect between the two

* It must not be assumed, however, that the gain of the producer in India is measured by this difference. The fall in silver is really the rise in gold. The price of wheat, in gold in England, will also fall by the same amount as that by which the export of wheat from India is, from the same cause, rendered cheaper. And at this point competition steps in. The profits of the exporter are determined by the lowest price at which a supply can be obtained from other sources not influenced by this cause. Here a much wider field of enquiry, to which we can only refer generally, opens out. Misconceptions on these subjects are liable to arise, unless the facts are viewed together, and in proper relation to each other.

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would be a distinct sign of inflation of credit. Economy in the use of the precious metals, as currency, has been carried in this country as far, probably, as financial safety permits. It is doubtful whether any further economy in their use could be made with advantage. Nor, since the 'credit' pounds so created would have exactly the same purchasing power as the 'metallic' pounds, is any effective remedy to be found, in this direction, for the changes caused by the altered position of the standard of value.

It is sometimes said, and with correctness as regards theory, that prices, when all things have been adjusted to the new level, are in themselves matters comparatively indifferent. But in practical life, and especially in a country like this, in which many engagements for fixed payments are of old standing, violent changes in the purchasing power of the standard of value are greatly to be deprecated; they operate to the disadvantage of one class, while they give an unexpected advantage to another. They throw business out of gear, and react on the employment of labour. Enterprise depends on the hope of prospective profits. With falling prices this hope disappears and enterprise ceases. The scale of profits for the time is, to a great extent, dependent on the prices of the time; hence any movement downwards in prices will, while it lasts, and even for some time after it has ceased, be likely to injure a larger proportion of the population than a movement upwards. The wage-earning classes also will share in the losses which their employers suffer.

In the economic condition of society there can be no such thing as an isolated movement. Till we are compelled to consider what the results of a considerable fluctuation in the purchasing power of the standard of value may be, we can hardly comprehend how far-reaching they are. Problems like these have in times past required the trained intelligence of a Locke and a Newton to solve them, and we must not shrink from the effort of investigation which present circumstances demand. The influence of collateral causes in bringing down prices must also be carefully studied. These influences may in certain cases be even more powerful than those arising from fluctuations in the standard of value itself.

The subject is a most intricate one. The recent appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the question of the Currency shows how important the Government believes it to be. We have, as a country, experienced in recent years so little difficulty in the working of our standard of value, that we have almost entirely forgotten that difficulties can exist; but

but we have only to look back to the close of the seventeenth century, to the early part of the last century, and to the opening years of the present century, to see how important these questions affecting the circulating medium may be. We have been fortunate in the possession of a standard of value carefully and scientifically established, but we cannot ignore the fact, that the sudden and simultaneous adoption of that same standard by other nations has been followed by very serious changes in prices, which have operated to the injury of this country. It has been the object of this present paper to give an impartial, though necessarily imperfect, description of the events connected with this very remarkable monetary movement. The authorities of the civilized world have to consider, at the present moment, this important question: Shall we, or shall we not, dissociate silver from the place it has held as a standard of value from the earliest recorded times?

ART. VI.—1. *A Historical Introduction to the Study of the Books of the New Testament;* being an expansion of Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Dublin. By George Salmon, D.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Divinity. Second Edition. London, 1886.

2. *Lehrbuch der historisch-critischen Einleitung in das Neue Testament.* Von H. J. Holtzmann, Dr. und ord. Professor der Theologie in Strassburg. Freiburg i. B., 1885.

DR. SALMON'S 'Historical Introduction to the New Testament' is one of those remarkable books which can only be produced at rare intervals, and of which the importance depends on a singular combination in their subject-matter, their authorship, and the circumstances in which they appear. The subject-matter in this case is perhaps the most important which could claim attention in the present day, as it mainly concerns the authenticity and trustworthiness of some of the chief evidence on which our Christian Faith is founded. That faith is not indeed wholly dependent on early documentary evidence, as it can appeal to broad historical facts in its support, above all to the continuous testimony of the Church and the Sacraments. But, at the same time, the documents which form the New Testament are practically indispensable to Christian faith, and an enquiry into their historical genuineness touches the very roots of our religion. At the present day this enquiry has assumed peculiar urgency, in consequence of circumstances presently

presently to be noticed more particularly; and there is perhaps no question of greater practical import in the current controversy between Christianity and Infidelity. It is a question of the facts with which we have to deal, and unless this preliminary point be in some measure settled, the great controversy can hardly be brought to a decisive issue.

It is of the utmost consequence that such an enquiry should be in hands which command full attention and confidence; and in this respect the volume before us answers the most stringent requirements which could be made. The name of Dr. Salmon is of European reputation, and the weight it carries is all the greater, because this reputation was originally gained in another field of labour. Dr. Salmon's works have, for many years, been the standard treatises for advanced students in some of the highest branches of modern mathematical science. They still hold their ground, notwithstanding the great progress which has been made in the abstruse subjects of which some of them treat. They have been translated into two or three of the Continental languages, and the eminence they have won was marked, not long ago, by the election of their author to the rare distinction of a Member of the French Institute. Dr. Salmon's modesty has precluded him from recording this and similar distinctions on his title-page, and we suspect he would have found it difficult to make room for all of them, and that it was easier to omit them than to make a selection. But we are glad to see, that in his second edition he has not omitted to describe himself as a member of our own Royal Society; and it ought to be borne in mind, in reading this book, that its author had become one of the most eminent men of science of our day before he had begun to acquire similar eminence as a theologian.

That it is not necessary, indeed, as Professor Huxley seemed to suggest in his recent controversy with Mr. Gladstone, to be a man of science in order to be capable of sound reasoning, is sufficiently shown by the examples of Bishop Butler and the present Bishop of Durham, to say nothing of the fact, that there had been a great deal of good reasoning in the world before the foundation of the Royal Society. But considering the prevalent superstitious worship of science and its high priests, it must add to the attention a man can command if he is one of the initiated in this mystery. Dr. Salmon speaks with full authority in this respect, and he is one of the most eminent of the many examples around us, including the present President of the Royal Society, that profound scientific knowledge is fully compatible with a devout faith in the Creed of Christianity. But apart from the

the authority which in this respect his name commands, the tone of his argument exhibits the best aspects of scientific thought. Two or three volumes of Sermons, which he had previously published, were conspicuous examples of the introduction of this scientific tone into theological discussion. It is to be feared that this is one reason for their having attracted less attention than they deserve; for few people are attracted by simple statements of truth, and even our leading men of science would hardly command so wide an audience if they did not condescend to some of the arts of rhetoric. But the chief and almost unique characteristic of Dr. Salmon's Sermons is that they are a simple elucidation of truth. You start, as in some mathematical problem, from axioms so simple that they seem almost common-places, and are led on insensibly into the depths of some profound theological principle. There is nothing startling or even attractive about the opening methods of address; but before you are aware of it, you are convinced of some solemn truth of theology or religion. We hope Dr. Salmon will be encouraged to give us some more of these Sermons, for they are eminently calculated to influence and convince thoughtful minds at the present day.

These qualities, however, are peculiarly valuable in dealing with such a subject as that of the present volume, and they are not less conspicuously exhibited. By dint of persistent assertion, the opponents of Christian belief respecting the New Testament Scriptures have contrived to produce an impression upon many minds, that its adherents or advocates are influenced by undue prejudice, and are incapable of judging scientifically of the questions at issue. The fact of which this impression is a perversion will be noticed in due course; and it will be seen, that the real truth is, that the inveterate prejudice is on the part of the chief opponents of Christian tradition. But it is none the less valuable that the truth should be maintained, as in this volume, in a spirit which must impress every fair reader with the scientific calmness of the writer's spirit and method. 'Although,' says the author in his Preface, 'my work may be described as apologetic in the sense that its results agree in the main with the traditional belief of the Church, I can honestly say that I have not worked in the spirit of an advocate anxious to defend a foregone conclusion. I have aimed at making my investigations historical, and at asserting nothing but what the evidence, candidly weighed, seemed to warrant.' The tone, no less than the method, of Dr. Salmon's argument fully sustains this claim, and engages, from the outset, the reader's confidence. One feels oneself in the hands of a quiet and masterly guide, who

who is only concerned to point out to us the facts with which we have to deal, and who will not press a single conclusion merely because it conforms to his own inclination or presumptions. On some secondary points, indeed, such as the date of the Apocalypse, his conclusions are more tentative than many would have wished; and sometimes we think he might well have been more decisive. But his reserve on these points is at least an illustration of the freedom and scientific character of his investigations, and adds weight to the decisive convictions to which he leads us on all points of importance. In discussing any question of criticism, Dr. Salmon writes in just the same manner as if he were investigating a problem in conic sections or the higher algebra, except that his discussion is marked by grave suggestions, and occasionally by enlivening observations, for which a mathematical work, except in the hands of the late Professor De Morgan, affords no opportunities.

It must not be supposed, indeed, because the argument is conducted in this scientific spirit, that the volume is severe and difficult in style. The circumstances, under which it has been produced, have combined with the author's natural genius to render it a delightful contrast to ordinary treatises on the subject, as, for instance, to the learned but somewhat dreary *Lehrbuch* we have named with it at the head of this article, in which Dr. Holtzmann presents the latest aspects of the school of criticism whose failure Dr. Salmon exhibits. The book is an expansion of Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Dublin, and they are marked consequently by the directness, simplicity, and liveliness, which such Lectures naturally assume in such hands. Dr. Salmon has done well to preserve the form of direct address in which they were cast, altering only the divisions necessitated by the length of oral Lectures, and supplementing their contents. As the printing went on, he says, he found additions necessary, partly in order to take notice of things that had been published since the delivery of the Lectures, and partly in order to include details which want of time had obliged him to omit, but which he was unwilling to pass unnoticed in his book. In this way the work has become a lively discussion of the historical question of the authorship and date of the whole New Testament, and in the second edition, just issued, a valuable Lecture has been added on early Non-Canonical books, including the recently-discovered 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.' While meeting all the requirements of a scholar, the book is thus cast in a form which renders it attractive to the ordinary reader, and it should command the attention of thoughtful laymen as much as of scholars

scholars and divines. Dr. Salmon, moreover, is richly endowed with the humour for which his countrymen were renowned before Mr. Gladstone had clouded all Irish life with anxiety and bitterness, and his argument is constantly illustrated with humorous or witty passages. Such a capacity has its use in respect to the substance as well as to the style of such discussions; for it may be safely said that many a theory, English as well as German, noticed in these pages would never have been propounded if its author had possessed a due perception of the ludicrous. There is a theory, for instance, respecting the Second Epistle of St. Peter, recently propounded by Dr. Abbott, which is exploded in these pages no less by the comic aspect in which it is placed, than by the criticism with which it is exposed; and the following amusing description of the extent to which German and Dutch scepticism has gone, puts it in a light which alone is sufficient to exhibit its unsoundness. 'Baur,' says Dr. Salmon (p. 379), 'is far from marking the lowest point of negative criticism:—

'He found disciples who bettered his instruction, until it became as hard for a young Professor, anxious to gain a reputation for ingenuity, to make a new assault on a New Testament book, as it is now for an Alpine Club man to find in Switzerland a virgin peak to climb. The consequence has been that, in Holland, Scholten and others, who had been counted as leaders in the school of destructive criticism, have been obliged to come out in the character of Conservatives, striving to prove, in opposition to Loman, that there really did live such a person as Jesus of Nazareth, and that it is not true that every one of the Epistles ascribed to Paul is a forgery. And certainly it is not only to the orthodox that the doctrine that we have no genuine remains of Paul is inconvenient; it must also embarrass those who look for arguments to prove an Epistle to be un-Pauline. I leave these last to fight the battle with their more advanced brethren . . . Let me say this, however, that I think young critics have been seduced into false tracks by the reputation which has been wrongly gained by the display of ingenuity in finding some new reason for doubting received opinions. A man is just as bad a critic who rejects what is genuine, as who receives what is spurious. "Be ye good money-changers," is a maxim which I have already told you was early applied to this subject. But if a bank clerk would be unfit for his work who allowed himself easily to be imposed upon by forged paper, he would be equally useless to his employers if he habitually pronounced every note which was tendered to him to be a forgery, every sovereign to be base metal. I quite disbelieve that the early Christian Church was so taken possession of by forgers that almost all its genuine remains were corrupted or lost, while the spurious formed the great bulk of what was thought worth preserving. The suspicions that have been expressed seem to me to pass the bounds

bounds of literary sanity. There are rogues in this world, and you do well to guard against them; but if you allow your mind to be poisoned by suspicion, and take every man for a rogue, why, the rogues will conspire against you, and lock you up in a lunatic asylum.'

But there are also circumstances which render the appearance of Dr. Salmon's book at this moment peculiarly opportune. There are many indications that we have reached a period when the results of modern criticism respecting the New Testament Scriptures may be fairly summed up. M. Renan's notorious work on the 'Origins of Christianity' implies in great measure this assumption. It exhibits the conviction of a keen, and in some respects sagacious, observer, that the great critical debate which has raged for so long in Germany is practically exhausted, and that the time has come for estimating its effect. Symptoms of the same feeling in Germany itself may be discerned in various publications, of which the object is to present a comprehensive view of the present position of critical investigations in all branches of theology. Four years ago, we noticed in these pages the appearance of a valuable work of this character, under the title of a 'Handbook of the Theological Sciences,' edited by Prof. Zöckler, of Greifswald, and it has since reached a second edition. In four handsome volumes it gives a useful survey of the whole field of theological learning, from the point of view of moderate orthodoxy. This has been followed by the commencement of a series of Theological Handbooks, which are apparently intended to afford at once a more complete and more independent review of the present state of theological science. The prospectus states that the series is designed to serve no party interests, and is not a compilation written from the point of view of a particular party, but that each Handbook stands independently on its own ground. The authors, who are recognized leaders in their own departments, propose to furnish strictly scientific works, which will give the reader as 'objective' an account as possible of the present position of the various branches of theology. Three volumes have already appeared; one by Prof. Harnack, on the 'Early History of Christian Dogmas,' one by Prof. Weizsäcker, on the 'History of the Apostolic Age,' and the volume by Prof. Holtzmann, named at the head of this article. The latter work was the first to be published, and both from the character of the series which it opens, and from its own nature, has a special interest in respect to our present subject.

Dr. Holtzmann, as he mentions in his preface, has for twenty-seven years lectured on the subjects included in an Introduction

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to the New Testament, and he stands perhaps at the head of German scholars in this department of theological learning. In the useful annual 'Review of Theological Publications,' founded by Prof. Pünjer, and now edited by Prof. Lipsius, he contributes the account of the literature relating to the New Testament; and in the important 'Theological Journal,' edited by Profs. Harnack and Schürer, he last year reviewed the first edition of Dr. Salmon's book. In the Preface to his *Introduction*, he describes it as his object to furnish a work which would afford a comprehensive survey of the present state of critical questions, and at the same time supply with sufficient completeness the subject-matter of controversy. His own point of view, which is decidedly rationalistic, is not disguised, but he has endeavoured to subordinate the expression of it to the purpose of giving a fair statement of every other view which has any scientific foundation. A rationalistic writer is too often disqualified, by the barrenness of his religious sympathies, from entering fully into the views of writers who are in harmony with the general course of Christian feeling; but so far as he understands them, he is often, especially in Germany, free from any bias in reporting them. He looks on them with cool scientific eyes, and is under little inclination to give a distorted account of them. When a man has abandoned old beliefs, he seems sometimes afflicted with a peculiar incapacity to look at them fairly, and consciously or unconsciously he gives them a twist which serves to excuse him for rejecting them. This seems to us a special temptation of English rationalists. But a writer like Dr. Holtzmann is fairly free from any tendency of this kind. His essential fault, in which he is a marked representative of his school, is that his judgment is cold and mechanical. But he reviews the whole course of critical controversy with severe and unmoved temper, and is perfectly undisturbed amidst the most vital processes of dissection. He recognizes that we have reached a time, at which it is possible to estimate to a considerable degree the issue of the long critical debate; and for the purpose of forming such an estimate his Introduction is a valuable work of reference.

It will thus be seen, however, that Dr. Salmon's book appears at a moment which, alike abroad and at home, is felt to be a favourable one for a judicial review of the great controversy in question. The present Bishop of Durham, in the Preface to his great work on the Ignatian Epistles, expresses the belief, that the destructive criticism of the last half-century is fast spending its force. To some extent, as will be seen in the sequel, Dr. Salmon may be thought to be slaying the slain in his

his exposure of such theories as that of Baur. But it may be as well that such a *coup de grâce* should have been delayed, until every plea that could be urged in support of the hypothesis had practically been exhausted. English Divines have been sometimes reproached during the last half-century with paying insufficient attention to the attacks made by critical science upon traditional beliefs; and they were perhaps somewhat tardy in this respect. When, indeed, full notice was taken of such controversies, as in the 'Speaker's Commentary,' it received very inadequate attention; and even Dr. Holtzmann, in his comprehensive survey of the literature of his subject, pays no regard to the many important discussions contained in the Introductions to the New Testament Books in that Commentary. But the position assumed by English Divines was very intelligible and excusable. They were like men who felt themselves in possession of an impregnable fortress, in the walls of which a disorganized host were striving, amidst the greatest confusion, to effect a practicable breach. It was not worth while, as long as partial and inconsistent assaults were being delivered, now on one side and now on the other, to bring all the forces of learning to bear on each attempt, especially as the attack of one set of assailants was sure to be neutralized by a counter-movement on the part of some rivals or other. But the attack, as Bishop Lightfoot says, has now in great part spent its force, and the real value of each ambitious enterprise can be judged of. It is a great advantage that at such a moment a book should be placed in the hands of English readers which pronounces a fair, comprehensive, and solid judgment upon the whole controversy. The publication, almost simultaneously, of Dr. Holtzmann's book, enables us to check at each point the statements of fact and opinion which Dr. Salmon advances, and thus secures us against any such danger of prejudice as even the most impartial writer may not always be able to escape. The result appears to us to afford a most remarkable confirmation of the truth of the views substantially held in the Church from the commencement, and at the same time to suggest most instructive considerations respecting other controversies still pending.

It may, perhaps, be worth observing, that Dr. Holtzmann has borne conspicuous, though reluctant, testimony to the full acquaintance which Dr. Salmon commands of the course of German criticism. In the review in 'Schürer's Journal,' to which we have referred, he expresses a not unnatural vexation at Dr. Salmon's merciless, though by no means unkind, exposure of some leading schools of German criticism; but in

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complaining of what he describes as its misrepresentations, he has to confess, that it is in perfect harmony with the views expressed in the most widely-read journals and reviews in Germany itself.

'It is,' he says, 'some excuse for a foreigner who entertains his readers with such frivolous wit that his views are evidently obtained in very limited degree from his own study of German theology, and that for the rest he relies upon the judgments which are at present current and familiar in Germany itself. The journals and theological papers which are most read among us speak much the same language as he does; and, in fact, in strong contrast to the picture of German theology drawn by our author, they offer abundant examples that there is scarcely any contention of criticism, whether well-founded or not, which has not afforded some partisan of the prevalent Church influences an occasion to spring into the saddle as the champion of traditional prejudice.'—'Theologische Literaturzeitung,' August 22nd, 1885; p. 399.

This passage is interesting, in the testimony it affords of the strong reaction which prevails in Germany itself against the destructive school of criticism—a reaction which is full of encouragement for the future of religious thought and life, alike in that important country and elsewhere. But with respect to the insinuation against Dr. Salmon, that his view of the criticism he exposes is but partially derived from direct study of its sources, it seems an unfortunate argument that Dr. Salmon's account of it is in entire harmony with that of the majority of German theological writers themselves. The fact is that Dr. Salmon has taken particular pains, throughout his work, to deal directly and at first hand with all the German authors whom he quotes, and useful information respecting each of them is added in footnotes. It is an essential characteristic of his work, that it is not, in any respect, a compilation. No authority, ancient or modern, is employed without careful sifting, and the results presented are always independent and original, and sometimes novel. Dr. Holtzmann himself, however, is obliged to part from Dr. Salmon with some genial acknowledgments; and if there is something amusing in the condescension with which he confesses that he—even he—has learnt something from a Professor at Dublin, we have chiefly to regret, that what he has failed to learn is the secret of the liveliness and humour which he cannot help enjoying.

'And yet,' he says (p. 400 of the Review), 'it is no uninteresting book which the Dublin theologian offers us. In spite of its lack of compactness and division of subject matter, it is enlivened by a certain freshness of conception, by humour and wit, and by a wealth of illustration

illustration which a wide historical knowledge and great acquaintance with English and French literature place at the writer's command. Even the special theological learning of the author, in spite of the limits already indicated to his judgment, is in no way to be lightly estimated. On not a few points I am indebted to the author for additions to my knowledge, and that not merely in respect to subjects which, from his Dublin point of view, are of more concern to him, and more accessible to him, than to myself.'

In the twelfth number of the same Review for the current year, in an article on Dr. Westcott's Commentary on St. John's Epistles, the editor, Dr. Harnack, said that 'among German commentaries on the writings of the New Testament, we possess few which, for richness of material, penetrating acumen, and independence of judgment, can be compared with this commentary of Westcott's. The exegetical works of this scholar and of Lightfoot may serve us for a model.' When English theological scholarship commands this recognition in the same columns as Dr. Holtzmann's article, there is something almost comical in his surprise at Dr. Salmon's learning. But we are sure that Dr. Salmon will cheerfully accept the condescension, for the sake of the substantial testimony which it implies to the value of his book.

We are quite content, however, for our present purpose, to accept Dr. Holtzmann's invitation, in the same article, to follow him in a review of the course of German criticism, instead of judging it simply in the light of the English method as represented by Dr. Salmon's book. This review occupies the central part of Dr. Holtzmann's 'Einleitung,' and is peculiarly instructive. The title of the chapter in question is 'The Canon and Protestantism,' and it is characteristic of his whole point of view, that the Canon appears to present itself to him as a kind of bugbear which it is the first duty of a sound critic to exorcise. There is indeed some truth in his contention, that there was a signal inconsistency in the manner in which some schools of Protestant theology, while renouncing the traditional authority of the Roman Church, rested their case on another tradition, that of the Canon, which they accepted almost blindfold. It was peculiarly the temptation of those Protestant Churches which were forced adrift from the historical continuity of Church order and life. Their break with the past in external organization and succession was so marked, that they were led to throw exaggerated emphasis on the independent authority of the Scriptures. In this country, where the sense of historic continuity was never broken, such exaggeration of the place held by the Canon has been but partial, and our best Divines have

have maintained a position more in harmony with that of the Early Fathers, and in keeping with the statement of our Article, that the Church is 'a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ.' Such a position justifies an enquiry at any moment into the nature of the witness borne by the Church from the earliest times, and practically rests the authority of the Canon upon the broad ground of historic fact. At the background of Professor Holtzmann's whole discussion there seems a notion, that this simple view of the case is almost beyond the conception of his antagonists. He seems to imagine, that he has to contend with people who regard the recognized Canon as determined for them once for all by some unknown dogmatic authority, so that it is their business henceforth never to look behind it, but simply to invent arguments, good or bad, in favour of its retention.

The presence of such a spectre in the mind of a theological scholar like Professor Holtzmann may go far to explain some of the extravagances of German speculation. To get rid of this artificial authority, German scholars have rushed to another extreme, and have found a delight in trying how completely they could emancipate themselves from dogmatic fetters. The progress of human thought exhibits a curious incapacity for straightforward progression. A straight line is said not to exist in nature, and it certainly does not exist in the history of thought. Men never advance from one centre of truth to its neighbour by the direct path, but by a series of zigzags, in which they swerve alternately from the right to the left. The ascent, we must suppose, is too difficult, or the distant truth too dazzling; but whatever the reason, this incapacity for direct progression is almost universal. Professor Holtzmann's discussion leaves the impression, that his chief impulse is one of repulsion from the old dogmatic theory he denounces, and that the criticism in which he seeks a refuge is swinging wildly right and left, in search of the balance in which it will ultimately rest. Perverse as have been some of the aberrations of this criticism, we must own to a partial sympathy with its efforts. The German critics sometimes seem to us like bold riders in a hunting field, repelled by the dictation of an arbitrary huntsman, that they must all ride in one direction, if they are to find the fox. He may be quite right, but he is irritating in his manner, and they are provoked into jumping impossible fences all round the field, in order to prove that the fox has gone elsewhere. They tumble into sad ditches, and find out that the huntsman was right after all. But the result is at all events to make it quite certain, that the fox did go off in the direction that the huntsman maintained; and as to the reckless riders, we must hope,

hope, 'that heaven may yet have more mercy than man on such a bold rider's soul.'

However, though Dr. Holtzmann need not make quite so much of the achievement, it was a perfectly legitimate and even necessary step that when, in the eighteenth century, the struggle for existence against the Roman Church was over, and the materials for learned investigation became fully accessible, German critics, of whom perhaps Semler, who died in 1791, is the pioneer, should commence to scrutinize more closely the grounds on which the sacred books of our Canon held their authoritative position. They were as much open to free enquiry as the Papal authority to which our forefathers had submitted, and they must stand the test of reason and history if they were to maintain their claims. There was, indeed, one essential point on which German criticism from the first went astray. Dr. Holtzmann quotes as a characteristic mark of advance the saying of Eichhorn, at the beginning of this century, that the 'writings of the New Testament must be read in a human way and examined in a human way.' This may be understood in a sound meaning, but Dr. Holtzmann immediately emphasizes the error to which it was exposed when he adds, in his own name, that 'their origin and their collection were alike a human process.' This is to beg the question in the most extravagant manner. Eichhorn says that we must examine the Scriptures by human faculties and by human methods. It certainly does not follow, as Dr. Holtzmann assumes, that we shall find none but human forces at work. The verdict of reason may be, that it has come into contact with something beyond and above reason; but this is a possibility which it has been the grand error of German criticism to ignore. Dr. Salmon has some excellent remarks on this point in his opening chapter. The question of inspiration is of course the question of miracle, and the impossibility of miracle became the first principle of the leading schools of German criticism.

'This principle,' says Dr. Salmon (p. 8), 'namely, the absolute impossibility of miracle, is the basis of the investigations of the school, some of whose results must be examined in this course of Lectures. Two of its leading writers, Strauss and Renan, in their Prefaces, make the absolute rejection of the supernatural the foundation of their whole structure. Renan declares that he will accept a miracle as proved only if it is found that it will succeed on repetition, forgetting that in this case it would not be a miracle at all, but a newly-discovered natural law. Strauss equally, in his Preface, declares it to be his fundamental principle, that there was nothing supernatural in the person or work of Jesus. The same thing may be said about a book which made some sensation on its publication a few

few years ago, 'Supernatural Religion.' The extreme captiousness of its criticism found no approval from respectable foreign reviewers, however little they might be entitled to be classed as believers in Revelation. Dates were assigned in it to some of our New Testament books so late as to shock any one who makes an attempt fairly to judge of evidence. And the reason is, that the author starts with the denial of the supernatural as his fixed principle. If that principle be, in his eyes, once threatened, all ordinary laws of probability must give way. It is necessary at the outset to call your attention to this fundamental principle of our opponents, because it explains their seeming want of candour; why it is that they are so unreasonably rigorous in their demands of proof of the authenticity of our books; why they meet with evasions proofs that seem to be demonstrative. It is because, to their minds, any solution of a difficulty is more probable than one which would concede that a miracle had really occurred.'

It is the same unfounded assumption, in another aspect, which is involved in Dr. Holtzmann's comment on Eichhorn's maxim, and is at the root of the mistaken criticism of which he is the present representative. It is assumed that every phenomenon in the New Testament must be explained on purely human principles, and without reference to the possibility of the minds of the sacred writers having been supernaturally influenced. This principle, however, did not receive its full development until the appearance of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' in 1835. De Wette, who died in 1849, affords, says Dr. Holtzmann, 'a speaking mirror of the young and unsettled criticism of the period immediately before and after 1840,' and 'he shows, in his own example, how, with full critical tendency, it was possible in the main to arrive at results which appear readily reconcilable with traditional conceptions' (p. 182). In fact, like some of the Fathers in the Early Church, De Wette entertained doubts respecting the authenticity of certain books in the Canon, but on this subject, in Dr. Holtzmann's opinion, he represents no general revolt against traditional views. The real commencement of the kind of criticism, which occasioned the chief controversies of the last half-century, is regarded by Dr. Holtzmann as marked by the publication of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus.' This work, with its portentous design of revolutionizing the whole conception of Christianity, indicates the growing feeling of rationalistic thought that it could do nothing by merely nibbling, as it were, at particular portions of the Canon or of Christian traditions. Those traditions were felt to form too strong and compact a body of organized thought and life, to be seriously affected by a few doubts on points of detail. If the sacred documents were trustworthy on the whole, it was felt, especially by Strauss,

Strauss, that the characteristic elements of Christian belief, and particularly the reality of miracles, could not be seriously contested. But, as Dr. Salmon says, the reality of such beliefs was assumed to be impossible, and the rationalistic genius of the day, stimulated by the current philosophy, was brooding over the problem of finding some natural explanation of the whole phenomenon of the New Testament literature. Strauss's attempt commanded attention, and exerted considerable fascination by its audacity; but it was felt, as Dr. Holtzmann says, even by those who were in sympathy with its object, that it dealt too recklessly with the broad and unquestionable evidence of fact, afforded not merely by the Gospels, but by other books of the New Testament.

But while rationalistic thought was in the ferment thus created, Ferdinand Christian Baur was elaborating a theory which, while answering the main purposes of that of Strauss, appeared to possess the documentary basis in which it had been deficient; and this theory took by storm the public to which it appealed. A review of it is made the starting-point of Dr. Salmon's book, and the position which he gives it is in harmony with that assigned to it by Dr. Holtzmann. Their accounts of it are substantially the same, but to avoid all appearance of partiality we will take Dr. Holtzmann's. The theory marks, for several reasons, a memorable episode in the history of criticism; and it is only necessary to appreciate the facts which relate to it, as they are stated by one who is an admirer, and in great degree the disciple, of its founder, in order to appreciate the vivid illustration it affords of the points on which we are chiefly concerned to dwell. The following is Dr. Holtzmann's account of the origin of this famous theory; and we must beg the reader to bear in mind that it is an account given, not by a hostile critic, but by an ardent admirer:—

'The founder of the Tübingen school, F. C. Baur (who died in 1860) had taken his point of departure not so much, like Strauss, from Philosophy, as from History; and before Strauss had entered on the criticism of the Gospels, Baur had commenced the criticism of the New Testament from the other central point, examining in the Epistles of St. Paul the most direct and ancient records of Christianity. He had been led to them in the course of his study of Gnosticism, through his researches into the Homilies ascribed to the Roman Clement. In these Homilies he thought he discovered an abrupt opposition between Jewish and Pauline Christianity, in respect to which it was not easy to see how it could have been less in the preceding Apostolic age. He investigated, accordingly, with more exactness the relation of St. Paul to the elder Apostles, and found that the conception generally entertained of the Apostolic age was a false one.

one. It could in no way have been that golden age of undisturbed harmony which it was generally represented. On the contrary, the utterances of Paul himself afforded clear proof of deep oppositions, and of vital struggles which that Apostle had to maintain with the Jewish Christian party, and even with the older Apostles. There was thus gained, at all events, a more concrete view of the import of the first vital controversy of Christianity, of its relation to Judaism, and of the modifications which it experienced in its passage to a heathen soil.'

A stranger method of gaining an insight into the history of early Christianity could hardly be conceived. It will be observed that Baur's theory was not suggested to him by the study of the New Testament writings themselves—not even by those four Epistles of St. Paul which he afterwards selected as the documentary basis of his system. It was suggested to him by the Clementine Homilies. These Homilies, as Dr. Salmon explains, are not older than the very end of the second century. They are a kind of Christian romance, of which Clement of Rome is made the narrator. They are generally believed to have originated among a later sect of Ebionites, or Jewish Christian heretical sects, and they are a sort of controversial novel, in which St. Peter is represented as the Apostle of the Gentiles as well as of the Jews, and St. Paul is ignored, or even attacked under the disguise of Simon Magus. Baur is struck, in this heretical romance, with the bitter feeling entertained by the sect in which it arose against St. Paul; and, in Dr. Holtzmann's words, 'does not see how this feeling could have been less in the Apostolic age.' That is to say, he does not see any improbability in reading back into the main current of Apostolic thought the feelings which he finds cherished, at least a hundred and fifty years later, in an obscure corner of the Christian world. The views and prejudices of Ebionite writers towards the end of the second century must, he assumes, have been those which animated Apostles in the middle of the first. The theory is purely arbitrary. Not only was it not suggested by the Epistles of St. Paul, but it had to be forcibly read into them. Accordingly, those which will not bear the strain are summarily rejected as not genuine, and the whole New Testament is judged by a standard taken from a confessedly fanciful as well as heretical novel of a late date. The natural consequence is well described by Dr. Salmon as follows (p. 20):—

'In order to save his theory from destruction, Baur has been obliged to make a tolerably clean sweep of the documents. In four of Paul's Epistles some symptoms may be found which can be interpreted as exhibiting feelings of jealousy or soreness towards the elder Apostles. But

But there is nothing of the kind in the other nine. The genuineness of these, therefore, must be denied. The Acts of the Apostles represent Paul as on most friendly terms with Peter and James and these Apostles as taking his side in the controversy as to imposing Judaism on the Gentiles. The Acts, therefore, cannot be true history. Not only the discourses ascribed to Peter in the Acts, but the first Epistle, which the ancient Church unanimously accepted as Peter's, is thoroughly Pauline in doctrine. We must, therefore, disregard ancient testimony, and reject the Epistle. The earliest uninspired Christian document, the Epistle of Clement of Rome, confessedly belongs to the conciliatory school, Peter and Paul being placed in it on equal terms of reverence and honour. It, too, must be discarded. So, in like manner, go the Epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp, the former of whom writes to the Romans, 'I do not pretend to command you, like Peter or Paul.'"'

It is to be further borne in mind, however, that Baur prided himself on what he described as the 'positive' character of this criticism, as distinguished from such negative criticism as that of De Wette. The criticism of his predecessors had, as it were, but picked holes in the old edifice of Early Church history, leaving the main outlines of the old structure still standing. But Baur aspired to nothing less than a reconstruction of the whole building. He maintained that the Catholic Church of the latter part of the second century, instead of having grown up regularly on the lines traced out for it by the common teaching of the Apostles, was the result of a compromise between two radically antagonistic parties — those of Judaism and Paulinism, or what Dr. Holtzmann distinguishes as 'a particularistic and universalistic conception of Christianity, the one legal, the other free.' The Canonical and non-Canonical literature of early Christianity is all interpreted as consisting of memorials of this long struggle, which lasted till towards the end of the second century, and they mark the gradual stages of approach to an agreement. For the purpose of promoting a compromise, epistles and historical books were written which cast over apostolic history a colour of harmony which did not really exist, and the names of Apostles and their companions were without scruple attached to such productions. This period of literary development was regarded as falling into three divisions. The first extended to the destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70, and included the four Epistles of St. Paul which alone Baur reckoned as genuine, with the Apocalypse of St. John. In these the original Ebionitic Christianity and Paulinism confronted each other in their full extent. The second period extends over the next 70 years, or until about 140 A.D.; and includes the origin of

of the two great Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, which refer to the Jewish war under Hadrian, or to the years 132–135 A.D. To the same period belong the Acts of the Apostles and St. Mark, with the Epistle to the Hebrews, the supposed pseudo-Pauline Epistles, and the Catholic Epistles. The characteristic of this period was said to be that the first step was taken on both sides towards softening the original antagonism, the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians being invented for this purpose on the side of the Pauline party. Finally, in the third period, after 140, the conflicting Ebionitic and Gnostic extremes were rejected by the general feeling of the Church, and a final settlement of the controversy was arrived at, which is marked in practice at Rome by the association of 'Peter and Paul' as joint founders of that Church, and in thought by the fourth Gospel. To this last period, accordingly, are assigned the writings which conclude the Canon—the Pastoral Epistles, and the Gospel and Epistles of St. John.

It might naturally be asked what is the use of recalling so preposterous a theory, especially when, as we shall see, it is practically abandoned even by those who, like Dr. Holtzmann, look up to its author with admiration, and regard themselves as his successors. It possesses, however, one aspect of great practical interest and importance, which it is our main purpose at present to dwell upon. This theory of Baur—as great a romance as the Clementine Homilies on which it is built—does not stand by itself, like the theory of Strauss, as the dream of a single mind, which passed away with its author. It became the foundation of an important school of German learning which to some extent still exists; and Baur is still looked up to as a great master by a band of able men who regard themselves as his followers, though they have been obliged, by the force of evidence, to relinquish his main positions. The theory seized a large part of the German critical and theological world by storm, and a band of impetuous critics attached themselves to their 'Meister,' and worked out his theory into the minutest and most extravagant details. Dr. Salmon gives one of the strangest of these fantastic discoveries, which we observe that even Dr. Holtzmann still mentions with respect:—

'St. Matthew in the Sermon on the Mount makes our Lord speak of men who say "Lord, Lord," and who will, at the last day, appeal . . . to their doing of miracles in the name of Jesus, but who will be rejected by Him as doers of lawlessness (ἀνομία), whom he had never known. It may surprise you to hear that this sentence was coined by the Jewish-Christian author of the record as a protest against the opposition to the law made by Paul and his followers. And it may surprise

surprise you more to hear that St. Luke (xiii. 26) is highly complimented for the skill with which he turns this Jewish anti-Pauline saying into one of a Pauline anti-Jewish character. He substitutes the word ἀδικία, "injustice," for ἀνομία, "lawlessness," and he directs the saying against the Jews, who will one day appeal to having eaten and drunk in the presence of Jesus, and to His having taught in their streets, but, notwithstanding, shall be told by Him to depart as doers, not of ἀνομία, but of iniquity, and shall break forth into loud weeping when they see people coming from the east and west, and north and south, and sitting down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, while themselves are shut out.'

One would think that people must have gone crazy over a theory before they could magnify such a microscopic variation into a serious illustration and support of their views.

But notwithstanding the original wildness of the theory, and the extravagance of some of its supporters, it still asserted such a place in German thought as to be treated by Dr. Holtzmann as the starting-point of subsequent criticism, to which all other schools are to be referred. He proceeds, in detailing the further course of criticism down to the present day, to describe it as a series of stages of development of Baur's theory, or of opposition to it. Practically, however, his narrative is simply a record of the manner in which the main points of the theory were found, one by one, to be untenable. Dr. Hilgenfeld, for instance, who is described as remaining true to the critical views of the Tübingen school in the wider sense, and who is one of its ablest representatives, is nevertheless described as recognizing 'that original Christianity did not consist of pure Ebionism, and that in the relation of Paul to the original Apostles their common ground must not be overlooked; while to the four Epistles acknowledged by Baur three must be added as genuine, Thessalonians I., Philippians, and Philemon.' But passing to the opponents of the school, we are introduced first to the 'Imaginative opposition,' connected with the great name of Neander, which based its antagonism on Christian conviction and feeling, and dwelt on the immense gulf which separates the sacred writings of the Canon from the uninspired literature with which Baur's theory would class so many of them. Then follows the 'dogmatic opposition,' of which Von Hofmann in the past, and Dr. Bernhard Weiss in the present, are taken as representatives, and which starts from the assumption, that the development of the Church must have been due, not to the action and reaction of contraries, but to the unfolding of an inherent unity. Then finally follows 'the methodical opposition,' represented by Reuss, Ewald, the venerable Church Historian Carl Hase, and above

above all Ritschl, which meets Baur's contention by a fresh investigation, and a juster presentation, of the facts which he had perverted. Ritschl, for example, showed that, as Dr. Salmon observes, a more careful examination of the Clementines shows that they did not emanate from the party which opposed St. Paul in his lifetime. According to Dr. Holtzmann's account of Ritschl's argument, 'there arose, after the destruction of Jerusalem, an Essene Jewish Christianity, which Baur, in the course of his investigations into the Clementines, falsely conceived as a potent influence reaching back to the first Apostolic Christianity.' In other words, Baur not only endeavoured to reconstruct early Christianity by the light of a heretical romance of the end of the second century, but he misunderstood the very point in this romance on which his whole edifice rested.

What is the result at the present moment? We have mentioned the views which Baur maintained as to the date of most of our New Testament books, and it will be sufficient to compare them with the judgments pronounced by Dr. Holtzmann, who, as we have seen, is sufficiently disposed to follow 'the master.' It is not always easy to ascertain Dr. Holtzmann's precise views, for it is at once an advantage in his book that he in great measure endeavours to describe the views of others, and a disappointment that he so often reserves his own opinion. But enough may be gathered for our present purpose. First of all, as to St. Paul's Epistles, he not only acknowledges the genuineness of Baur's four, but admits (p. 96) that the letters to Thessalonians were written before the contest respecting the Law had commenced, and he appears also to recognize the Epistle to the Philippians, the Epistle to Philemon, and a portion, at all events, of the Epistle to the Colossians. His theory about the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians is an extraordinary instance of the fanciful inventions which German critics are capable of indulging. These last Epistles present, as the reader will remember, a remarkable series of parallel expressions, doubtless owing to their being written about the same time for a similar purpose. But this is too simple an explanation to satisfy a critic like Dr. Holtzmann, and his theory is, that there was an original Epistle of St. Paul, now imbedded, amidst interpolations, in the Epistle to the Colossians. Some ingenious writer made use of this as the basis on which to compose the Epistle to the Ephesians as it now stands. But when he had accomplished this forgery, he was so pleased with his handiwork, that he thought a little of the same kind of development would improve the original Epistle. So he worked this up into a shape more resembling his own handiwork in the

Epistle

Epistle to the Ephesians, and the result was the present Epistle to the Colossians. We must suppose, since Dr. Holtzmann deems such a process possible, that it would be practicable to a German critic; but apart from other absurdities, which we will presently refer to, such an elaborate piece of mosaic forgery is inconceivable in any other quarter. However, with these admissions with respect to the Pauline Epistles, a great part of Baur's theory is already gone. With respect to the three first Gospels and the Acts, Dr. Holtzmann acknowledges that the identity of the author of St. Luke's Gospel and of the Acts 'stands perfectly firm.' Moreover, he concludes that the author of the account of St. Paul's voyage to Rome at the close of the Acts is St. Luke himself; and though he struggles to escape from the consequences which this involves respecting both the whole of the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospel of St. Luke, the admission is practically decisive of the value of those two documents as records of Apostolic tradition. There has been, again, a vast amount of controversy respecting the brief reference which Eusebius has preserved from Papias to the writings of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. But Dr. Holtzmann, no less than Dr. Salmon, admits (p. 114) that 'Papias certainly knew our Synoptic Gospels, even if not under their present titles.' This, of course, renders it impracticable for him to place our first two Gospels later than the time of the Flavian Cæsars—that is, the last thirty years of the first century, St. Luke and the Acts immediately following them; and his chief reason for putting them so late as this appears to be his assumption, that because they refer to the fall of Jerusalem, they must have been composed after that event; prophecy, on the arbitrary principle of which Dr. Salmon has exposed the unreasonableness, being assumed to be impossible. But what a mass of pretentious speculation, from Baur downwards, falls to the ground when it is thus admitted, even by a disciple of that school, that the first two Gospels, at all events, are to be assigned to the first century, the third Gospel being, at the most, a little later, and great part of the Acts, at least, being contemporary with St. Paul!

But the admissions are not less striking and decisive, when coming from such a quarter, respecting the Gospel of St. John. This Gospel, it will be remembered, was represented by Baur as marking the ideal side of that reconciliation between Paulinism and Petrinism which was definitely completed after A.D. 140; while the practical side is represented by that association of Peter and Paul, as joint founders of the Ro Church, which is exhibited in the Epistle of Clement of But Dr. Holtzmann (p. 110) gives A.D. 93 as th

date for Clement's Epistle, and 125 as the latest, assigning similar limits to the so-called Epistle of Barnabas. The reconciliation is complete therefore at Rome at the beginning of the first century at latest, and the whole ground is thus cut away from that long process of adjustment which Baur supposed to have gone forward throughout the second century. But we further find Dr. Holtzmann admitting the existence in St. Clement's Epistle of a series of apparent points of contact with St. John's Gospel, and similar appearances in the Epistle of Barnabas. He does not acknowledge that this proves that these authors were actually in possession of St. John's Gospel, but he concludes, that they are associated with that Gospel and with the Epistles of St. John 'by a certain identity in the sphere of their conceptions, of contemporary sympathy, and of their spiritual atmosphere. John is not quoted, but we are within the Johannine movement.' Or, as he describes it, we are in a Johannine nebula, though the star of the fourth Gospel has not yet emerged. But he admits without reserve, that the fourth Gospel was in the hands of Justin Martyr, who flourished about A.D. 150 (pp. 449–453). Now, as Christian tradition has always assigned the Gospel to the last years of St. John's life—that is, to the very end of the first century—is there any common sense in plunging into this nebulous hypothesis in order to explain the prevalence of Johannine ideas in Clement and Barnabas, and the definite, even if sparing, use of the Gospel by Justin Martyr? Dr. Holtzmann admits the existence of phenomena, long and obstinately denied by critics, which are at once explained by one of the most direct and authoritative traditions in the Christian Church. To what can it be ascribed but to an 'apologetic' tendency—with the sole difference that it is Baur, and not Christian tradition, for which the apology is offered—which struggles against the obvious conclusion, that the old belief is the true one? As Dr. Salmon points out in some very just and important observations, when criticism attempts to draw these fine chronological limits, it is palpably overstraining its resources, and is practically admitting the facts against which it has been struggling:—

'I must remark,' he says (p. 118), 'that the concessions, which the later school of sceptical critics has been forced to make, have evacuated the whole field in which critical science has a right to assert itself against tradition. We can well believe that there would be considerable difference between a document written in A.D. 60 and in 160; and therefore if the question were between two such dates, one who judged only by internal evidence might be justified in maintaining his opinion in opposition to external evidence. But now that all sober

sober criticism has abandoned the extravagantly late dates which at one time were assigned to the Gospels, the difference between the contending parties becomes so small that mere criticism cannot without affectation pretend to be competent to give a decision. Take, for example, the difference between an orthodox critic, who is willing to believe that the fourth Gospel was written by the Apostle John in extreme old age, towards the end of the first century, and a sceptical critic of the moderate school, who is willing to allow it to have been written early in the second century. It seems to me that this difference is smaller than criticism can reasonably pronounce upon. For I count it unreasonable to say that it is credible a book should have been written eighty years after our Lord's death, and incredible it should have been written only sixty; when we have scarcely any documentary evidence as to the history of the Church, or the progress of Christian thought during the interval. So I think that the gradual approaches which Baur's successors have been making to the traditional theory indicate that criticism will in the end find itself forced to acquiesce in the account of the origin of the Gospels which the Church has always received.'

It appears to us that these simple but weighty observations mark the practical conclusion of the long and stormy critical debate we have been sketching. The reader will find in Dr. Salmon's pages an interesting and candid guide in following the controversy on each book of the New Testament, and it would take us far beyond the limits of an article to follow him in detail. But having thus illustrated the general character and practical issue of the discussion, we are anxious to draw attention to one or two general considerations of importance which seem to arise from it. In the first place, it must be evident what practical significance arises from the mere fact of the collapse of the edifice which Baur erected amidst such excitement—an excitement of equal alarm on the one side and of applause on the other. We see one of the most ingenious, learned, and brilliant of German scholars devoting his lifetime to the elaboration of a theory of the origin of the Christian Church and of the Christian Scriptures, which was to take the place of traditional belief on the subject. It was to supply a positive and historical account of these momentous events, which would remove them from the sphere of the miraculous and supernatural, and bring them within the circle of ordinary human experience. Instead of dissipating them at once, like Strauss, into a cloud of myths, or endeavouring, like the older rationalists, to minimize the miraculous elements in them, it was to show, step by step, how they arose, and to account for even the smallest details in their composition and expression. The attempt met the inclinations prompted by the dominant philosophy of the day in

in Germany, and was at once seized upon by a school of eager critics as the solution of the problem of Christianity. The primary assumptions of the school acquired in a short time the prestige of great critical discoveries, and in a few years more they began to be talked of in this country, by those who are in sympathy with the spirit by which they were originally prompted, as though they were the accepted results of German scholarship. Suggestions were insinuated in many lay circles that English divines and clergy were, from ignorance or self-interest, wedded to obsolete traditions, while a light was dawning on the Continent which would before long dissipate the spectres of the ancient Faith. Meanwhile, though the German scholars, with a conventionalism unworthy of their claims to candour, do their best to keep up the illusion of the greatness of the famous Tübingen school, the force of facts and of increasing evidence has been steadily compelling them, not only to recede from particular positions maintained by Baur, but to recognize that his whole theory of early Church history is fallacious. One of the most striking illustrations of this result is afforded in a passage of Dr. Holtzmann's summary of the present position of criticism. He says (p. 200) that:—

'Baur's successor in the Tübingen chair, Carl Weizsäcker, describes it as a prejudice to suppose that in the post-Apostolic age there were only Paulinists and legalizing Jewish-Christians, and points to the broad basis of Christian life, on which the struggle of principles was decided beforehand. He observes that the original Apostles had never been specifically opponents of Paul, although, as they remained Jews, they maintained a preliminary restriction; but Gentile Christianity was so much the more recognized by them, as it was by no means the exclusive creation of St. Paul, but impulses towards it may be traced back to Barnabas and Apollos, and in places like Antioch and Rome communities free from obligation to the Jewish law had arisen without the action of Paul, forming a kind of uncultivated field of Gentile Christianity, for the occupation of which at a later date Paul and the Judaists alike could exert themselves.'

Baur's successor discovering, at this time of day, that the post-Apostolic Church was not entirely composed of two antagonistic parties of Paulinists and Anti-Paulinists, and that the elder apostles were not direct antagonists of Paul, affords a stranger commentary on the history and fame of the Tübingen school than could have been dreamed of by its opponents.

But in view of these results, it is surely time for Englishmen of all schools to ask themselves what is the value to be placed upon a kind of criticism which has proved itself, in so conspicuous an instance, to be capable of such portentous errors. People have

have talked, for some time past, about German scholarship and German criticism as if it had some of the attributes of Papal infallibility, or as though, at all events, it should be treated with general deference and submission; and it turns out that the hypothesis, which laid the chief claim to this respect, started from a blunder, proceeded by shutting its eyes to facts, and ended in conclusions now proved to be preposterous. As we have already said, we entertain, in some respects, no ungenial feelings towards German critics; and, above all, we would guard ourselves against the hasty prejudice by which German theology and criticism, to which the world owes an incalculable debt, is too frequently confounded, in a wholly unjust condemnation, with the rash speculations of particular schools and periods. Dr. Salmon pays a just and generous tribute to the admirable labour and devotion which German critics of the sceptical school have bestowed on the Books they would dethrone from their inspired authority.

'It is,' he confesses (p. 129), 'scarcely creditable to Christians that in recent years far more pains have been expended on the minute study of the New Testament writings by those who recognize in them no divine element, than by those who believe in their inspiration. In fact, their very belief in inspiration, fixing the thoughts of Christians on the Divine author of the Bible, made them indifferent or even averse to a comparative examination of the work of the respective human authors of the sacred books. They were sure there could be no contradiction between them, and it was all one to their faith in what part of the Bible a statement was made, so that no practical object seemed to be gained by enquiring whether or not what was said by Matthew was said also by Mark. In modern times the study of the New Testament has been taken up by critics who, far from shutting their eyes to discrepancies, are eager to magnify into a contradiction the smallest indication they can discover of opposite "tendencies" in the sacred books; and we must at least acknowledge the closeness and carefulness of their reading, and be willing in that respect to profit by their example.'

The investigations of these critics have, moreover, thrown indirectly most valuable light on the history of the Early Church, and on the development of thought exhibited in the books of the New Testament. They have compelled a more general and adequate recognition of the human element in the inspired writings, and have done much to enlarge and increase our capacity for following with intelligent sympathy the organic life of early Christianity. But all these valuable results ought no longer to be allowed to disguise the fact, that the characteristic motive and the main contention of the criticism in question have been based on an enormous error of judgment,

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and that the labour and ingenuity we have acknowledged have been directed to the most perverse conclusions. That this is the fact is substantiated by the admissions of such unimpeachable witnesses as Dr. Holtzmann, and we should miss a most important lesson if we failed to recognize it, and to state it plainly. German criticism will always command respect and attention, but it ought never again, on subjects like these, to exert the spell which it threw over theological speculation for the past thirty years. It has been proved, in its most fascinating and most successful form, to have led its followers into a ditch, and to have been, for its avowed purposes, no better than the blind leading the blind.

The moment is not an inopportune one for recalling this experience. Another sensational school of criticism has been rising into prominence during the last few years, which is attempting in respect to the Old Testament a somewhat similar enterprise to that which Baur attempted with the New. Wellhausen and his followers are similarly endeavouring to explain the Old Testament as a natural human development by turning it topsy-turvy, and would make out that the Law of Moses is the product and not the starting-point of Jewish life and history, so that, as it has been concisely put, in place of the expression, 'The Law and the Prophets,' we ought to speak of 'The Prophets and the Law.' This theory has been received with similar admiration in Germany to that which greeted the enterprise of Baur, and it has been echoed over here, in some quarters where more caution and sense of responsibility might have been expected, as the latest oracle of an infallible criticism. The history of the school of Baur will suggest to thoughtful minds the wisdom of exercising a good deal of patient reserve before allowing themselves to be much disturbed in either direction by this new hypothesis. It can hardly be supported with more brilliancy, or meet with more apparent success, than that of the Tübingen School; and it may meet the same fate. The researches it stimulates may bring to light many valuable results, and may lead to a better apprehension of Jewish History and of the Jewish Scriptures. But we are justified, by the experience on which we have been dwelling, in looking with suspicion on a German attempt, however brilliant, to overthrow the fundamental conceptions of our traditional belief. Such criticism has been proved, in a matter far more accessible to its resources, capable of an entire failure of judgment; and a presumption is thus established for the present, against its claims to deference in a new enterprise.

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It is not less important, however, to indicate, before we dismiss the subject, the point in which this error of judgment consists. It lies in the failure of such critics to enter into the dominant spirit and main purport of the writings with which they are dealing, and in the consequent concentration of their attention on mere secondary details. We have noticed the cold and mechanical tone of criticism which marks Dr. Holtzmann's learned work, and it is eminently characteristic of the defect to which we refer. Having carefully read through his Introduction, word for word, we should find it difficult to point to half-a-dozen passages in which he betrays any sense of the intense spiritual life, and the burning Christian thought, which, at any rate, are the most characteristic features of the writings with which he has to deal. His theory, already mentioned, of the origin of the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians is a conspicuous instance in point. It comes to this, that some post-apostolic writer, getting possession of a letter of St. Paul's which forms the kernel of the present Epistle to the Colossians, proceeded to remould and expand it, his main motive being inspired by his 'tendency' to gloss over the divergence between Pauline and Jewish Christianity. Now, side by side with this explanation, let us recal to the mind of the reader the following passage from the third chapter of the Epistle, which, as not being in that to the Colossians, must have been composed by the supposed inventor:—

'I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations for you, which are your glory. For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end.'

Is that, we would ask, a passage which can conceivably be attributed to a partizan of the post-apostolic age, concerned mainly with facilitating the construction of a plausible *modus vivendi* between adherents and opponents of Judaistic views? A critic who fails to perceive that the first characteristic of an Epistle such as that to the Ephesians is that it springs directly, in one earnest flow of ardent and practical devotion, from the heart

heart of a writer of extraordinary depth of thought and feeling, and who can dissect it as though it were the cold-blooded compilation of a calculating pamphleteer—such a critic is disqualified for his task from the very outset. While he is labouring over a minute comparison of phrases and words and particles, the essential spirit is escaping him, and he is destitute of the first elements of a sound and broad judgment.

But perhaps the most conspicuous instance of this cardinal error in the late criticism of Germany is to be seen in its treatment of the Gospel of St. John. One would never suppose, from reading the greater part of the discussion on this subject in books of Dr. Holtzmann's school, that the central interest of St. John's Gospel consisted in its intense and affecting representation of the personal character and work of the Saviour. We are overwhelmed with speculations as to the origin of the Logos doctrine, and with an endless mass of disputed and ever-disputable details, while all the time the main fact is left out of sight—the fact which has secured and still secures the hold of that Gospel over Christian hearts—that the Saviour lives and speaks in its pages with a supreme power and reality. Dr. Holtzmann sums up a long discussion by saying (p. 436), that 'the riddle of the fourth Gospel is solved, so far as it is capable of solution, by a correct apprehension of the course of history which is mirrored in it—of the whole past which Christianity lived through since the days of John the Baptist to the time of the Evangelist a hundred years later.' Thus we read in the Acts (xix. 1–7) of persons who had been baptized into John's Baptism being further baptized by Paul into the name of the Lord Jesus—or, in Dr. Holtzmann's language, of the merging of the school of John into the school of Christ—and the purpose of the narrative at the commencement of St. John's Gospel of the relations between the Baptist and our Lord is to give this experience of Church history a basis in the life of our Lord Himself. Similarly, the account of our Lord's discourse with the Samaritan woman is suggested by the conversion of the Samaritans by Philip, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. The event referred to really occurred in the Church's life, but the author of the fourth Gospel represents it as an event in the life of our Lord, and transfers it to His days. Similarly, the eighth chapter, in which our Lord denounces the Jews as of their father the devil, is to be understood in reference to the Gnostic idea of the double seed of mankind. The tenth chapter, with its exquisite parables of the Good Shepherd, is to be explained in reference to the requirements of the pastoral and episcopal office, and so on; and our Lord's foreknowledge,

foreknowledge, as described in St. John's Gospel, of the future of His cause and of His Church, is to be explained by reference to the needs and the crises of a far advanced development of Christianity. Would it be possible for learned men to indulge in this solemn trifling if their attention were not diverted from the main and essential characteristics of the narrative?

Renan has committed the same blunder—we do not know whether it ought not to be called a crime—in another form. He acknowledges the enormous difficulty of supposing that a Gospel so full of 'grace and truth' can have been composed by a man who, as is evident, intended throughout to make it understood that he was the Apostle John, when he was no such person. But he is induced to overcome this difficulty by the aversion he feels from the 'dry, metaphysical, flat, and impossible' discourses which the Gospel puts into the mouth of our Lord. Professor Holtzmann is superior to such an absurdity, and in one of the few passages in his book which betray any sympathetic feeling, says that 'the whole pathos of the discourses of Jesus exhausts itself in carrying out the thought that all salvation, temporal as well as eternal, is involved in faith in the single person of the Son of God' (p. 417). But this 'pathos' involves the whole problem. Who invented—who could have invented—a picture at once so sublime and so moving, so lofty and yet so tender, so instinct with the most delicate human feelings as well as with the Divinest life, as that which the fourth Gospel presents of our Lord? All other considerations are secondary in comparison with this. It is perfectly clear from Dr. Holtzmann's discussion, in which he states at great length and with careful impartiality the various views which have been held, that critics are unable to agree upon any single point which is decisive against the authorship of St. John. He himself says (p. 420), in summarizing the history of criticism on the subject, that 'a multitude of various standpoints presented themselves, and the Johannine question appeared more and more—"je länger je mehr"—an open one.' But if at all an open one on the grounds of historical and literary criticism, it should be regarded as settled at once on grounds of practical and spiritual common-sense. A thousand minor literary and historical improbabilities are less improbable than that the picture of the Saviour's acts and words in St. John's Gospel is the work of a second-century compiler—still worse, as Baur supposes, of an ecclesiastical romancer.

In a word, the whole 'Tendency theory,' which would explain the great mass of New Testament writings as composed for an oblique purpose, ought to have been intolerable from the outset

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to any one who could appreciate their main character, and the simple, practical object by which they are obviously animated. We can only ascribe its acceptance to a kind of colour-blindness, which can discern nothing but a single ray of the spectrum in the white and brilliant light of the sun. It is worth bearing in mind also that, if such theories have any truth in them, the Christian Church could supply, down to at least the year 140, persons otherwise wholly unknown, who were capable of producing works on a level with the highest productions of Apostolic thought. Whoever will read Dr. Salmon's interesting account of the Apocryphal Gospels, and of other non-Canonical books, will appreciate the probability of such a supposition. But critics like Dr. Holtzmann seem to have no eye for the gulf which, in point of power and wisdom, separates inspired from uninspired writings, and one of the points he chiefly insists upon is the unreasonableness of supposing that there was any break or 'fall' between Apostolic and post-Apostolic times. One of the first great facts, which must be patent to any sound criticism, is the reality and the magnitude of such a fall.

In a word, the criticism which Dr. Salmon, in conjunction with the Bishop of Durham and Dr. Westcott, has, we believe, exploded, at least for this country, has failed from a cause which is well indicated in the title to which it aspired. Dr. Holtzmann (p. 179) dwells on the distinction between the 'lower' and the 'higher' criticism. The so-called lower criticism, of which he treats Bengel and Wetstein as representatives, concerned itself with manuscripts, translations, and other means of restoring the original text. But 'the higher, the inner criticism, is a product of that Protestant science which had freed itself, in accordance with its principles, from every dogmatic influence upon its judgment.' In theory, it endeavours to penetrate into the inner and higher elements of the works which it criticizes, and to judge them by the degree in which they conform to the standards thus established. But the higher criticism of Germany, as represented by such critics as Dr. Holtzmann and the Tübingen school, has conspicuously failed in this very attempt. They have remained at the very portals of Apostolic and Christian thought, deterred by the distraction of a single, and after all a secondary and passing controversy, from penetrating to its centre. The real source of Christian life, devotion to a risen and living Saviour, with the consequent endeavour to exhibit in life the Spirit He bestows—this, which is the real motive of Gospels and Epistles alike—is obscured to them by an exaggerated apprehension of an episode in the history

history of the Christian Church; and they allow their eyes to be blinded by a confused romance of the second century to the blaze of spiritual, mental, and moral force by which the New Testament writings are distinguished from all others since Apostolic times. It is all very well to be free from dogmatic prepossessions, but whoever is to interpret Christian writings, and distinguish the false from the spurious, must be in sympathy with essential Christian truth. Criticism is really 'high' in proportion as it can enter into the thought and heart of Apostles, in proportion as it is animated and controlled by the Spirit which inspired them, and can enter into the spiritual experiences by which they were moved. For this reason, the tradition of the Church, so far as it represents the spiritual judgment of Christians, embodies, after all, a far 'higher' criticism than that which has hitherto usurped its name. But its verdict needs to be vindicated from time to time by the best resources of learning or science, and this is the service which, for all intelligent English readers, has been so admirably performed by Dr. Salmon.

ART. VII.—1. *Treaty between Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Russia, and Turkey for the Settlement of Affairs in the East, signed at Berlin*, July 13th, 1878.

2. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria.* Presented to Parliament, February and June, 1886.

WHEN the tidings of the dastardly deportation of Prince Alexander I. became known, the cry of indignation which instantly broke out from the civilized world no doubt made the aiders and abettors of the plot hesitate in extending it to an assault upon the Prince's life, which for a time there was much reason to fear was in imminent peril. No one doubted the object of the blow, or whence it came.

> 'It was apparent foul play; and 'twas shame
> That greatness should so grossly offer it.'

There was but one Power in Europe which had a motive for the downfall of the Prince. Every eye was turned to see whether, forgetting prudence in satisfaction at the temporary success of the deposition it had long desired, that Power would take advantage of an act of treason. We had not long to wait. The hand that pulled the strings of the conspiracy was soon unmasked; and while we write it is still actively at work to crown

crown the *coup de main* of 20th August last by in effect enslaving the Bulgarians, whose liberator it professes itself to be.

Before laying before our readers an authentic narrative of the events of that night, and of the days which followed, it will not, we trust, be out of place to recal attention to the story of Bulgaria in connection with the Treaty of Berlin.

On Lord Beaconsfield's return with Lord Salisbury in July 1878 from Berlin, bringing home 'peace with honour,' he was welcomed with an acclaim of general satisfaction. A great burden was lifted off the public mind, for the Treaty of San Stefano had brought matters to such a pass, that only by successful negotiation could a war have been averted, in which this country could scarcely fail to be involved,—a war which, in any case, must have thrown Europe into confusion, have paralysed industry and crippled commerce,—a war in which blood and treasure must have been profusely squandered, spreading misery far and wide, and the ultimate issues of which, in disturbing frontiers, and in sowing the seeds of national animosities, no human foresight could predict. The campaign of Russia against Turkey had been initiated according to her wont, after the ground had been well prepared by her agents, in fomenting discontent and turmoil within the Balkan Provinces, under the pretext, played off by Russia on many previous occasions, of restoring order, and emancipating the Christians of these Provinces from the tyranny of the Turk. It was well for Europe that Russia was so exhausted by a conflict, protracted beyond her calculations, that she dared not insist on reaping the fruits of victory, which were so nearly within her grasp, in the face of the resistance from England and some of the other Great Powers, which an attempt to enforce the Treaty of San Stefano would have provoked. Germany, Austria, Italy, and possibly France, embarrassed by none of the considerations which now seem to paralyse the energies of some of these Powers, and to blind the eyes of others, were no less anxious than England for a peaceable solution of the difficulties which bristled around the Eastern Question. It was vital to Turkey to save what she could out of the fire, and Russia, whose diplomatic history has taught her a firm belief in the axiom, that 'tout arrive à celui qui sait attendre,' saw that the hour had not yet come for her to seize upon the prey,—the inheritance of 'the sick man,' who holds in his feeble grasp the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus,—which is the hereditary object of her European policy. It was under these circumstances that the Representatives of the European Powers came together at Berlin, professedly desirous, in the words

words of the preamble to the Treaty in which their deliberations resulted, 'to regulate, with a view to European order, conformably to the Treaty of Paris of 30th March, 1856, the questions raised in the East by the events of these last years, and by the war terminated by the preliminary Treaty of San Stefano.'

The questions considered and disposed of by the Congress thus constituted were numerous, and included a vast range of territory. Crete, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Montenegro, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Eastern Roumelia, had their limits and rights defined by the various articles of the Treaty. The free navigation of the Danube was carefully protected. Turkey had, among other things, to pay for her defeats by the surrender to the Russian Empire in Asia (Art. 58) of the territories of Ardahan, Kars, and Batoum, together with the latter port, the Emperor of Russia at the same time declaring it (Art. 59) to be 'his intention to constitute Batoum a free port, essentially commercial,' an intention which he immediately illustrated by raising around it fortifications of the greatest strength, and by placing the severest restrictions upon the commerce of every country but Russia. An 'intention,' Europe has recently been told by the Czar's representative, although expressed in a solemn treaty, as the counterpart to an important concession of territory and the inherent condition on which such concession was granted, is not an 'obligation.' The distinction is too fine to be appreciated by men who think that words should mean what they say. Diplomatists, of Talleyrand's mind, that words were given to men not to express but to conceal their thoughts, may not be revolted by it. But it is to be hoped the days are drawing to an end when the nations of the world will tolerate such equivocations. Meanwhile, it was not wonderful that a plea so shamelessly cynical should be put forward by a Power, which has never scrupled to treat the provisions of a treaty as waste-paper, when she thought she might do so with impunity, and with advantage to herself.

While assenting to the other provisions of the Treaty, it is not ungenerous to believe that Russia cherished the mental reservation, that she was equally free to deal with them in the sense most convenient to herself, whenever the opportunity arose. It must have been indeed bitter to find the stipulations of the Treaty of San Stefano in her favour mercilessly cut down by the Berlin Congress in such a way, as to take her literally at her word as the professed liberator of the Balkan Provinces, and the friend of 'nascent struggling nationalities.' But those with whom Russia had to deal were too familiar with her record before the world to be deluded by such professions. 'This enemy

enemy of all progress, except that which tends to strengthen and consolidate her own power,' as Lord Lyndhurst had called her in 1854, however she might proclaim herself the friend of liberty and champion of the Cross against the Crescent, was not so Quixotic as to enter upon a crusade which brought her, as a conqueror, within sight of the minarets of Constantinople, for the sake of setting up an independent nation between herself and the prize on which her covetous eyes had been bent for generations. Her movement on the Balkan Provinces was palpably a fresh adventure of her familiar policy of gradual aggression. All Europe had seen in it the same features which had been long since so well described by the late Lord Derby when he said,

'Russia has never proceeded by storm, but by sap and mine. The first process has been invariably that of fomenting discontent and dissatisfaction amongst the subjects of subordinate States; then profering mediation; then offering assistance to the weaker party; then placing their independence under the protection of Russia; and, finally, from protection proceeding to incorporation, one by one, of those States into the gigantic body of the Russian Empire.'

That such was destined to be the fate of the Balkan Provinces no one could doubt. But for the time, at least, it was arrested by the decisions of the Congress at Berlin, that for the future Russia should have no right to interfere with their internal administration, save in concert with the other Signatory Powers. In the face of recent events, and of what is now going on, it is well that people should be reminded of the words of the Treaty. Article 1 declared that 'Bulgaria is constituted an autonomous and tributary Principality under the suzerainty of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, with a Christian government and a national militia.' By Article 2 the limits of Bulgaria are defined. Article 3 states: 'The Prince of Bulgaria *shall be freely elected by the population, and confirmed by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Signatory Powers.*' As a further security for the independence and neutrality of the country, it is declared, that 'No member of the reigning dynasties of the great European Powers may be elected Prince of Bulgaria,' and that in the case of a vacancy, the election of a new Prince is to take place under the same conditions, and with the same forms as the first Prince. The Principality was to be under an Organic Law, to be drawn up by an Assembly of Notables of Bulgaria, convoked at Tirnovo, before the election of the Prince (Art. 4). When this Organic Law was completed, the election of the Prince was forthwith to take place (Art. 7); and immediately upon his installation, the new organization was to be put in force, 'and the Principality

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to enter into the full enjoyment of its autonomy.' Until the completion of the Organic Law 'the provisional administration' of the country was to be under the direction of an Imperial Russian Commissary, with the assistance of an Imperial Turkish Commissary, and the Consuls 'delegated *ad hoc*' by the other Signatory Powers. But this provisional *régime* was not to be prolonged beyond nine months from the exchange of Ratifications of the Treaty. The Ottoman army was at once to leave the country (Art. 11), and the Russian army of occupation (Art. 22) was to remain not longer than nine months after these Ratifications were exchanged. Thus it was made as clear as words could make it, that Bulgaria was henceforth to be an autonomous State regulated by its own Organic Law, and presided over by a Prince freely chosen by the people, with all the Signatory Powers placed in the position of guardians, to see that its independence was not interfered with, nor its neutrality impaired.

For reasons which prevailed at the time, but which subsequent events have shown to be insufficient, Eastern Roumelia, which some of the Powers, Russia among the number, wished to be joined to Bulgaria and to be placed under the same government, was dealt with on a different principle. It was to remain 'under the direct political and military authority' of the Sultan, 'under conditions of administrative autonomy' (Art. 13). This 'administrative autonomy' was to be presided over (Art. 17) by a Governor-General, who was to be 'nominated by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers, for a term of five years.' Such a half-and-half method of dealing with a country and a population, which, it was obvious, could never be satisfied with less freedom of action and local government than their neighbours in Bulgaria, or be content to remain separated from them in administration, while instinctively drawn towards union by community of interest and of race, contained in itself elements of weakness, which could not fail at no distant date to become intolerable, and to drive the Roumeliotes to demand an alteration of conditions which in effect deprived them of all real freedom.

When the preliminary steps prescribed by the Treaty had been taken, and an Organic Law for Bulgaria had been drawn up by an Assembly of Notables at Tirnovo, the election of a Prince was proceeded with. The choice of the people fell upon Prince Alexander Joseph of Battenberg, who was declared hereditary Prince of Bulgaria by the unanimous voice of the Assembly of Notables at Tirnovo, on the 29th of April, 1879. The Prince, when called to the throne, was serving as an officer in the Gardes du Corps in Potsdam, and had just entered his twenty-second

twenty-second year, having been born on the 5th of April, 1857. The distinction was one which he by no means coveted; for the career it opened to him was beset with difficulties, before which a man of far less modesty, and of the widest political experience, might well have recoiled. But young as he was, he already showed both in body and in mind the qualities which seemed to point to him as one qualified to be a leader of men. He was tall, handsome, strong, a thoroughly well-grown piece of manhood; his eyes brown, frank, honest; eyes likely to front difficulty and danger steadily, and which it would not be easy to deceive; his features full of winning charm, yet indicating great firmness in the contour of the jaw and lips. Add to this, that while he had proved himself to be a good soldier, he was known to be of a high and honourable character, intelligent, courteous, conscientious; a man, in fine, who could be relied on to fulfil whatever duty he undertook. On the 6th of July, 1879, the Prince set his foot within his future kingdom, and he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On the 13th of July, the Russian troops evacuated Philippopolis. But the Russian influence did not cease with the departure of the army. Many Russians, active agents of the Court of St. Petersburg, remained behind. The Bulgarians, grateful for their emancipation by Russia from the thraldom of the Turk, and not yet alive to the fact, that no better usage was to be expected from the Muscovite, were easily persuaded to look to the Czar as their best friend. The Prince himself was at first naturally inclined to support the interests of his relative, Alexander II., by whom it is probable he had been strongly recommended for the distinguished post he held, and to favour the Muscovite policy so long as it was not avowedly inconsistent with the interests of his subjects. Moreover, the majority of the officers of the Bulgarian army were Russians, and, as a natural consequence, the country itself was divided into two parties, the one national, which from the first was bent on making the independence of the country a reality, and the other Russian, equally bent on making it a dependency and outpost of the Russian Empire. In the early years, in which the Prince was feeling his way amid these conflicting interests and parties, his position was one of no small difficulty. He found the constitution of Tirnovo to be in some things unworkable, and acting, it is said, under the advice of General Ehrenroth, his then Minister of War, a Russian, he issued in May 1881 a Proclamation announcing this, and declaring that he would only remain Prince on condition of being clothed with extraordinary powers, which he was to be free to exercise for seven years, when he was to summon a National Assembly

Assembly to revise the Constitution. The Prince had by this time so far established himself in the confidence of his subjects, that his conditions were accepted by the National Assembly, which met at Sistova, on the 13th of July, 1881. This *coup d'état* the Prince found, in time, to have been as impolitic as it was unconstitutional. It alienated the sympathies of many of the best men of the National party, and strengthened the hands of the Russian faction, in leading the Bulgarians to look to the Czar as a Power behind the Prince, on whom their ultimate destinies depended.

By 1883 the Prince was satisfied that he had made a mistake, in driving from his Councils the men who had resisted it. One of these was Dragan Zankoff, his former Prime Minister, and he now turned to him, requesting him to form a Ministry, which he agreed to do, but only on the condition that the Constitution should be restored. To this the Prince assented. A general election was held, the result was unfavourable to Zankoff and his party, a large majority having declared for Petko Karaveloff, who had been the Prime Minister of Finance in the same Cabinet with Zankoff, and upon the suspension of the Constitution had withdrawn to Philippopolis, where he devoted himself to the formation of a National party for the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. After this clear demonstration of the popular will in favour of Karaveloff, the Prince was bound to entrust him with the formation of a Ministry. This he did, assuring him that he would rule only for the welfare of his people, and in accordance with the Constitution of Tirnovo. To this pledge the Prince ever afterwards steadily adhered, with a single eye to the development of a true national feeling, steering warily, but firmly, under circumstances of exceeding difficulty, and animated by the desire, as those who are most conversant with the events of the succeeding years admit, to aid the country in establishing its independence upon a solid basis.

Russia fully understood the significance of the restoration of Karaveloff to power. It meant a breaking away from the control which she had been exercising by her agents, and a determination to reduce her influence to the limits intended to be prescribed to it by the Treaty of Berlin. The special correspondent of the 'Morning Advertiser,' who, it is no breach of confidence to say, was Mr. Minchin, late Consul-General for Servia in London, writing from Philippopolis on the 2nd of last month, says on this point.

'It must not be supposed that all went well with Bulgaria as soon as her Constitution had been restored to her. Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars

Kaulbars still ruled as satraps in Sofia. Their rule came to an unexpected close, and as the incident is little known in England, and as it closely resembles what had just happened, it is worth narrating. One night Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars entered the palace at Sofia and demanded an audience of the Prince. The officer of the watch, Lieut. Marinoff (who afterwards fell fighting bravely at Slivnitza) would not allow them to pass, although they brought the permit of his superior, the Minister for War. The Russian generals then attempted to force their way into the Prince's presence, but the lieutenant barred the way with his drawn sword, and sent word to the Prince. A search was instituted, and a carriage was found at the palace gate, which was intended to convey the Prince to the Danube, and printed proclamations, setting forth that the brave Bulgarian people, wearied with the misgovernment of the Prince, had expelled him from their country. Thus history repeats itself! The proclamation also set forth the formation of a provisional Government under Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars. The first attempt to kidnap the Prince of Bulgaria failed owing to the bravery of one Bulgarian, Lieutenant Marinoff. Prince Alexander remained in Sofia, while it was Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars who left.'

The more apparent as, from this time, became the intention of the Prince to govern Bulgaria for the Bulgarians, the less and less was he regarded as a *persona grata* at the Court of St. Petersburg. The active intrigues and insolent demeanour of many of the Russian agents towards the Bulgarians and to their Government provoked, it is understood, frequent remonstrances by the Prince to the ruling powers there. Such independence, where the submissiveness of an obedient tool was probably expected, and would certainly have been more welcome, will go far to account for the bitter personal animosity to the Prince, which, even before he threw in his lot with the people upon the outbreak of revolution in Eastern Roumelia in 1885, had made it the settled policy of Russia that he was to be deposed. Plans with this object had long been on foot; and the movers in them, mistaking the feelings of the Bulgarians, and the hold their Prince had upon their loyalty, no sooner heard of the revolution than they thought the time had come to strike a blow against him; 'and after some communications with the Russian Agency proceeded to organize a meeting at Sophia for this afternoon, intending to propose the deposition of the Prince, and demand a Russian Protectorate.'* Finding, however, the popular feeling too strong against them, they did not venture to hold the meeting; and the abortive movement was only one proof the more of the determination of the Russian

* Letter from Mr. Graves to Lord Salisbury, Sophia, Sept. 22, 1885. 'Blue book,' quoted at head of this paper, Turkey, No. 1, 1886, p. 46.

party

party to throw the two Bulgarias into the hands of Russia, and to gratify the personal animosity of the Czar.

The conflict between them and the National party had been growing in intensity. Both parties were of one mind, that the welfare of the people demanded that Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia should be united. United, they made a kingdom, which the National party felt could stand by itself, and not be used as a mere pawn on the political chessboard by conflicting ambitions, bent upon ulterior aims, in which the happiness and welfare of the Bulgarians themselves should be of no account. United, but united under the domination of Russia, the patriotic instinct of the Bulgarian people told them, that they would only have exchanged the hateful despotism of the Turks for an intolerable tyranny, under which their nationality would have been swamped. To what a point things had come was apparent from the fact, that about six weeks before the revolution in Eastern Roumelia took place, the Russian political agent at Sofia had offered to certain members of the Roumelian National Assembly 'to support a movement for Union, but on condition that Prince Alexander should be got rid of and replaced by some one who would act more in accordance with Russian interests.'* On the other hand, Prince Alexander had shown himself to have the interests of Bulgaria, and of Bulgaria alone, so completely at heart, that, while drawing upon himself the settled animosity of the Czar, he had made himself looked to by the Roumelians as the instrument in their hands by whom their independence of Russia could be secured. Under the government established by the Treaty of Berlin, Turkey had acted as the facile tool of Russia; their governor, Gavril Pasha, 'was a mere creature in the hands of the Russian Consul. The whole of the Bulgarian and Roumelian armies were, so far as the higher commands were concerned, entirely officered by Russians. This,' according to the statement of Dr. Stranski, the President of the Provisional Government established after the Revolution,† 'was a state of things they could not and would not longer endure, and rather than so continue, they were prepared all to lose their lives in an endeavour to throw off this yoke.' To this position they steadily adhered; for when, at a later date, the threat was held out by Delegates from the Porte—these Delegates being, the most part, mere Russian agents—to the leading men of Philippopolis at a meeting on 3rd of December, 1885, that, unless they consented to be thrown back upon the provisions of Art. 17 of the Treaty

* See 'Blue-book.' Part 1, p. 65.

† *Loc. supra citat.*, p. 50.

of Berlin, the Province would be occupied by Turkish troops; they answered unanimously, that 'rather than submit again to Russian influence, they would prefer to return to the state of things which existed before that Treaty.'*

Clearly, no revolution ever took place more truly based upon the wishes of a nation than that which broke out on the 18th of September, 1885, and was followed by the deposition of Gavril Pasha, the Governor-General, and the establishment of a Provisional Government. The way it was accomplished and followed up showed unmistakably, that the people of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, after seven years' experience of the working of the governments provided for them in 1878, were resolved upon such a union as alone would consolidate them into a powerful, homogeneous, and independent State.† Under such circumstances, what could Prince Alexander do but take his place as the instrument of the popular desire? So strong was the feeling in favour of the necessity of union, that he either must have done so or have abdicated. He must of course have been well aware of the agitation for union which had been for some time gaining strength, as well as of the plots on foot for his own dethronement. Had there been in him anything of the nature of a conspirator, nay, had he even been careful for his own life against the plots by which he was surrounded, the plotters would have been summarily dealt with; and he would, at the same time, have actively stimulated the national impulse for union. But he did neither of these things. When the revolution broke out, he regarded it as premature. He saw, however, how full of hazard it must be, unless directed by a hand firm enough to repress random encounters between the rival parties, and to make head against any hostile movement of the Turkish troops, either of which must have led to disastrous effusion of blood. He lost no time, therefore, in repairing to Philippopolis, meeting an enthusiastic welcome along the course of his rapid journey through the revolted Province, and on his arrival in the capital was, to use his own words,‡ 'well received by all classes; by Turks and Greeks, as well as by Bulgarians;' 'I hope,' he added, 'to succeed in this enterprise which has so unexpectedly been thrust upon me.'

By universal acclaim the Roumelians chose him as their Prince, and by seconding his efforts to establish the new order of things without confusion, and—a new thing in revolutions—

* *Loc. citat.*, p. 367.

† See Letter of Lord Salisbury to Sir W. White. Nov. 2, 1885. *Loc. supra citat.*, p. 198.

‡ *Loc. supra citat.*, p. 49.

without

without effusion of blood, they proved that they were not unworthy of the freedom they had wrested for themselves. The army joined with the people in carrying out his wishes, and every day showed with what satisfaction both the Provinces hailed the Proclamation which he had issued (Sept. 23rd), recognizing their union as an accomplished fact, and accepting for himself the position and title of Prince of Northern and Southern Bulgaria.*

Such a signal defeat of all for which the Russian party had so long been plotting produced, as might be expected, dismay and wrath in St. Petersburg. Fast as the telegraph could convey the news, the Czar informed the Prince that he disapproved the steps he had taken.† Instructions were at once despatched to General Cantacuzene, the Bulgarian Minister of War, to send in his resignation, and every Russian officer in the service of the two Bulgarias was commanded to retire from the service. As these officers were both numerous and able, this was a serious blow; but the people and the Prince proved themselves equal to the emergency, when soon after their courage and skill were put to the severest test, in the war forced upon them by Servia.

The diplomatists of all the Powers were thrown into violent activity by the proof, which this revolution had given, that their subtly constructed plans to establish a divided Bulgaria in 1878 had been upset by the stress of strong national impulse. No Power was so loud as Russia in crying out against what it called this insolent infraction of the Treaty of Berlin,—Russia, who had herself been scheming for a union of the two Provinces, which, if it had been accomplished to her taste, she would just as strenuously have maintained to be no infraction at all. In that case, however, there could have been no doubt as to the violation of the Treaty, for it would have been by the hand of one of the Signatories of the Treaty that the *status quo* would have been altered; whereas the change having been wrought, not by any of the Signatories, but by two Provinces acting as they deemed best for the regulation of their internal interests, the argument might well be maintained, that no breach of the Treaty had taken place. Something might indeed have been said by Turkey, who would have been acting within her right, had she taken measures to reinstate her authority by force. But Turkey did not venture on such a step; and, as Lord Salisbury remarked, in a Despatch to Sir W. White (Nov. 2nd, 1885),‡ having failed to do so,

* A translation of 'The Struggle of the Bulgarians for National Independence under Prince Alexander, by Major A. v. Huhn,' an admirable narrative, is, we are glad to see, announced to be published shortly.

† *Loc. supra citat.*, pp. 6, 9.

‡ *Loc. citat.*, p. 197.

she

she had no right to call upon the other Signatories to give their sanction to military measures taken with this view.

A new turn was given to the aspect of affairs, and to the diplomatic interchange of ideas, by the wanton invasion of Bulgarian territory by Servia on Nov. 14th, 1885. The object of this invasion was to strip Bulgaria of territory assigned to it by the Treaty of Berlin. As suzerain of that country, Turkey was bound to uphold its rights, and to use the military resources of the Porte for the purpose. Bulgaria, stripped of the Russian officers, by whom her armies had hitherto been trained and led, was placed at a serious disadvantage. Prince Alexander naturally appealed, as he had a right to do, to his suzerain to stand by the country at this crisis. But Turkey would not move a man; no remonstrance came from Russia against the Servian infraction of a solemn treaty; and Prince Alexander had to trust to the loyalty and bravery of his people, and to the resources of his own generalship, to throw back the tide of an invasion so sudden, that it had swept far over his frontiers before he had time to get together the native forces and bring them to the front. How gloriously his subjects acquitted themselves in that brief but bloody campaign, closing it by the utter defeat of the Servians at Slivnitza and at Pirot, has not yet been forgotten. Sovereign and people had equal reason to be proud of the story of that campaign, and it cemented a mutual devotion by such ties as have ever been found most powerful to unite a people and to attach them to their sovereign.

It needs not to be said, with what dismay the issue of this campaign was viewed by the Russian party in Bulgaria. They had hoped and anticipated defeat for the Prince, who, if he escaped death on the battle-field, they believed would in the hour of discomfiture fall an easy prey to their intrigues. In his absence at the seat of war, M. Zankoff, the Metropolitan Clement, and the Russian Consul at Sofia, were hard at work preparing to have him deposed upon his return. His return in triumph upset their calculations. To strip him of the legitimate fruits of victory, and so to spread discontent among his people now became the Russian cue; and, under direful pressure from the Powers, who were overborne by their anxiety to close up a strife which they feared might spread, the Prince was compelled to conclude a peace on terms which he knew would be used, and which were in fact used, by Russian intriguers, to his prejudice with his subjects.

That the Prince had proved himself worthy to govern a free people, and had made himself a name in Europe for generalship

generalship and bravery, did not make his position easier with Russia and her agents. They insisted more urgently than before that he should withdraw from Eastern Roumelia, and that things should be put back there to their old state. The wishes of the people were to be of no account, and the insolence of the Prince, in upholding their rights against the dictatorship of Russia, was to be punished with ignominy. Happily this demand was discountenanced by some of the Powers, and most prominently by England. The union of the Provinces under the same sovereign was ultimately recognized as indispensable; but it was clogged with the fatal stipulation, that the Prince of Bulgaria should come under the same condition, in regard to Eastern Roumelia, as the Governor-General under Art. 17 of the Treaty of Berlin, and be 'nominated by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers, for a term of five years.' The condition was a palpable absurdity. How could a union of the Provinces be complete, if, at the end of five years, the sovereign of one of them might be changed, while he remained the hereditary sovereign of the other? This was to degrade a hereditary prince into the position of a Turkish official, removable at the will of the Sublime Porte, and so to open a field for infinite intrigue. Italy, Austria, England, all felt the force of this objection, and urged that the appointment should be for life. But Russia, making a stand upon the Treaty, would not give way. In vain Prince Alexander protested, that he would be no voluntary party 'to the re-establishment of international sovereignty in Eastern Roumelia, which was the principal cause of that Government being without strength, without authority, not respected, and consequently in effect injurious to the interests of the people.'* He therefore refused to put his hand to the Agreement come to by the Powers in which this condition was embodied, and it was executed without it on the 5th of April last in a Conference at Constantinople.

It was not long before the Prince was made to feel, how completely the European Powers had played into the hands of his enemies, by this most illogical curtailment of the rights for which his subjects had fought. Already disappointed by the unsatisfactory peace with Servia concluded at Bucharest, they were told by Russian agents that the Prince was to blame for this surrender of their claims to a thorough Union. 'So long,' was the whispered innuendo to the Bulgarians, 'as you have the Prince, you will get no Union!' While to the

* See his protest quoted, *loc. citat.*, Part II. p. 213.

Roumeliotes

Roumeliotes the language held was, 'Instead of Crestowitch Pasha' (their hated Governor-General), 'you simply have Battenberg Pasha!' The discontent naturally felt by simple people, who were in the dark as to the truth, and thus artfully fostered, was not allowed to die out, and no effort was spared to lay to the Prince's charge the blame for whatever had gone wrong. 'See,' said the intriguers, 'how you have been betrayed! Your Pasha will divide the general administration as it was divided before. Quick! Decide ere it be too late. Drive him out, and so gain the help of Russia!'

The insidious suggestion was not without its effect. The Prince was, however, sustained in his endeavours to fulfil his duty loyally to his people by the approval and support of the majority of their number. Meanwhile, however, his adversaries redoubled their intrigues. Before a month had elapsed, we are told by the correspondent of the 'Morning Advertiser,' already quoted, a very serious conspiracy was formed against the life of the Prince and his Prime Minister.

'Strange to say, a Russian officer is again found to be at the bottom of it. A certain Captain Nabrikoff, accompanied by some Montenegrin priests, travelled about North and South Bulgaria preaching the necessity of reconciliation with Russia. Their scheme for attaining this object was to murder Karaveloff, to capture the Prince dead or alive, to proclaim a revolution, and to make every preparation for the Russian occupation of North and South Bulgaria. Happily this second attempt to kidnap or murder the Prince was discovered at Bourgas, through a peasant, who turned informer. Thirty conspirators had been sworn in by the Montenegrin priests. They were all arrested, and, if they have not been released by Zankoff's friends, they still await their trial.'

In June the National Assembly, consisting of about 280 members, in which both North and South Bulgaria were represented, met in Sofia. Of this Assembly Zankoff and his followers formed a miserable minority, and were invariably defeated by the Nationalists, with Karaveloff, the Prime Minister, at their head. Beaten in Parliament, says the same writer,

'Zankoff fell back on the poisoned weapons of calumny and untruth. The most shameful personal libels on the Prince appeared in the Russo-Zankoff Press of Bulgaria. It is a noteworthy fact, that in these ferocious lampoons no reference is made to Karaveloff. Every effort, in fact, was made to detach him from his master. To quote from the "Suedinevia" of Philippopolis, of the 29th July last—a paper established by the Russian agents here some years ago—"The evil is to be found not in Karaveloff or any Radical Government, but in the small head of that German creature;" "No Karaveloff, &c., are

are fit to turn the shoes of this cunning, iniquitous, and sly man, who is called by the name of Battenberg." Another of Zankoff's organs accused the Prince of receiving 50,000*l.* from Austria for not invading Serbia; another charged him with receiving a pension from England in consideration of his not uniting North and South Bulgaria, and actually charged the Prince with the habitual commission of a most infamous crime. Had the Prince been half as tyrannical as he was depicted, he would long since have had Zankoff and his editors tried for high treason. No other Sovereign had had to go through the furnace of misrepresentation as the Prince has done without quailing.

'In addition to the personal attacks of the Russo-Zankoff Press, Bulgaria has recently been much disturbed by rumours of Serb troops being massed on the frontier. The Serb Government have fortified Pirot, but on this slight foundation of fact the Russian party built up a huge superstructure of fiction. All over the country they buzzed about the news that the Serbs were arming, that Prince Alexander was squandering on luxury the taxes wrung from the peasant, and that, as long as this foreigner remained on the throne, Russia, from whom alone came their help, would remain unreconciled with Bulgaria. These things made even the loyal Bulgarian to shake his head. A storm-cloud from the north was hanging over his country, and no man knew when it would break.'

So things went on; the Prince well aware of the agencies that were at work to sap his hold upon the attachment of his people, but resolved not to be shaken from the policy of governing Bulgaria for the Bulgarians. Early in August he received an anonymous communication, that a fresh plot for his deposition was on foot; but to this he paid no attention, preferring to trust to his hold upon the good-will of the people, and to the loyalty of those about him, on whose professions of attachment he thought he could rely to frustrate any such attempt. This was the state of matters, when the attempt on his person was made, 'with which all Europe rings from side to side,' the following details of which we are able to give from information on which entire reliance may be placed.

The abduction was intended by the conspirators to have been carried out on the night of Thursday, the 19th of August last. By the orders of Captain Benderoff, the Under-Secretary for War, and with the connivance, it is understood, of Major Nikiforoff, the Minister of War, the Strouma Regiment had been secretly moved up from Köstendil to near Sofia, to be in readiness to assist. But the night was very wet, and the attempt was postponed by these fair-weather plotters for twenty-four hours.

The

The next day, Friday, August 20th, the Prince inspected the 1st Regiment of Artillery quartered at Sofia, and the same night all the officers dined with him at the palace. He had retired to the rooms on the ground-floor of the palace, which he occupied for the time, in consequence of the great heat, instead of his usual apartments on the first floor. About 2 A.M. the non-commissioned officer of the palace guard rushed into his bedroom, woke him up, put a revolver into his hand, and said, 'The palace is surrounded by mutineers.' The Prince quickly put on what clothes lay nearest, and ran up a small inner staircase to a back window in the floor above, to see whether the way through the garden to his secretary's office was clear, intending to take refuge there. He had just reached the window, when a volley was fired by the soldiery by whom the palace was surrounded, and this volley firing was kept up for some time. The bullets all converged towards the Prince's rooms, and on his return there, escape being clearly impossible, he found the ceilings riddled by them. When he got back to his bedroom, he heard angry voices in the hall without. Hurrying on whatever uniform he could lay his hand upon in the dark, he stepped out into the hall to face the conspirators. Here he found a crowd of officers, armed with revolvers, and mostly intoxicated, led by Major Grueff, the Director of the Military School, who pointed their cocked pistols at his head, shouting 'Abdicate! Abdicate!'

From the place where the Prince stood he could see a large force of infantry (2000 men turned out to be the number) surrounding the building. The wildest tumult prevailed, and, dazed by the clamour and noise, the soldiers were beginning to fire into the ground-floor rooms. Amid the general confusion, one of the crowd of officers by whom the Prince was hustled tore a sheet out of the visitors' book on the hall table, and then the shouts were renewed, 'Write and sign the paper!' Prince Alexander said, 'Write out what you wish, and I will sign;' upon which one of the young cadets, by the light of the only candle in the place, tried to write something. He was, however, too much excited, or probably too drunk, to succeed, for he made nothing but a series of meaningless scratches. At last the paper was taken from him and placed before the Prince, who tried to make out its meaning, but failed. Whilst he was apparently hesitating, Grueff pointed his revolver straight into the Prince's face, shouting, 'Sign, or I'll shoot!' He then wrote on the bottom of the leaf, 'God save Bulgaria! Alexander.' Some one then tried to read out the writing, but also failed

failed to decipher it;* whereupon the band hustled the Prince out of the door, and, forming a strong escort round him, took him across to the War Office close by, where he was locked up.

On his way there, Captain Benderoff shook his fist in Prince Alexander's face, repeatedly saying, 'Why didn't you make me a major, you ——?'† It should be added, that a large number of the mob who broke into the palace were cadets from the military academy at Sofia: others, again, were some of the officers of an artillery brigade then quartered at Sofia, who had left the Prince's table a few hours before.

In the meanwhile, Prince Francis Joseph, the Prince's brother, was made a prisoner the same way, most roughly handled, and hurried off, without even being allowed to put on his stockings, to the War Office, where his brother already was, but with whom he was not allowed to communicate. Prince Alexander asked to see his Prime Minister, Karaveloff, and M. Menges, his secretary. This was refused. At 5 A.M. several carriages were brought round, along with a strong cavalry escort. The Prince was ordered to enter the first carriage; an officer with a cocked revolver sat down beside him, and a cadet, also armed, took a place on the box beside the driver. Prince Francis Joseph occupied the third carriage, guarded in the same way. The remaining vehicles were filled with officers. By this time numbers of officers had assembled round the carriages, and jeered at the Prince, as the carriages started off at full gallop through the streets, in which no one was allowed to show himself on pain of death, sentries being posted at every corner. The two Princes were told that if they spoke a word, or made the slightest movement which could attract a passer-by, they would be shot dead instantly.

By winding roads, avoiding all villages and habitations, the captive Princes reached the monastery of Etropol, about twenty miles outside (to the N.E.) of Sofia.‡ There they were kept locked up for twenty-four hours, with hardly any food. In the

* The paper was not an abdication, but exactly what is here described.

† 'During the late war in Servia, Benderof had been a captain in a foot regiment, and had not covered himself with glory. He had been guilty of disobedience to orders in the field, and when summoned before the Prince's Staff, he had come in drunk, and had treated the Prince with insolence. On the conclusion of the war, Captain Benderoff's name was cancelled by the Prince from the list of promotions.' —Mr. Minchin, in 'Morning Advertiser,' Sept. 21st, 1886.

‡ 'When the Prince and his brother reached the monastery at which they made their first halt, the Abbot politely expressed his pleasure at receiving a visit from his Royal Highness. "Oh," said the officer escorting them, "there is no Highness here—only two Germans whom we are transporting across the frontier."'—'Morning Advertiser,' September 25th, 1886.

course

course of the day a couple of small trunks arrived for them, containing some plain clothes, money, and a few necessaries. Early in the morning the journey was resumed (Sunday, 22nd), and continued throughout the day, the revolvers kept pointed at the Princes' heads all the time. They passed only one small town, Vraga, where the shutters were put up everywhere, and not a soul was to be seen. That night they reached Nikopolis, where Prince Alexander's paddle-yacht 'Alexander' was lying in readiness. He asked where they were going. His captors declined to say. He asked to be allowed to telegraph to his mother; this was refused. The two Princes were taken straight on board, and handed over to a guard of four officers and 200 men of the Danube Regiment, quartered at Rustchuk. The brothers were taken down below, and told they might also sit in the deck-house, of which all the windows and doors were closed, with a sentry at each. There was reason for this. Had they been allowed to look out, they would have seen that the sailors were forced to do their work, and that two soldiers, with cocked revolvers, stood the whole time beside the man at the helm.

The steamer at once started full speed down stream. Throughout the day the heat was intense and quite exhausting. Prince Alexander once tried to get some fresh air at one of the ports; he was instantly pushed back at the point of the bayonet by the sentry upon the upper deck outside. As long as the Princes were on board, an officer with a drawn sword entered the saloon every five minutes, night and day, walked once round the centre table and went out. Their food was mostly bread and water. Of course there were no servants on board. Prince Alexander's monogram and arms had, wherever possible, been knocked away from the ornamentation of the yacht.

About 4 P.M. on Tuesday (August 24th) the yacht arrived off Reni, a town in Bessarabia, on the left bank of the Danube, at its confluence with the Pruth. This, being Russian territory had no doubt been selected as the nearest point for placing the Prince in the hands of those in whose interests the abduction had been made. An officer went on shore, but returned after a time, saying there was no one there to take charge of the prisoners. The ship stood up the river again at slow speed for the night, returning in the morning, when she was boarded by a colonel (Russian), who took the two brothers on shore with a strong escort, and placed them in the mayor's house. After some delay, they were informed that they were free to go away. Prince Alexander asked to be landed up the Danube on Roumanian ground. He was told, orders had come from

St. Petersburg

St. Petersburg that they must go by rail from where they were. On remonstrating, the Prince was shown a telegram, signed 'Obrutscheff,' from St. Petersburg, saying, 'Prince Alexander Battenberg has to go either by Skimniska or Warsaw,' which meant, in either case, a journey through Russia. The only train to Bender (the nearest large Russian town) having left, the officials said, a special train would be provided by the Government. It was then that Prince Alexander was for the first time free to let his friends know where he was. He accordingly telegraphed to his father, saying that he was going to Breslau by Lemberg.

The two Princes were taken to the train by an officer and some gendarmes, who travelled with them for twenty-four hours to the Austrian frontier. Soon after starting, the train stopped for no apparent reason, out of sight of any town, and the man in charge of it came up to Prince Alexander and said, unless he paid 600 roubles at once, the train would go no further. Of course the money had to be paid, and the journey proceeded. Happily some money had been sent with the Prince's clothes, out of which he was just able to meet the demand.

At Bender the train was kept in the station for an hour and a half, surrounded by a hooting and jeering mob. Amongst them were over a hundred officers in uniform, half of them cavalry officers of the regiment in which Prince Alexander himself had held honorary rank, until he was struck out of the Russian army list. There were also numbers of well-dressed ladies, who pointed at him, embracing and congratulating each other, and crowding so close to see him, that the foremost of them stood on the doorsteps, flattening their faces against the window panes. Conspicuous amongst the crowd was a Russian general in full uniform, who was then commanding the cavalry division concentrated for the manœuvres near Bender. After enduring this treatment for some time, Prince Alexander asked that the carriage might be shunted outside the station. This was refused. He tried to pull down the blinds, but they were all torn and useless. It being then dusk, the carriage was lighted up inside, so as to make a brilliant show of the captive Princes for the jeering mob.

Just before starting, an old 'Staatsrath' in full dress, sent by the Governor of Kieff, joined the Princes, and from that time they were treated more civilly. The next morning the Austrian frontier was reached, and the Princes passed straight from the hands of Russian gendarmes into those of a sympathetic demonstrative crowd. It was only then that Prince Alexander

Alexander heard anything of what was going on in his country, and what the world was saying. In Russia they steadily denied him any news.

On his arrival at Lemberg on Friday afternoon (August 27th), he was received in the most enthusiastic manner by the inhabitants, who, to the number of 2000, organized a torchlight procession on the Square under his hotel windows that evening, the authorities anxiously holding aloof all the time. Here he also found a kindly old friend of his father's, Duke William of Würtemberg, the Austrian general commanding the district. On that night the Prince slept soundly, for the first time since he had been carried off, seeing that he was now in safety and surrounded by friends.

By this time the conspiracy, of which the Prince had been the victim, had broken down in ignominious failure. The first act of its leaders had been to issue from Sofia (August 21st), immediately after the deportation of the Prince, the following announcement, which was instantly telegraphed and posted all over the country:—

'FALL OF BATTENBERG.

'Prince Battenberg dethroned yesterday evening. Make the army take the oath to the Provisional Government, composed of Karaveloff, Iconomoff, Zankoff, Broumoff, Stambouloff, Velitchkoff, Madgaroff, Radoslavoff, Stoiloff, Grecoff, et Ministre de Guerre Major Nikiforoff. —Le Commandant-en-Chef de l'Armée Bulgare,

(Signed) 'Major GRUEFF.'

The falsehoods of this announcement were as stupid as its audacity, for detection could not in any event be long delayed. The object palpably was to delude the country for the time into the belief, that the deposition of the Prince had been effected by the united action of the National as well as the Russian party. Karaveloff was the Prince's Prime Minister; Nikiforoff, his Minister of War. Stambouloff had been President of the last National Assembly at Tirnovo, and he was the recognized head of the Bulgarian National party. Radoslavoff was known to be a loyal Bulgarian, while Stoiloff and Grecoff were not merely Nationalists, but notoriously personal friends of the Prince. For a brief space the end was gained. The people were bewildered, and knew not what to think. The facts of the Prince's abduction were kept studiously concealed. All they were told was that he had abdicated. The Prince whom they loved and trusted had apparently abandoned them; and the country seemed to have been surrendered to Russian predominance even by the leaders of the National party. It soon, however, became known

known in Sofia that the names of Karaveloff, Stoiloff, and Grecoff, who were in Sofia, had been used without their consent. But the telegraph and post office were in the hands of Zankoff and his friends, and for a time it was impossible to open the eyes of the Bulgarians throughout the provinces to the fraud which had been practised upon them.

The same morning (August 21st), the lying Manifesto was published in Philippopolis. The well-known names of Russian sympathizers, Zankoff and his associates, men of no position or character, were enough to cast discredit upon it in the eyes of the leading loyalists there, who had watched their long series of intrigues. The danger was imminent, that in the stupefied state of the public mind, with their Prince no longer at hand to guide the country, it would fall into the Muscovite grasp, and be blotted out from the map of Europe as an independent State. Not an hour was to be lost. The critical position of affairs, we are told by Mr. Minchin, was at once grasped by Captain Jones, our English Consul-General in Southern Bulgaria. He hurried the same day to General Moutkouroff.

'Do you intend,' he said, 'to take the oath to the rebel government?' Moutkouroff hesitated. 'It would be a disgrace,' urged Captain Jones, 'if the Bulgarian army, which has covered itself with glory and won the good opinion of Europe, were to take the oath of allegiance to a band of traitors, who have perjured themselves and betrayed their country. If you refuse to take the oath and boldly declare for the Prince, you will be honoured all over Europe, and your name will be in every man's mouth. If, however, you take the oath, and the Russian party come into office, all who like yourself took action in the Revolution of last September, and in uniting the two Bulgarias, will not only be deprived of their rank, but they will be driven from the country.'—'Morning Advertiser,' Sept. 23rd.

Moutkouroff took some hours to consider; but that evening he declared for the Prince, and resolved to put himself at the head of the Army. The news spread like wildfire, and the English Consulate was soon surrounded by soldiers 'wildly cheering for England and the Prince.' The night was spent in making the necessary arrangements for moving a force upon Sofia, and destroying the rebel government there. Brigade after brigade was visited by Moutkouroff, and all declared for the Prince. Communications were opened with M. Stambouloff, and on the 23rd he issued a proclamation, denouncing the traitors, who 'were endeavouring to dethrone our brave and dear Prince,' and calling on all Bulgarians to obey the orders of Moutkouroff, as the Commander-in-Chief of the Bulgarian army. By this time Moutkouroff was moving forward to Sofia a battalion

a battalion of infantry, to be followed by a battery of artillery and two squadrons of cavalry.

Meanwhile Zankoff and his friends, unable longer to conceal the falsehoods of their first proclamation, had issued another, announcing the formation of a government, from which the names of the Nationalists were omitted, and composed exclusively of himself and his creatures. It was signed by Monsignor Clement, the local head of the Bulgarian Church, who, in the full knowledge that Prince Alexander had signed no abdication, did not scruple to put his *hand* to the statement, that the formation of this government had become necessary, because the Prince 'had formally signed his abdication, being convinced that his reign would be fatal to the Bulgarian nation.' But, by this time, the truth as to the events of the night of the 20th had become widely known. The tide of popular indignation was rising, and tidings were pouring in from all quarters, which convinced Zankoff and his faction that a heavy reckoning was before them. The issue of Stambouloff's proclamation on the 22nd, and the rumoured advance of Moutkouroff put an end to their hopes. Next day the Zankoff government ceased to exist, and the kidnappers fled from the capital. Karaveloff, upon this, proceeded to form a Provisional Government; but confidence in him was gone, for he was gravely suspected of being on terms with the party who were adverse to the Prince. He was informed by a telegram from Moutkouroff, that how to bring the Prince back was now the only question, and that he would be held responsible for the maintenance of order in Sofia until Moutkouroff's arrival there. On receipt of this telegram Karaveloff's government collapsed, and the same day (Sept. 27th) the rebel Strouma Regiment, with its battery of artillery, evacuated Sofia. The Provisional Government formed by M. Stambouloff in the Prince's name now became the only government of the two Bulgarias, and was at once recognized as such throughout the country.

Not until the 25th had tidings reached Bulgaria of the safety or the whereabouts of Prince Alexander. They created a thrill of satisfaction, which was shown on all sides with a warmth of demonstration, remarkable in a people, who, as a rule, make few outward signs of their emotions. Satisfaction grew to enthusiasm when it became known on the 28th that, instead of going to Darmstadt, as had been expected and feared, he was to reach Rustchuk next morning on his way back to his capital. The decision to return had been taken by the Prince, when, on reaching Lemberg, the information, that awaited him there as to the events which had taken place in his absence, enabled him

him to appreciate the whole situation, and it seemed, from the turn things had taken, to be his 'duty' to go back. Telegrams announcing his intention to return were despatched, and a special train was ordered. At 2 o'clock he started on his eventful journey, amidst the frantic delight of the populace, and until he reached the Roumanian frontier late at night his journey was a triumphal progress, in which everyone seemed to vie with the other in testifying their delight at the failure of the cowardly attempt against his person and government. In spite of the neutrality of the authorities, the Poles received him at every halting-place with an amount of enthusiasm which was quite overpowering. On Roumanian soil the Government took the matter in hand with such hearty good-will that sleep was out of the question. From 11 at night till 9 the next morning, brass bands, guards of honour, gorgeously attired officials, and speechifying mayors, with bouquet-throwing daughters, met him at every station. At 9.30 the train reached Bucharest. King Charles was not there, being away at Sinaia, and there being no time to inform him of Prince Alexander's movements. In all other respects, the reception was on a scale as complete as could be imagined. The whole ministry, Bratiano at its head, all the civil and military authorities, and numerous Bulgarian Deputations, were there. The crowd at the station was as enthusiastic as the crowds had been elsewhere. The Prince remained in the Royal waiting-room for half an hour, and then went on to Giurgevo in a special train provided by the King. It reached its destination in an hour and a half, running right down to the wharves, where several vessels were in waiting, all gaily dressed with flags. When the Prince noticed that one of them was his own yacht, 'Alexander,' which he had only left so short a time before, after an experience so terrible, he was somewhat painfully impressed; but, as his people made a point of his using her instead of the Austrian steamer he had ordered to be hired for the occasion, he reluctantly consented.

On alighting from the train at Giurgevo he was met by M. Stambouloff, who had hurried thither to welcome the Prince back to the kingdom, which his energy had wrested out of the hands of traitors. The 'Alexander' was crammed with people, including a number of ladies, the principal inhabitants of Rustchuk. The vessel soon put off and steamed up the river (Giurgevo lying opposite to, but some miles lower down than Rustchuk). A crowd of Bulgarian steamers and launches, all dressed with flags and filled with cheering people, escorted him, firing perpetual salutes, which were taken up and repeated by

by the shore batteries on the Bulgarian side. As the yacht neared the town of Rustchuk, the houses were seen to be all decorated, the whole population were on foot, and crowding round the landing-stage, at the approach to which a large triumphal arch had been erected. As soon as the gangway-board had been placed, the Prince stepped on shore bare-headed, the guards of honour on shore and on board presenting arms, and all the bands playing the 'National Air.' The mayor offered bread and salt, and Bishop Gregorio, a trusted friend of the Prince, was the first to greet him; then followed the officers of the garrison and all the officials, including the foreign consuls, the Russian not excepted, in full dress. What made the scene peculiarly impressive was, that the Prince himself was dressed in travel-stained, very simple clothes, the same which had been given him when his uniform was taken away from him by his captors. M. Stambouloff now addressed an impassioned speech to the Prince, during which men, women, and children, were in tears. The Prince replied, but there was not the accustomed ring in his fine voice, which at all times has electrified his hearers. It was the voice of a strong man, who had passed through a terrible ordeal, the effects of which he could not yet shake off, and there was an occasional quiver in it, which made the whole scene deeply impressive. No sooner had he ceased talking, than the air was filled with deafening cheers. In an instant he was lifted up by invisible hands, and forced along by a resistless human wave, which swept up the hill, through the streets, till it reached the palace gate. It was a wonderful and wild scene, never to be forgotten: the shouting, yelling crowd, where officials in full dress were struggling along side by side with ragged peasants, caps and arms flourishing in the air, and the Prince's tall form looming up over the sea of heads through the cloud of dust!

Arrived at the palace, the Prince held a Council, at which a proclamation announcing his re-assumption of the government was drawn up, and the route to be taken by him was settled upon. Throughout the day (the landing was at noon) telegrams and reports came pouring in, and the Prince never left his writing-table till late. It was settled that he should start at 4 the next morning by river for Sistova, from which place the journey through the country was to be commenced *viâ* Tirnovo and Philippopolis.

The Prince and those in his company were all 'rather knocked up' by the severe and incessant strain of the last few days, and he was depressed by all that he had heard since his landing in Bulgaria. Things, he found, were not going on satisfactorily at

at Sofia, where the mutinous troops seemed still to terrorize every one, notwithstanding the overthrow of Zankoff and his accomplices. Karaveloff was afraid to do anything. Zankoff and Clement were still at large, and the news, sent officially through the Russian agent, two days before, that Prince Dolgorouki was coming with a large staff of officers to assume the government, had completely paralysed an already vacillating ministry.* Then it came out, bit by bit, that hardly any one of the superior officers of the army, throughout the various military districts, was quite free from the suspicion of having connived at the revolt, whilst a great many of the Prince's most trusted lieutenants turned out to have taken an active part in it. That men who had fought at his side during those three terrible days at Slivnitza, when their country's fate depended on the issue, should have proved traitors, was so monstrous, that one could not wonder at others following, who were not bound to the Prince by the same ties of soldierly fellowship and plighted faith.

Knowing that he could no longer place reliance on the entire army, on whose loyalty he had hitherto been prepared to stake his head, it was with a heavy heart, and with little hope that he would be able to maintain his position, that Prince Alexander resumed the government. There is even yet a widespread impression abroad, that the conspiracy was the work of a few hired mercenaries, of some three or four officers, and a handful of the soldiers; but the Prince had substantial cause to suspect that, so far from this being the case, among those privy to it were his Minister of War, notwithstanding that official's protestations to the contrary, the War Office, the Headquarters Staff, nearly all the brigadiers and officers commanding centres, a great many regimental commanders, the whole officers of some regiments, notably the Prince's guards, the troops quartered at Sofia, all personally known to him, and whom he looked upon as the flower of the army, and, finally, the Military Academy at Sofia, with their officers and instructors at their head.

Under these circumstances, the moral force of the army must be gone—gone almost for good—for where could the Prince look for officers, Russians being out of the question, after what had passed? To this had to be added the fact, that the conduct of Bishop Clement, Metropolitan of Tirnovo, and delegate of the Exarchate, in making common cause with the conspirators, was backed up by the higher clergy throughout the country—

* The news of what had taken place at Sofia on the 27th and 28th did not reach the Prince till later.

 excepting

excepting only Bishop Gregorio — and beginning with the Exarch at Constantinople, the intimate friend of Count Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador at the Porte.

When the Prince reached Rustchuk, these facts became known to him. At the same time he had the comfort of learning, both from what he had already seen since his return to Bulgaria, and by the tidings which reached him from all sides, that nine-tenths, at least, of the Bulgarian people, and also nearly all the rank and file of the army, were devoted to him. But their sympathy was not enough. Where were their leaders; and single-handed, what could he do in the face of the forces which were arrayed against him? Neither Germany nor Austria held out a sign of encouragement. On the contrary, he was given to understand that he would receive no countenance from them, if he proceeded to fulfil the first duty of an independent Sovereign, in bringing to justice the leaders of the abortive conspiracy against his person and Government. The purpose of Russia to take advantage of the conspiracy had, according to the latest intelligence, already been declared at Sofia. But if any doubt on the subject had remained, it was removed when the Russian Consul at Rustchuk waited upon the Prince, to announce, by order from his Government, that Prince Dolgorouki was already on his way to assume in the name of his master the government of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia.

The disastrous consequences of this step the Prince estimated at a glance. Its first effect would be to plunge the country into civil war. Collision was certain to ensue between the partizans of Russia and the body of the people who were favourable to the Prince's restoration. On the plea of restoring order, the army of Russia would be forthwith marched into the country, and then farewell to all its hopes of national independence! To avert this catastrophe, if by any means it might be averted, seemed to the Prince to be his first duty. Only by conciliating the Czar, and that quickly, could this be done, and with this view the Prince determined to send to him the well-known telegram of August 30th. It was couched in terms which, it is easy to see, were carefully studied to afford the Czar a golden bridge of escape from the imputation of lending countenance to the vile conspiracy at Sofia, and at the same time to show that, if the Prince's presence in Bulgaria were the obstacle to a peaceful settlement of the country, he was ready to make way for a sovereign to whom the same objection did not apply. Weighed against the ghastly horrors of civil war and the sufferings of the people whom he had learned to love, the Prince seems to have made no account of the humiliation of waiving his claims to be permitted

permitted to carry onward the task, which for eight years he had conscientiously striven to fulfil, of consolidating the independence of the country over which he had been placed for that especial purpose. Such an appeal to the generosity of the Czar he must have hoped and believed would not be without effect; and in this hope, as we are informed, he sent for the Russian Consul and gave him the telegram to send in cypher, as a strictly confidential document.

It is impossible not to regard as most unfortunate the sentence in this telegram, in which the Prince said: 'Russia having given me my crown, it is into the hands of Russia's Sovereign that I am ready to render it.' Not Russia, but the Bulgarian people, with the sanction of the European Powers, had given him his crown; and if it were to be rendered up, it would only rightfully be into the hands that gave it. No explanation of what the Prince meant by the words has been made public, and it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that they were written without a full appreciation of the meaning which would be placed upon them by ordinary critics. There might have been in his mind a hope of touching the Czar's heart, by the recognition they implied of the share of the late Czar in advocating his candidature for the throne. However this may be, the Czar seems to have seized upon the Prince's appeal as affording a welcome opportunity to give vent to a long-cherished rancour, which for years had found liberal utterance in the mouths of his adherents in Bulgaria and elsewhere. The telegram, *sent as a confidential communication to the Czar himself*, appeared in the 'Official Messenger' of St. Petersburg on September 2nd, together with the Czar's answer, the language of which will not soon be forgotten:—

'I have received,' it said, 'your Highness's telegram. I cannot approve your return to Bulgaria, foreseeing its sinister consequences for the country, which has already been so sorely tried. The mission of Prince Dolgorouki has become inexpedient. I shall abstain, so long as your Highness remains in Bulgaria, from any intervention in the sad condition to which the country has been reduced. Your Highness will decide for your own part what course should be taken. I reserve to myself to judge what my father's venerated memory, the interests of Russia, and the peace of the East require of me.'

That no circumstance of indignity might be wanting to this reply, it was published to the world even before it reached Prince Alexander, which it did only when he had arrived at Philippopolis. Its tone and tenor showed, only too clearly, what the Prince and Bulgaria had to expect from one who had no word of reprobation for the outrage to both, which had

 been

been perpetrated by Major Grueff and his band of conspirators. They showed at the same time how *maladroit* a sovereign must be, who should, after such an incident, declare open hostility to the return of the Prince to the country over which he had been placed by the national voice, and by the sanction of the signatories to the Treaty of Berlin. That the Czar knew beforehand of the intention to seize the Prince, and regretted its failure, was the only inference which astonished Europe could draw from his language. Such crimes must be paid for liberally in money; and whence but from the Russian treasury could have come the vast sums, by which not only the perpetrators of the *coup de main* of the 20th of August, but also the Russian agitators for the last eight years, have been encouraged 'to break down fair respect of sovereignty.' There was for the Prince some consolation in the announcement, that the despatch of Prince Dolgorouki to Bulgaria had been suspended; for this averted, for the moment at least, the hazards of an outbreak, which in the then temper of the loyal Bulgarians might easily have been provoked, and would have deluged the country with blood, while it gave time to the other parties to the Treaty of Berlin to consider the whole position, with reference to the ultimate intentions of Russia, as these might be plainly deduced from the language of the Czar. The Prince could henceforth only regard that potentate as his implacable foe; and, knowing but too well what agencies Russia already had at work within Bulgaria itself, and how these would be still further strengthened on his return, the feeling was deepened which, despite the enthusiasm with which that return was everywhere hailed, had been growing upon his mind, that the interests of his subjects demanded his abdication. This feeling, we are told, became conviction when, on reaching Nikopolis, his journey to which had been one triumphal progress, he learned definitively that Germany and Austria looked with disfavour on measures being taken to bring the leaders of the conspiracy to trial, when disclosures must have been made which would have thrown a flood of light upon the real instigators of the plot, and the purposes, little in accordance with the avowed objects of the Treaty of Berlin, by which it was prompted.

Nothing now remained for the Prince but to lay down with honour what had for a long time been to him but a crown of thorns, which, in Milton's words, had

> 'Brought dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
> To him who wore the regal diadem.'

He had the proud consciousness, that he was not driven to do so

so by his subjects. His reception had proved that they, at least, had no share in the plot against his person and authority. On the contrary, they acknowledged, with gratitude most profuse in its language, that he had done his best to guard and to promote their interests. The whole nation was at his feet. Wherever he went, he was greeted with spontaneous demonstrations of affection, and proofs were showered upon him that his people longed for him to remain as their Prince, believing that his cause was bound up with the cause of Bulgarian freedom. But they could not estimate, as he could, how hopeless would be his struggle against the 'malice domestic' of hired assassins, how great the perils which might be drawn down upon them by his continuing, without the aid of any single European Power, to brave the anger of the Russian Autocrat. To sacrifice himself might haply appease the anger of that master of many legions; and that sacrifice, therefore, he could not hesitate to make. It would, in any event, place Europe in a position to judge how sincere he, at least, was in the desire which others professed, to secure the unity and independence of Bulgaria, in the interests, not only of her people, but of the peace of Europe.

So soon as he reached Sofia (Sept. 3rd), he made known his fixed resolution to retire. No further time was lost by the Prince in giving it effect than was necessary to make proper arrangements for securing peace and tranquillity in the country, and for carrying on the government after his retirement. The traitorous Strouma Regiment was disbanded; so also was their coadjutor, the Artillery Brigade. The Military College was dissolved, and the cadets dismissed to serve out their time as privates in the army. Thus was a righteous brand stamped upon these recreants to the standard of their Prince. A Regency was appointed to carry on the Government, composed of Stambouloff, Moutkouroff, and Karaveloff, the two first of whom are the best men in the country, and have already shown that they may be relied upon to defend the national independence, while maintaining an attitude of courtesy and judicious complaisance towards Russia. The Prince's brief stay in Sofia was spent in earnest efforts to impress the friends whom he left behind, and the country generally, with his own convictions as to the policy of supporting the Regency, and by the temperance and prudence of their proceedings depriving Russia of any pretext for withdrawing from her engagements to the country and to Europe.

On September 7th the Prince left Sofia to return to his father's home. All the city turned out to witness the strange spectacle of a prince who had laid down, for what he deemed their good, a crown

crown which they wished him to retain. The Palace and garden were thronged with people of all classes, and the Prince took leave of them with the manly dignity for which his bearing is conspicuous. There was hardly a dry eye among the thousands there, as he strode across the open space in front of the Palace, where some hundreds of the officers of the garrison were drawn up. His own eyes were full of tears, and his voice shook as he said, 'Good bye!' three times over, to which they responded with what sounded like a hoarse wail, 'Good bye, Sire! good bye, your Highness! God with you!' Mounting into his carriage, he stood up, and, baring his head, waved a mute farewell to all around; then, as he drove off, the cavalry band outside struck up the National Anthem, and preceded him through the town. The crowd in the streets was so great, that the carriage was repeatedly stopped by the people pressing forward to kiss his hand, when he rose up, and shouted, 'Long live Bulgaria!' which was taken up and re-echoed by people and soldiers till he was clear of the town.

Before the Prince left, the Act of Abdication had been made public—in which he announced that his departure from Bulgaria was resolved on from the conviction, that it would contribute to her liberation. 'Having received the assurances of his Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia that the independence, liberty, and rights of our country will remain intact, and that nobody will interfere in its internal affairs,' the Prince renounced the Bulgarian throne.

Thus ended, at all events for a time, it may be for ever, the efforts of an able and upright man to fulfil his duty to the people over whom he had been set. 'Treason had done its worst,'—treason, not of his subjects, but of aliens. Whoever may mourn—and Europe may yet have to mourn in bitterest sorrow—the sacrifice he has been compelled to make, no pang of remorse can be his for opportunity lost, for selfish aims preferred to public duty, for the surrender of one tittle of the rights, which the voice of Europe had entrusted to his charge. By doing his duty to his people, he had drawn upon himself the hatred of the Power whose aim is to trample upon their rights, and which has shown by its action that it feared, while it hated him.

We do not enter into speculations as to what may be the ultimate issue of a miserable plot. By whom and for what it was designed Europe now sees, for the intentions of Russia have been made palpable to every eye by the measures she has since taken. Under the Treaty of Berlin she, along with the other Signatory Powers, is excluded from all interference in the internal affairs of Bulgaria, which is thereby declared to be 'autonomous,'

'autonomous,' under the government of a Prince 'freely elected by the population.' In the discussions about Eastern Roumelia Russia was loud in her denunciations of any breach, however small, of the conditions of that Treaty. How does she reconcile the arguments she then used, with the presence at Sofia of her emissary, M. Kaulbars, and his dictation of imperious terms, which strip the government of Bulgaria of all freedom of action, and tell the people that their Prince, the Prince they love and know they can trust, shall not be reinstated by them, nor any Prince be elected except such as Russia approves?

Already signs are not wanting, that Europe will not allow itself to be treated as if of no account in a question in which its interests are vitally concerned. The Czar may think that he may 'bestride the narrow world like a Colossus;' but it is by no means sure that the other Powers will be content to

> 'Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
> To find ourselves dishonourable graves.'

It is time a stand should be made, in the interests of mankind, against a Power which, by its boundless ambition, keeps Europe in continual unrest and harassed by hourly apprehension. To yield to her intolerable arrogance now may avert war for a time, but it can only be for a time; and Europe will, sooner or later, have to measure its strength against this formidable neighbour, made more formidable than ever, if, through pusillanimity, it allows itself now to be browbeaten into letting him sweep into his empire a brave and simple-hearted people, who have shown themselves worthy of their freedom, and who, if supported in their desire for union and self-dependence, will be an invaluable barrier against future encroachments. Of the views of England there can be little doubt; Austria also has spoken with no uncertain voice; Germany knows in her heart, that, whatever Prince Bismarck may say,

> 'Wenn hinten weit in der Türkei
> Die Völker auf einander schlagen,'

her people are not now free, as they were when Goethe wrote these lines, to stand aloof and over their wine bless with easy unconcern 'Frieden und Friedenszeiten'; Italy has interests in peril; France cannot wish to lose her predominance in the Mediterranean; and the Porte has a choice to make between prompt expulsion from Europe, and being allowed to shuffle on at Stamboul for a few more years. Already Russia must see that the path she would fain tread is full of danger. Let Europe be firm, and the Czar must abandon the position he has taken.

ART.

ART. VIII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on Business of the House.* (March 28th, 1871.)
2. *Report from the Select Committee on Public Business.* (July 8th, 1878.)
3. *Report from the Select Committee on Parliamentary Procedure.* (June 10th, 1886.)
4. *Standing Rules of the House of Representatives.* Compiled by Henry H. Smith, Clerk of the House. Washington: 1877.
5. *Rules, Orders, and Forms of Proceeding of the House of Commons.* (Officially Published.) 1886.
6. *Standing Orders of the House of Commons.* 1886.

THE great question of the day for the people of England to decide—a question preliminary to the settlement of any other—is, whether they intend to allow their ancient Parliament to be struck down by its avowed enemies, assisted by an unscrupulous draft from Mr. Gladstone's party, or whether they will interfere to defeat that conspiracy, and put to flight the Irish and Radical confederates. As to the reality and critical nature of the danger, there cannot any longer be the slightest doubt. Obstruction has now become a science. It was first adopted by the Liberal party in Parliament in 1876–78. In 1879, Mr. Gladstone himself defended it in an elaborate article in a monthly publication. It is needless to say, that his defence was not absolutely unqualified—we all know that no statement of his, on any side of a question, is ever put forward without the indispensable 'loophole.' But he said quite enough to assure his Irish friends, who were afterwards to become his allies, of his support and countenance. It was very wrong, he admitted, to prolong debate wantonly, but to prolong it 'even by persistent reiteration on legislative measures, is not necessarily an outrage, an offence, or even an indiscretion.' It was actually justifiable, he went on to contend—or, to use his own words, it was hardly an offence which could be 'dealt with'—'in cases where the subject in debate is wide, and of real public moment,' or where the obstructor 'can show that by his tenacity he has been enabled to modify the action of the Government and the provisions of the law.' If that is all that is needed to establish obstruction as a legitimate Parliamentary practice, Mr. Parnell and his followers need no further vindication. Undoubtedly they succeeded in 'modifying' the action of Mr. Gladstone's Government, turning it from violent measures of coercion to absolute and unconditional surrender to their demands. This, perhaps, is one reason why Mr. Gladstone's late colleagues supported,

supported, or at least did not oppose, the obstructive tactics pursued by the Parnellites, the Conybeares, and the Radical guerrillas throughout the recent Session. The Government of Lord Beaconsfield, during its last two years, was dogged night and day by obstructionists, led by several well-known Radicals, one of whom has recently been compelled to withdraw from public life. The Radicals, who now pretend that obstruction was born in 1880, after Mr. Gladstone came into office, exhibit an ignorance of political history, or a determination to falsify it, which may be worthy of some of the 'rising men' in their party, but which is a new feature in English public life.

Parliamentary obstruction was the invention of Liberals, some of whom have the grace to be very much ashamed of it; but we must also remember, that it is an essential part of the general campaign against the British Empire officially authorized by Mr. Parnell. 'Seek to deprive Parliament of her separate Parliament,' he said, on September 2nd, 1885, and 'we shall make all other things impossible for those who so seek.' His chief lieutenant, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, has boasted in one of his works, that in the British Parliament the Irish have found the 'vulnerable point' of this country. The same authority, after denying that Mr. Parnell was the father of obstruction, thus defines the object and end of the device:—'The obstruction of which the Irish leader was supposed to be the parent was all-round obstruction—obstruction to make legislation practically impossible, and *to confound and destroy the Parliamentary machine.*' * In another work he gives some explanations of the process:—

'The obstruction in these cases [Irish Church Bill, Land Bill, &c., upon which there was genuine opposition as distinguished from mere obstruction] had been directed against particular Bills; whereas the obstruction that now faced Parliament intervened in every single detail of its business, and not merely in contentious business, but business that up to this time had been considered formal. The Irish duumvirate [Parnell and Biggar], in fact, found nothing too small and nothing too big for discussion, was as active in the small hours of the morning as at the hour when the sitting was still in the full vigour of youth; *in short, it threw the entire Parliamentary machinery out of gear.* The two leaders of this policy proved perfectly insensible to the methods that had been so omnipotent against their predecessors. Praise did not soothe them, nor violence make them falter; if the House groaned, they paused until the groans were over; if the House was turbulent, they trudged doggedly and merrily along until the House was worsted in the struggle.' †

* 'Gladstone's House of Commons,' by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., p. 306.
† 'The Parnell Movement,' by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., pp. 268–9.

Mr. Parnell

Mr. Parnell must sometimes be tempted to wish, that he had not quite so many 'historians' in his party, or that they did not disclose the secrets of the prison house so freely. As they cannot possibly foresee all the circumstances that may arise in the future, their boasts, confessions, and revelations at one time afford conclusive evidence against them at another. Some of Mr. O'Connor's remarks on the cruelty and treachery of the Liberal party towards Ireland, and the generosity of the Conservatives, must be very inconvenient to the new alliance. In like manner, it may be awkward for the Parnellites to have it formally announced, that the sole purpose of their peculiar method of obstruction is to 'confound and destroy the Parliamentary machine'—to throw 'the entire Parliamentary machine out of gear.' That this is the inevitable effect of the Parnellite tactics, is now only too plain; but will the great body of the nation look on with unconcern while the 'machine' is thus being broken up? Will the working men of the country be contented to see all their interests neglected, all the questions in which they are vitally concerned pushed contemptuously aside; trade, economical government, improvement of the labour market, all shelved and smothered, in order that the Parnellites may intimidate the country into 'letting Ireland go,' and that a few acrid and egotistical Radicals may puff themselves into notoriety?

The Parnellites and their allies have a ready answer to these questions. They say, 'Yes, the people of England *will* stand by quietly while this work is done, and even become parties to it.' Strange as it may seem, that appears to be their genuine belief, and they hold that it is justified by the ease with which they have conquered Mr. Gladstone—not to mention Sir William Harcourt, who was described by the too picturesque Mr. O'Connor in 1883, as trembling for his life—'dogged, as he believes, everywhere by assassins; attended by a small body-guard of detectives even in the corridors of the House of Commons; of a temperament at once fierce and timid, he has been driven well-nigh crazy by the events of the last two years.' But Mr. O'Connor and his friends make a fatal mistake in generalizing from one or two men to an entire nation. The English people are not all timid and truculent, nor are they ready to crouch down in the dust at the threats of a few American-Irish desperadoes. The Parnellites can boast of great successes, thanks to the weakness and loss of judgment of a very eminent man, but they have also made many disastrous blunders. It was a colossal blunder to boast, as they did before the general election this year, that they had fifty English boroughs

boroughs in their pockets. It is a blunder equally great to assume, that the English people will be afraid to stretch forth their hands to save Parliament from destruction. The 'Times' has justly pointed out, that when the true nature of the evil becomes known to the country, a remedy for it will most certainly be found, and the same journal has done much to make the evil properly known. The great difficulty is, to bring home to the public mind any real conception of the scenes by which Parliament is crippled and degraded. The reports, even in the 'Times,' are necessarily condensed, except in regard to the speeches of leading men on important occasions. Most of the other daily journals are obliged, by considerations of space, to content themselves with giving an outline of the proceedings, and probably this is as much as their readers desire to have. The result is, that the general public scarcely ever hear of the discreditable side of Parliamentary life. They would be astonished to learn that Lord Hartington, when he rose to speak not long ago, was assailed by cries of 'Judas!' from the Irish benches; that Mr. Chamberlain is interrupted by all kinds of offensive exclamations; that such expressions as 'Tory blackguards' and 'Tory ruffians' are constantly heard from the same quarter, and that speakers sometimes rise whose manner and language suggest very grave doubts as to their condition. In the month of September, for instance, during a long night of obstruction, a member on the Parnellite side got up and gave utterance to a most extraordinary series of cries, interspersed with a disjointed narrative of some man who 'got drunk.' The cries or groans which proceeded from the member made up about two-thirds of his 'speech'—the other third was occupied with his story of the drunken man, to which the ironical cheers of the Opposition adroitly gave a personal application. 'Why was he drunk?' asked the hon. member, and cheers greeted the question. 'What made him drunk?' More cheers. 'Then the policemen came,' continued the hon. member, 'to turn me out. They took the drum and knocked it in. Turn me out!' (in a loud voice). 'It would take a good many to do that. Ah! Well, Mr. Speaker. Will they turn me out? What are they for? Yes—ah! Now let me tell you about that man who got drunk—' and so forth. The discussion was about the police, and this wonderful oration did not appear to be out of order. These are incidents which are well calculated, and are probably intended, to bring the House of Commons into universal contempt—or, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor puts it, to 'throw the entire Parliamentary machine out of gear.'

Working men expect the Conservative party—and very properly

perly expect it—to do something to benefit their industries, to soften and improve the conditions of their daily life, and to redress any injustice which may tend to embitter their lot. They must be made to understand, that nothing can be done for them, or for any other class in the nation, until the Parnellite clutch on the throat of Parliament is loosened. Every Conservative member must tell the plain truth about the matter; he must seize every opportunity during the present recess of impressing upon his constituents, that he is powerless, and that all his party are powerless, to advance any form of English business, owing to the determination of the Parnellites to 'break the machine.' A member of the House may be full of zeal and industry, and may desire above all things to do his duty, and to keep his pledges to his constituents. But he very soon finds that, except on division nights, he might as well be at the Antipodes as at Westminster. The forms of the House bind him hand and foot. They are powerful to do everything except to prevent organized obstruction from triumphing over them.

Thus, the member who enters upon his work animated with the hope of performing it with fidelity, and of doing some service to his constituents, is made to feel that he is merely imitating, in a hum-drum way, the exploits of Don Quixote. Everything is against him. A well-disciplined band—even if it numbers no more than half-a-dozen—may accomplish something, but to fight the battle alone is a tremendous undertaking. At present, neither of the old and recognized parties in the State is competent to deal with Irish and Radical obstruction. Parliament will be practically useless for the protection of English and Imperial interests, until this deadly weapon is struck out of the hands of those who use it. If Conservative members cannot make this clear to their constituents during the next few months, it needs no prophet to inform them, that many of their seats will be transferred to Radicals at the next election. The disappointment of the people at seeing nothing done will inevitably be wreaked upon the party and the Government at present in power.

Let us glance at the actual incidents of the Session just closed. Parliament, it will be remembered, was formally opened with the Queen's Speech on the 19th of August. The Speech itself was one of the shortest which has ever proceeded from the Throne, and it was necessarily supplemented by explanations in both Houses with regard to the Ministerial policy. These explanations were made by Mr. Gladstone the pretext for a speech, which was only delivered by appealing to the House for its indulgence against the ruling of the Chair. He has arrived

arrived at that point in his career when he asserts his claim to be above all rules. He has a special license to do and say anything he thinks proper. He may, and does, put words into the mouth of any other public man; and when he is called upon to verify his imaginary quotation, he may stoutly refuse to do so. 'I say that So-and-so used these words—therefore he did.' * Whether in these, as in so many other respects, he sets a good example to the generation which is succeeding him, we take leave to doubt. His excuse last August for breaking the rules of the House of Commons, and the excuse of his followers, the Parnellites, for obstructing the progress of business for nearly three weeks, was that the Ministry had given a general outline of its policy—which, briefly summed up, was to restore law and order in Ireland, and to maintain the Union. If the Ministry had refused to say a word beyond the Queen's Speech, that would have been still more easily made the occasion for a tremendous outpouring of Mr. Gladstone's indignation. How could a Ministry dare to come before Parliament in sullen silence regarding its intentions and plans? What right had it to treat the English people as if they were a nation of slaves? Such are some of the passionate reproaches which would have streamed from Mr. Gladstone's lips. It has mattered very little what course the Ministry pursued; everything has been wrong in the eyes of Mr. Gladstone, and of the Parnellites with whom he has thrown in his lot. If the Government has replied to objections or attacks, it has been overwhelmed with a torrent of abuse; if it has remained silent, that has been seized upon as an excellent reason for refusing to proceed with business until it could be made to speak. If it made concessions, it only provoked fresh attack; if it refused concessions, it was assailed with a fury which must have given everybody who witnessed it some faint idea of the depth and bitterness of Irish malignity. Any excuse served for wasting the public time and harassing the Government. One night it was the Barbavilla case—that was good for seven hours; another night it was the Father Fahy case—six hours, with frequent repeti-

* This was actually the course he took in the House of Commons on Sept. 20th, when he attributed to Lord Salisbury language which that nobleman never used, and being called upon by many members to 'quote,' he doggedly replied—'No, I will not quote.' Referring to this daring misrepresentation, Lord Salisbury remarked on the 22nd of September (at St. Albans): 'I said nothing of the kind. Parliamentary courtesy will not allow me to express in as strong language as I should like to use, the contradiction which these statements demand.' No one in public life to-day is so reckless as Mr. Gladstone in attributing language to his opponents which they never used, or in twisting their words into a signification they were not intended to have.

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tions of the performance on subsequent occasions. Then a public official, who was admitted on all sides to be doing no more than his duty, was denounced as a 'savage,' desirous of 'imbruing his hands in the blood of the people.'* That a subject had been thoroughly discussed one night was no reason why it should not be brought up the following night, on some vote in Committee of Supply. As a matter of course, the Irish party have become skilful in perverting the forms of the House to any use they please; and as these rules were framed for a totally different condition of public life, when a higher standard of honour prevailed, and upon the supposition that they would be treated in good faith, they afford unlimited scope for ingenuity in breaking them. The Chairman of Committees might, perhaps, have shown a little more promptness and decision at times, but nothing less than a great and sweeping modification of the present system can enable him, or the Speaker, to protect the House from the grossest indignities, and to keep discussion within reasonable and orderly limits.

Thus, then, the debate on the Address was made to occupy twelve nights, or three working weeks. Mr. Parnell had an amendment, which was discussed four nights; Mr. E. Russell wasted some hours over an obstructive motion for the adjournment of the House; Mr. S. Smith had an amendment relating to the Burmese war, and Mr. Cremer had another on the same question. Then there was an amendment on the Crofter difficulty, and another on Lord Randolph Churchill's Belfast speeches. When the Report was brought up, there was still another amendment on the Belfast speeches, Dr. Clarke introduced the Crofter grievances again, and Dr. Cameron had another talk about Burma. One night, Mr. Conybeare had a long innings; on another, Sir George Campbell discoursed about the fine arts. So the game went on. The greater part of all this time was utterly wasted; the amendments were mainly designed to enable egotistical *bavards* to 'air their vocabularies,' or to serve the purpose of wanton and malicious obstruction. Some of the scenes which took place were thoroughly disgraceful. One night—that of August 31st—the Speaker was obliged to order five members, one after another, to resume their seats for 'repetition and irrelevancy,' and in no instance did he interfere until it had been made manifest that the members in question were deliberately intent upon 'trifling with the House.' It is worthy of note, that for thus honestly performing his imperative

* This expression (made use of by Mr. J. O'Connor) was withdrawn under compulsion from the Chair; but in substance it was deliberately repeated, though in a modified form.

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duty, the Speaker was instantly made the subject of violent attack and dastardly insinuations by the Parnellite organs. Paragraphs appeared in various journals stating that 'the Speaker would soon be removed from the Chair;' and a London evening journal was not ashamed to throw out dark insinuations, that Mr. Peel was suffering from 'over-fatigue,' in a way which was the subject of 'current talk among many of the oldest and most respected members of the House.' There is no form of vilification which the English and Irish representatives of the Separatist faction are not ready to use against anybody who dares to thwart them.

On the 2nd of September the Parnellites, aided by a dozen Radicals, resumed their operations. Mr. W. Redmond was called to order four times, and was required to apologize for 'using expressions'—said the Speaker—'which are highly improper and unparliamentary.' Sir W. Harcourt, attempting to claim the same license as Mr. Gladstone, by infringing the rules, was also called to order, and after an undignified and irritable attempt to overawe the Chair, he too was compelled to obey, and almost immediately afterwards he fled passionately from the House. A farcical amendment was brought forward by Mr. Labouchere, censuring Lord Randolph Churchill for his speeches at Belfast, the whole of the previous sittings on Wednesday and Thursday having already been thrown away in an utterly unprofitable discussion on the same topic. Ridiculous as Mr. Labouchere's amendment was, it received the support, on a division, of Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, and a few Liberals of the suburban vestry type.

Night after night, the Parnellites and their Radical assistants exhausted every device for preventing Parliament doing the work for which it was called together. A correspondent of the 'Times' has stated with perfect truth, that some of the Irish speakers seemed to have been put up for the express purpose of trying how far the House of Commons could be insulted with impunity. On the 13th of September, the House met at 4 in the afternoon, and did not adjourn till nearly 4 the next morning, the Conservatives being kept there throughout the twelve hours lest the Ministry should be caught during the dinner hour, or late at night, in a minority. Nearly the whole of this long and tedious sitting was frittered away in 'irrelevancies and repetitions,' one Parnellite getting up after another and giving utterance to the same inanities in the same weary jargon. Motions were made for reducing the estimates by 20*l.*, by 10*l.*, and similar sums; and these or similar motions were appropriately supported by speeches which, as the 'Times' correspondent truly said, had 'no sense or meaning in them.'

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One of the stop-gap speakers, named O'Hanlon,* seldom makes any attempt to use connected language, or, if he does, he fails most lamentably. He goes 'merrily along' with any trash that comes first. He complained once that the 'Oirish could not get justice, and their hearts bled for the poor Scotch crofters, who were driven from the say boord to the mountain caves.' Another, named Blaine,† runs O'Hanlon a close race for the prize which perhaps Mr. Parnell awards at the close of each Session to the member who has talked the greatest nonsense in the greatest number of hours. These shining lights of the House are far from being the greatest bores of their party—their displays are sometimes even amusing; but they are characteristic examples of the kind of legislators who would make laws for Ireland in the event of Mr. Gladstone's Separation scheme being carried.

On the 14th of September, the proceedings were a little varied by a field night on the Barbavilla case. Mr. Sexton (a man, we need scarcely say, to be placed in a very different category from that in which are ranked the O'Hanlons, the Jordans, the Blaines and the 'Mat.' Harrises—and who probably looks down upon his motley companions with immeasurable contempt), Mr. Sexton took a tolerably wide range, and enjoyed it, for the most part, without interruption. The subject given out by one or other of the leaders for treatment being the imprisonment of certain men for a murder, Mr. Sexton touched cleverly upon the mission of Sir Redvers Buller, the Belfast Riots, the Rifle Clubs in Belfast, the employment of Catholics in Belfast, and other topics. Mr. Sexton, like Mr. Dillon, is above taking any part in the vulgar rowdyism which continually goes on in the Irish ranks, but he knows how to pass away two or three hours in purposeless discussion as well as any man alive. In the course of the night, the rough-and-tumble clowns of the arena had as good an opportunity for display as they could desire. 'Mat.'‡ Harris declared that the 'condition of local government should be conditioned, and that the poor tenants ought to be allowed their fraydom.' He went on as follows:—

'*Mr. Harris:* I was elected in Ballinasloe——

'*Chairman:* This point has nothing to do with the subject.

'*Mr. Harris:* Then I'll take up another. What I say is, don't be lavin' it to individuals to do work as ought to be provided for on public grounds where the funds——

'*Chairman:* I cannot see the application of this to the Barbavilla case.

* 'A licensed grocer at Derry.'—Dod's 'Parliamentary Companion.'
† 'A working tailor.'—Dod.
‡ A builder—'originally a working bricklayer.'—Dod.

'*Mr.*

'*Mr. Harris:* I was just goin' to show, Sorr. Now, Ballinasloe has to pay for the gas—(Chairman shakes his head)—Then I won't purceed with that line o' argimint. (After a pause.) Well, Sorr, the potato rate—(loud laughter from the Conservatives).

'*Chairman:* Order, order!

'*Mr. Harris:* Sorr, I must say that potato seed—(Chairman shakes his head again). Well, Sorr, I'm comin' to the point. As I was saying', the gas at Ballinasloe——'

This is not a burlesque, as might naturally be supposed, but an actual transcript from notes taken at the time. The scene presents a very fair example of an ordinary Irish 'debate' on nights of systematic obstruction, when the chief leaders of the party judiciously absent themselves, and leave the 'fun' to be carried on by the 'boys.' For it ought to be distinctly understood by the public, that the contest in the House of Commons between the party of order and that of disorder is not carried on under anything like equal terms. The Cabinet officials who have seats in the lower House, are compelled to be present at nearly all hours—the Leader of the House, Lord Randolph Churchill, was not absent from his place, at any time during the past Session, for more than a very brief interval at dinner time. During one of the all-night sittings, he was in the House at least 10½ hours out of 12. It is needless to remark, that this prolonged strain cannot be a very fitting preparation in any case for those duties of the day, which must press heavily at all times upon the chiefs of the great Departments. Permanent officials and subordinates may do much, but it will not answer in these days to leave everything to them. On the other hand, Mr. Parnell now takes matters very easily. The wear and tear of Parliamentary life signify nothing whatever to him. He is seldom seen in the House; even when his 'Tenant's Relief' Bill was produced, he did not condescend to be present during the debate. He threw his Bill upon the table, with directions that the House should pass it, and then he contemptuously walked off. After an absence of weeks, during which his swashbucklers have been busily engaged in throwing everything into confusion, he reappears for some special occasion, bland, smooth, and smiling. He has been into 'retirement.' No man ever directed the campaign of Irish agitation under more luxurious conditions. Plenty of money coming in from America, obedient vassals all round him, a chosen companion or two to enliven his frequent holidays—certainly the lot of Mr. Parnell is more enviable, from the purely sensual and selfish point of view, than that of any Minister of the Crown.

But the 'instrument of torture,' as Lord Salisbury aptly calls it, which by Mr. Parnell's orders is set in operation upon the majority of members, tends to wear out the physical and mental energies alike. The incessant din of wild and purposeless talk stuns the ear and benumbs the mind. After a few hours of this misery, a feeling of despair steals over the unfortunate hearer; drowsiness sits upon his eyelids, and yet he cannot sleep. The convenient habit of slumbering in the House can only be acquired by long practice, and by a few fortunate individuals. Many a jaded member must often think of Lord North's exclamation when some one who was attacking him declared he was asleep: 'I wish to G— I were.' In these days, so many 'personally conducted' parties are constantly marching through the libraries, that systematic work there is almost impossible. The smoking room, with its ghastly and incomprehensible pictures, is available, but to smoke all night does not improve the nerves next day. On a fine night the terrace offers a noble refuge, but it is possible to have too much even of that. No one seems contented with his lot but the Irish Home Ruler, who knows that the work of the 'Boss' is being done upstairs, and that the Government is being driven to despair. The seconds in command look in occasionally to see how the 'boys' are going on, bestow a few approving smiles all round, and retire to more congenial pursuits. The weary English member, after wandering vaguely about for an hour or so, returns to his seat in the House, to find one of the hacks of the Irish party hammering away at the same old grievance which has done duty for days past. Lord Salisbury did not exaggerate in the slightest, when he said at St. Albans, on the 23rd of September,—

'I do not fancy that the unfortunate persons, whom magistrates four times a year sentence to hard labour, have anything like the misery and the discomfort to undergo that is undergone by a member of Parliament passing through a night of Irish obstruction. Irish obstruction has very much changed in its character. The name was formerly given to efforts—perhaps exaggerated and reprehensible efforts—at long discussion, at the complete thrashing out and sifting of any subject submitted to Parliament. Sometimes it represented the earnest desire on the part of those who were opposed to legislation to carry their opposition to the utmost possible length, but the obstruction of these days, under the skilful hands which wield it, now means something totally different. It is an instrument of torture applied to the majority and to the Government, to induce them by mere physical suffering, and at the cost of great endurance, to concede this thing or that thing upon which the leaders of obstruction have set their hearts. You can fancy what the sufferings of the majority must

must be when they are subjected to a process of that kind. They have to sit on and to listen, not to argument, not to exhortation, but to elaborate efforts to waste time. They are kept there night after night, in the hope that, under the pressure of sheer discomfort and fatigue, they will concede something which they know in their public duty they ought not to concede. I assure you your deepest sympathy is due to the members who represent you in Parliament, and that it is no sinecure, and that it is no cushioned ease which those seek who desire to attain that honour.'

No doubt there are times when members try to protect themselves from these outrages by what Mr. Speaker Brand described as the 'moral clôture'—that is, by cries of 'Divide,' and other interruptions. But all such resources fail against the iron-clad Irish obstructionist. He is sent to Westminster—in many cases, he is paid to go there—for the express purpose of making himself offensive. To do him justice, he does his best and his worst to earn his wages. He is not to be affected by remonstrances or expressions of adverse opinion. If anything, he rather prefers these indications of discontent. Any gibberish which comes first to his lips will do for a 'speech.' His victims resign themselves to their fate, and think themselves lucky if they are allowed to go home a couple of hours or so after midnight.

The burden thus laid upon private members is insupportable; but how, we may fairly ask, can the country expect its business to be properly done when those who are responsible for its management are kept up all night, wearing out health and life in the hopeless attempt to fight against a vigilant and relentless band of from eighty to a hundred opponents of all sane proceedings? It happened more than once during the past Session, that Ministers were kept in the House till nearly 4 in the morning, and were obliged to be in their places again at 12. On the 23rd of September they were present from 4 P.M. till past 2 A.M., and again from noon the same day till half-past nine at night. It must be remembered that, after a Minister has thus been at his slavery for eleven or twelve consecutive hours, the first thing he finds on waking up is a long string of questions on all sorts of frivolous and ridiculous subjects, to be answered soon after 4 o'clock on the same day. A more preposterous system of carrying on the public work could not be devised. 'When is Biddy Malone to be promoted in the Ballybunnion post-office? Why is Timothy Sullivan not pensioned off? Did not Mike Flaherty slip down on a piece of orange-peel last month, and will the Government give him compensation?' Such is the character of the questions

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which fill the paper night after night. The following is an actual specimen:—

'*Mr. D. Sullivan* asked the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whether his attention had been called to the following advertisement which appeared in the "General Advertiser," Dublin, on Saturday last, the 11th inst., "The Central Lunatic Asylum at Dundrum.—A kitchenmaid (Protestant) is required for the above asylum;" and whether the lunatic asylum at Dundrum was chiefly maintained by Irish Catholic taxpayers; and, if so, on what grounds a Catholic was not as eligible as a Protestant for the appointment referred to in the advertisement.

'*Sir M. Hicks-Beach:* The advertisement in question was inserted by the resident medical superintendent of the asylum, who, in making the stipulation as to religion, appears to have been influenced by the considerations, that there is only one Protestant among the entire female staff of the asylum; that in her absence there would be no person to take the female patients to the Protestant service (laughter); and that unless this arrangement were made, one of the Catholic nurses would have to absent herself from mass in the morning in order to take charge of the refractory patients. (Laughter.)'

The Chief Secretary for Ireland has not enough anxiety and care and worry on his hands at a time like the present, and therefore he is to be made to enter into elaborate explanations about a kitchen-maid. Let it be remembered that sometimes there are as many as seventy questions on the paper, two-thirds of them from Irish members, and most of them constructed on the foregoing model.

The Parnellites, and their leaders—Mr. John Morley in particular—have but one answer to objections on this score. They say: 'Give the Irish a Parliament of their own, and you will get rid of this nuisance.' We are to be goaded and driven into yielding all that the Nationalists demand. But has it never occurred to Mr. Morley and his friends, that it is quite possible the people of England will be able to find a remedy for these attacks on Parliament *without* paying further 'blackmail'? How is it that Mr. Morley is afraid only of the Irish irreconcilables, and has persuaded himself that the English people—the great body of the nation—have no longer the spirit or the pluck to defend themselves? A man may allow his mind to dwell so exclusively upon a certain danger that he may lose all spirit, and tremble at shadows; but it does not follow that the rest of the world is in the same evil plight.

The question nuisance has long been growing more and more oppressive, in spite of the judicious regulation which prevents Members reading their little essays aloud in the House. In 1878,

1878, Sir Erskine May stated before the Parliamentary Committee then sitting that the number of questions 'was continually increasing;' and it has gone on increasing year by year. There are, no doubt, very useful and most necessary questions put every day, and it would be undesirable, in the last degree, to place any ill-judged restriction upon the right of members to elicit information in this way. The legitimate form of questioning Ministers is that which Sir Erskine May described in his evidence just cited, when he said:* 'It should be borne in mind that great advantages arise from putting questions; that they often avert debate, while they serve the purposes of debate: the object of the member in putting the question is expressed in the question itself, while the facts of the case, and the grounds of any decision, are also stated by the Minister in answer; and these explanations generally satisfy the House, and make it unnecessary to bring forward a motion upon the subject.' This is the way in which the system used to work in former days, but in common with everything else in Parliament, it has undergone a great change. Little would be lost at any time, and much would generally be gained, if two questions out of three were struck out of the paper as frivolous and absurd.

We have given one or two examples of the style of discussion which is adopted for obstruction purposes, but it is necessary to produce a few others, in order that the country may have some faint notion of the way in which the time of the House is consumed night after night. These illustrations are taken from *verbatim* reports, not hitherto laid before the public.

On September 16th a brisk attack was kept up for hours on an Irish landlord, Mr. Lewis, who had his house partially blown up with dynamite some time ago, and who alleged that he was threatened by the now notorious Father Fahy with the same punishment again, as well as with loss of his own life. Mr. Henry Campbell, of Fermanagh (private secretary to Mr. Parnell), was one of the speakers. He said:—

'It is scandalous, Mr. Courtney; it is a scandalous and monstrous position for a Government to take up, in backing up their Crown Solicitor in the county of Galway in this way, in backing him, but in refusing to give bail to a scamp of a man like Mr. Lewis. (The Chairman: Order, order.) I don't mean the term in any way offensive, Mr. Courtney, to the hon. and learned gentleman, the Attorney-General. This Mr. Lewis is well known in the county of Galway as a man who, like most of his class in Ireland, are without character. They have nothing which goes to make up what is generally comprised

* Report on 'Public Business,' July 1878. Question 79 (p. 9).

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in the word "man." He probably spent, and more than probably spent, the last half-crown which he possessed in buying a few pounds of powder or a few pounds of dynamite.

'*The Chairman:* Order, order. The hon. member must confine his observations to the point under discussion.

'*Mr. Henry Campbell:* I was just going on to say that by refusing bail in the case of this clergyman, as against a gentleman of the character and position of Mr. Lewis, is what no gentleman that has any knowledge of the case can justify.

'*The Attorney-General for Ireland:* There is no refusal of bail.

'*Mr. Henry Campbell:* At any rate, whether the Government refused to accept bail or not does not much matter. The clergyman, Rev. Father Fahy, in this case has acted as any Irishman, considering himself an Irishman, would act. He has elected to go to gaol sooner than to accept the ignominious position in which Her Majesty's Government would like to place him [*i.e.* of finding sureties to keep the peace]. The other prisoners, acting by his side, have done likewise; and when they return from gaol I question whether the Government or they—I would like to know whether the Government or this rev. gentleman and these other prisoners will be higher in the estimation of the people of the locality. Do the Government think that in taking the action of the kind which they have just taken in Galway, that they were smoothing the way in Ireland for a peaceful or quiet time during the coming winter? Why, Mr. Courtney, they are driving the thin edge of the wedge, which will eventually burst themselves.'

Presently Dr. Tanner, a distinguished ornament of the British Senate, took up the wondrous tale. Apart from some unavoidable condensation—for we cannot devote too many pages of the 'Quarterly Review' to Dr. Tanner's flowers of oratory—the report is *verbatim et literatim:*—

'I was more than surprised this evening to hear the remarks that fell from the lips of the noble baronet—(laughter)—the right hon. baronet—the right hon. gentleman may rise to that in time, but the known character of Captain Plunkett—his savagery, I cannot term it by any other name, in dealing with the people—is certainly strongly to be reprobated. (Laughter). Hon. and right hon. gentlemen may laugh, but I ask them in all seriousness, Mr. Courtney, whether it is for the benefit of a character for justice in the south of Ireland—aye, or in any part of Her Majesty's dominions—that an officer and a magistrate, filling magisterial functions, should be known as so literally a savage in his dealings with the people? Now, Mr. Courtney, I have seen again and again the treatment which the people have received at the hands of Captain Plunkett. I have seen the people of Cork knocked about with the butt-ends of rifles—aye, and ill-used with rifles too if he had the power—if he dared to do it. I know it. (Cries of "oh, oh," and order.")

'*The*

'*The Chairman:* I must point out to the hon. member that he must observe the rules of conduct for debate in this House.

'*Dr. Tanner:* I was talking of Captain Plunkett, and I understand that he is the subject of this debate. . . . Now what was the object of his being kept on? He was distinctly abnormal, and he was only placed there in consequence of an abnormal state of affairs. Well, he was kept on there, and everything became perfectly tranquil, of course in order that he should draw his pay, on the vote we are now asked to pass, containing the item for his pay. Well, sir, if he wasn't wanted there he should be withdrawn; but in consequence of his being kept on, what I would urge and maintain is this, that in consequence of his being kept on in the district, outrage was stirred up, and it was in consequence of his being kept on there that outrages became paramount in the district, and Captain Plunkett also, that in consequence of his incapacity, of his want of power, of his known indolence of character, that Captain Plunkett has not been able to restrain the violence in the district that was entrusted to his charge. Well, sir, from what I know of Captain Plunkett, I recollect one instance in connection with Captain Plunkett's career, I recollect well the night of the hon. member for West Mayo, and lately member for Cork, the night of his election, I recollect Captain Plunkett actually breaking his billiard cue in spite, in consequence of the popular triumph. The right hon. baronet and the right hon. gentleman know this Captain Plunkett. Why, then, do they get up in their places to defend him? Simply, sir, because he is a sprig of nobility out of place; and in consequence of Tory partiality, in consequence, sir, of Tory partiality, they try, they actually would try to maintain a practical humbug and sham.'

The discussion was continued by one after another, until at last the patience of the majority of the House was worn out, and then there occurred a little break in the monotony of the entertainment. Mr. Xavier O'Brien was keeping up the sport:—

'To Mr. Lewis I apprehend, as to the Attorney-General, this office of peacemaker was not by any means agreeable, as we can see by the results of it, and we can see what steps were taken. (Cries of "divide, divide".) The Attorney-General—(cries of "divide" and laughter). The Attorney-General—(cries of "divide" and laughter). The Attorney-General—(cries of "divide" and laughter). Mr. Courtney, will you kindly keep order, if you please? (Laughter.) The Attorney-General—(cheers and laughter)—being very simple—(cheers and laughter)—the Attorney-General—(cheers and laughter)—being very plain—(cheers and laughter)—the Attorney-General—(cheers and laughter). Well, gentlemen, I beg——

'*The Chairman:* Order, order.

'*Mr. O'Brien:* Mr. Courtney, I will wait the pleasure of these gentlemen.

'*The*

'*The Chairman:* Order, order.

'*Mr. O'Brien:* Mr. Courtney, the Attorney-General—(cheers and laughter)—told us the facts of this case. Mr. Lewis, with whom Father Fahy had had this interview, accordingly wrote to Dublin to the Attorney-General, stating his version of what had happened. The Attorney-General — (cheers and laughter). The Attorney-General—(cheers and laughter). The Attorney-General—(cheers and laughter). Now we are told, Mr. Courtney, of a very simple plan of acting in this case. Mr. Lewis stated his case to the Attorney-General. (Cheers and laughter.) The Attorney-General —(cheers and laughter)—immediately convinced by the powerful arguments of Mr. Lewis, instructed his under-strapper, Blake, to take immediate action against Father Fahy, and Father Fahy, on the unsupported testimony of Mr. Lewis, was immediately locked up. And that is a matter upon which the Right Hon. the Attorney-General, according to his case—and I beg to say that the conduct of the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in indulging in threats to us for discharging our duty here—if that conduct were not unconstitutional, I would say at all events it was an outrage and a scandal. (Cries of "withdraw.") The conduct of the Government, Mr. Attorney-General—I mean Mr. Courtney—(cheers and laughter)—I very much fear shows that they are inclined to go in for a policy of exasperation in Ireland.'

These are examples of the way in which public officials can be attacked, with entire impunity, in the House of Commons. Take, as another illustration, the remarks of Mr. E. Harrington (Sept. 16th) on General Redvers Buller:—

'When General Buller has shot down a few of the Kerry peasants without trial as he will do! (Cries of "shame" and "withdraw.") Following out—(cries of "withdraw" and "divide"). Following out—(cries of "divide"). Following out the policy—(cries of "divide"). Following out—(cries of "divide"). Yes, divide and conquer. Following out the policy of the leader of the noble Lord and of the Tory party—(cries of "divide")—when he shall have treated the Kerry people as Hottentots. Ah! but when he trots the real criminal out of his lair, and shows you that the Kerry landlord—the man who is incapable, even if the instincts of humanity were in him—is incapable from his present position of occupying—I see an hon. and learned gentleman who has travelled there with an impartial and open mind—he could throw a flood of light upon the matter if he would. (Cries of "name.") He could show you who are these criminals. (Cries of "name.") Ah, he could name them —he could name them. But they are the names of personages who are allied with tyrants, and it would be distasteful to gentlemen on those opposite benches that I should name them. There would be instantly a great cry of "divide," "divide," and "agreed, agreed, agreed," and so forth. There would be a great cry of anything that would

would stifle the voice of justice. I see an hon. and gallant member who possibly never saw Ireland or landlord without a feeling——

'*The Chairman:* Order, order. I must ask the hon. member to confine his observations to the vote before the Committee.

'*Mr. Harrington:* General Buller is entertained at the County Club of Tralee—a Club exclusively composed of partizans of the Government. So very pleasant was it, that it was printed in the 'Times.' The 'Times' is their Testament—their Old and New Testament; and it was printed in the 'Times' that he was entertained there. (Cries of "order" and "question.") I think that we are entitled to keep supplies from General Buller and from the Government. It was printed in the paper that he was entertained at the Club of the County. (Cheers and laughter.) Sir, if I might, without being out of order, be permitted to draw your attention to—(cries of "no" and laughter). Well, General Buller was entertained at luncheon at the County Club of Tralee. Now, as to that County Club I will only give one single instance of its character. (Cries of "question.")'

If we do not bring forward any more of these gems of Irish eloquence, it is for the reason which prevents the daily newspapers from producing any at all; namely, that no moderate amount of space would suffice to contain all that might be gathered, even from the record of a single night in the House of Commons.

Is it thus that the country desires to see 'the mother of Parliaments' brought low in the dust? Will the people sanction the deliberate and determined efforts of Mr. Parnell and his confederates to break up the House of Commons, in sheer revenge for the failure of their plot to break up the Empire? We are confident they will do nothing of the kind; but, in order to convince the Parnellites that the Palace at Westminster is not to be turned exclusively into an arena for Irish orgies, public feeling must be adequately aroused. In season and out of season, the tactics of the Irish party must be fully and thoroughly exposed. Nothing, of course, would be so effectual for this purpose as affording to the general body of the people the means of looking on at an Irish saturnalia, but this being impossible, every effort must be made to enable them to realize the true state of the case. It will be the very first duty of the Government next Session to provide some remedy for the deadlock in Parliament; if they cannot do that, the country would get on better for a time without Parliament. We admit that it is not easy to devise a remedy. The subject has been under consideration for years, and no effectual checkmate has yet been found to skilfully organized obstruction. In fact, even a definition of obstruction, acceptable to members generally, has not yet been given. Mr. Parnell was a member of the Committee of

of 1878, which enquired into the method of conducting the public business, and he amused himself and his followers by desiring various witnesses to explain what they meant by obstruction. The answer might have been, 'We mean the proceedings taken almost any day or night by you or your followers,' but the Speaker or Chairman of Committees did not feel authorized to speak quite so plainly :—

'Question 1100. *Mr. Parnell:* The term "obstruction" has been very frequently used in the questions which have been put to you, and the answers which you have given; could you give me any definition of what you mean by the term "obstruction," and what precise course of conduct was in your mind when you used it?—*Mr. Raikes:* Of course it is not easy to give any precise definition of "obstruction," which might not be evaded by any member desiring to obstruct the business of the House, but I can say, generally, that to my mind "obstruction" includes frivolous objections, constant repetition of the same arguments, an evident desire to waste time, or the use of such arguments as are likely to introduce into the question matters of controversy tending unduly to protract debate. There is also another form of obstruction, which consists in raising over and over again points which have been ruled to be out of order by the Chair.'

Mr. Parnell was not seeking for information, for no one alive was so well able to impart it.* His historian frequently boasts over the way he bantered the Committee, and defied them to put into plain English the nature of the offence which it was the chief business of his life to commit—for he was not then surrounded by a band of auxiliaries pledged to carry out his orders blindfold. One of the great obstacles to the successful treatment of obstruction arises from the fact, that a member may carry it on for some time without being out of order. This was well brought out in the following evidence given by the Speaker in 1878 (Mr. Brand) :—

'1381. *The Marquis of Hartington:* A member may frequently be said to be abusing the forms of the House when he is not out of order?—*The Speaker:* A member abusing the forms of the House may be in order, technically speaking, according to present practice.

'1382. So that the Speaker or Chairman could not have called him to order?—Quite so.

'1383. Do you think that it is possible to devise any means of checking wilful obstruction of business without considerably abridging the rights of a small minority to impede the passing of an obnoxious measure?—The definition of wilful obstruction is of course very difficult. I should myself define it as the abuse of the privilege of

* In the Session of 1879. Mr. Parnell addressed the House 500 times! He was obliged to pull an oar in the galleys himself at that time.

the

the freedom of debate for the purpose of defeating the will of Parliament.

'1384. But during the whole of your experience has it not been the practice, from time to time, for a small minority to make use of every form of the House for the purpose of preventing the passing, or delaying the passing, of some particular measure to which they felt a strong objection?—That has been so, no doubt, but I draw a broad distinction between fair opposition to a particular measure, and persistent and vexatious obstruction to a variety of measures for the purpose of defeating the will of Parliament.'

And again, the following questions were put to the Speaker by Sir Walter Barttelot:—

'1405. I think in all your long experience you have never known obstruction to reach such a point as it has reached during the last two Sessions with regard to the public business of the country?—No; I have never previously known obstruction carried so far; but, as I said just now, obstruction has prevailed more in Committee than in the House, and the reason is very plain, because in Committee the rules of debate are much relaxed.

'1406. But you draw a very broad and wide distinction between a fair opposition to any measure, although those opposing that measure may be very few in number, and the persistent obstruction which now goes on to nearly every public measure which is brought forward?—Yes, I do draw a broad distinction between those two characters of opposition.'

The answer to Question 1405 may be strongly recommended to the consideration of those persons who imagine, that obstruction is an invention of Lord Randolph Churchill and the wicked Tories. The Sessions referred to were those of 1876–77, when the Liberals were doing their utmost to harry Lord Beaconsfield's Government. In 1876 there were twenty divisions on motions to adjourn, to report progress, and so forth, in each of which the minority did not exceed *eleven* members, and in 1877 there were 69 such divisions! In 1877 there were 101 divisions—chiefly obstructive—in which the minorities did not exceed 21. The Gladstonians and Parnellites conspired together, thus early, to delay or defeat public business. In the following evidence, Mr. Speaker Brand was still referring to 1876–77:—

'1420. Is it not often the case in Parliamentary history that a particular measure is opposed, and persistently opposed, not with the view of defeating that particular measure only, but with the view of preventing other measures from coming on, and delaying a great number of other matters?—That is a Parliamentary trick which has been carried on of late years, which I have been very sorry to observe.

'1421.

'1421. Is that a new device in Parliamentary tactics?—It is new within my experience.

'1422. Has it not always been a piece of Parliamentary strategy resorted to by opponents?—I think not.'

The recommendations made by this Committee of 1878, and the subsequent alterations in the Standing Orders adopted in 1880, have failed to accomplish their purpose. Something is needed which is better adapted to the men and circumstances of a new and unprecedented crisis. To vary the old phrase, it is vain to sprinkle revolutionists with rose-water. The select Committee of 1886, consisting of thirty-three members (including four leading Parnellites), and presided over by Lord Hartington, made some important recommendation, which will doubtless be brought before the House early next Session. There is nothing in them dealing specifically with obstruction, but great alterations are proposed in the method of carrying on the business of the House. It is to meet at three o'clock every day, except Wednesday, and sit till half-past 12, and 'no later,' adjourning from 7 to 9. At midnight, the House, if in Committee, shall receive the Chairman's report, and the business shall be adjourned till the following day. At all other times, the question under consideration at 12 o'clock shall be put, and 'decided without amendment or debate.' A motion for adjournment pending at the time would lapse. A division may be taken on the motion 'that the question be now put,' and it must be supported 'by a majority at least double of the minority.'

These are the chief provisions for securing greater despatch in the transaction of public business. There are some others which would undoubtedly have the effect of saving time, such as that which authorizes the Speaker to leave the Chair, on going into Committee (except Committee of Supply) without putting the question. Divisions may be avoided by the Speaker counting members in their places when the minority is under forty. These are propositions worthy of all attention, but we very much doubt whether they will strike at the heart of obstruction, or that anything will do so short of the device of the 'Previous Question' as practised in the American House of Representatives, and in most State Legislatures. We quote the Rule on this subject from the official book, which gives the dates of the various modifications in it:—

'*Rule* 132. The Previous Question shall be put in this form: "Shall the main question be now put?"—*April* 7, 1789. It shall only be admitted when demanded by a majority of the members present—*February* 24, 1812; and its effect shall be *to put an end to all debate, and to bring the House to a direct vote upon a motion to commit*, if such motion

motion shall have been made: and if this motion does not prevail, *then upon amendments reported by a Committee*, if any; then—*August* 5, 1848—upon pending amendments, and *then upon the main question*,—*January* 14, 1840. But its only effect, if a motion to postpone is pending, shall be to bring the House to a vote upon such motion. Whenever the House shall refuse to order the main question, the consideration of the subject shall be resumed as though no motion for the previous question had been made. The House may also, at any time, on motion seconded by a majority of the members present, *close all debate upon a pending amendment, or an amendment thereto, and cause the question to be put thereon;* and this shall not preclude any further amendment or debate upon the Bill. A call of the House shall not be in order after the previous question is seconded, unless it shall appear, upon an actual count of the Speaker, that no quorum is present.*—*March* 16, 1860.

'133. On a previous question there shall be no debate.—*December* 17, 1805. All incidental questions of order, arising after a motion is made for the previous question, and pending such motion, shall be decided, whether on appeal or otherwise, without debate.—*September* 15, 1837.'

By Rule 60 it is provided that 'no member shall occupy more than one hour in debate on any question, in the House or in Committee,' and in Committee a member can only take five minutes to explain any amendment he may have to offer. The House may at any time, when in Committee, close all debate, by a majority. With regard to Rule 60, we may remark, that an extension of time may be obtained by consent of the House. When an application for such an extension is made, it is seldom refused. The House sometimes sets aside Rule 60 by resolution, and confines all speeches within the narrow limits of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Under ordinary circumstances, when a member has secured 'possession of the floor,' he may either talk out his hour, or take any smaller part of the time and divide the rest among his friends. The Speaker knocks with a hammer upon the table when each member's portion has expired. The Speaker of the House of Representatives has many advantages over the Speaker of the House of Commons. He is not expected to go through the form of listening to the discussions, but spends his time in reading or writing letters at his desk. When he is tired, he may call upon any member to occupy the Chair, while he goes away for exercise or rest, and the member so called upon is appointed for the remainder of the day, or till the Speaker returns. The Speaker of the House of Commons very frequently sits from four till nine;

* A call of the House is only intended to secure a quorum; absent members may be sent for by the Speaker, and brought to the House in custody.

then

then he goes away for about twenty minutes, and returns to his post at, say, half-past nine, and does not leave it again till, perhaps, two or three in the morning. It is a strain upon the nerves and upon the physical powers enough to break down the strongest constitution, and every Session it becomes worse and worse. The attention of the Speaker can scarcely ever be relaxed for five minutes, for the object of a large number of members is to break the rules as often as they can, and set the authority of the House at defiance. A Speaker who permitted himself to fall asleep would soon wake to find himself in the midst of a raging storm.

That the 'previous question,' as adopted in the Lower House of Congress, may be made an instrument of great oppression, especially against a small minority, cannot be doubted. It was seen at its worst during the 'Reconstruction' debates of 1867–68, when the Republicans were very strong in the House, and the Democrats very weak. Bills were then brought in, affecting every respectable white citizen in the Southern States, and the introducer would say: 'I give notice that I shall move the previous question in two hours' time,' and in at least one case, not even an hour was allowed for discussion. A motion to adjourn may be made *before* the previous question is moved, and then a division must be taken upon it—and this process may be repeated as often as the minority can hold out. It is the only way of staving off the previous question. It will be observed that Rule 132, quoted above, says: 'Its only effect, if a motion to postpone is pending, shall be to bring the House to a vote upon such motion.' There is nothing to prevent the dilatory motion being repeated, and an account is given, in a work relating to the Reconstruction period, in which the resolutions for delay were brought forward five-and-twenty times, the 'yeas and nays'—that is, a call of the house, each member answering to his name—being demanded on each motion. At least half-an-hour was occupied with every call. It would be easy, of course, to prevent this 'filibustering,' as it is called at Washington, by a clause prohibiting more than one motion to adjourn, or more than one division, before the 'Previous Question' was actually put.

We can quite understand the very great objection that would be felt to the introduction of this measure into the House of Commons—although it would only be the revival of an old form of Parliamentary procedure. It is clear enough that the 'Previous Question' was formerly used here, more freely than it is now, if not in the same form as we now find it in the United States. Hatsell thus defines its operation :—'After the previous question

question is put "whether such a question shall be put," and carried in the affirmative, no words can be added or taken away from it, nor any further debate, but the main question must be *immediately* put.' He quotes in the same note:*—'If the previous question be put, and pass in the affirmative, then the main question is to be put *immediately*, and no man may *speak anything further* to it, either to add or alter.'—Lex. Parl. p. 292. The present rules for the 'Previous Question' are the following:—

'131. If the Previous Question be resolved in the affirmative, the original Question must be put forthwith, without any amendment or debate.

'132. A Question for reading the Orders of the Day, and also the Previous Question, may be superseded by the adjournment of the House.

'222. No motion for the Previous Question can be made in Committee.'

At present, the 'Previous Question' is practically a dead letter in the House of Commons, as regards, at least, its efficacy for putting down obstruction in any form. What are the resources, in fact, possessed by the House against the modern system of obstruction? They are few and feeble. The Speaker may suspend a member for 'disregarding the authority of the Chair' or for 'wilfully obstructing the business of the House;'† he may also—and this regulation is almost daily put in force—direct a member to resume his seat‡ for 'continued irrelevance or tedious repetition,' and lastly, there is the provision which, it was hoped, would be the death-blow of obstruction. We had better give it as it stands in the Order Book:—

'XIV. That when it shall appear to Mr. Speaker, or to the Chairman of Ways and Means in a Committee of the whole House, during any Debate, that the subject has been adequately discussed, and that it is the evident sense of the House, or of the Committee, that the Question be now put, he may so inform the House or the Committee; and, if a Motion be made "That the Question be now put," Mr. Speaker, or the Chairman, shall forthwith put such Question; and, if the same be decided in the affirmative, the Question under discussion shall be put forthwith: Provided that the Question, "That the Question be now put," shall not be decided in the affirmative, if a Division be taken, unless it shall appear to have been supported by more than two hundred Members, or unless it shall appear

* Hatsell, ii., 111 and 122.
† Standing Order XII. (February 1880 and November 1882).
‡ Standing Order XIII. (November 27th, 1882).

to

to have been opposed by less than forty Members and supported by more than one hundred Members.'

This was adopted in November 1882. Observe, that if there are only *forty* members present who object to the question being put, the motion must be supported by at least *two hundred* members; if there are fewer than forty who object, one hundred must support it. Now, there are almost always more than forty Parnellite members in or about the House, while it would be no slight tax upon the Conservative Members to require two hundred of their number to be constantly on guard. The Separatist-Liberals could not be depended upon to lend any assistance towards putting down obstruction—quite the contrary. Thus, the above Standing Order is of little or no service in its present shape, and indeed the obstructionists openly boast that it offers not the slightest impediment to their tactics. Even the mere dregs of the Irish party can afford to treat it with contempt. A majority of fifty or seventy-five would be amply sufficient to guard against abuse of the moderate form of the clôture sanctioned by this rule. The fairness of the Speaker, and the general sense of the House, would suffice to prevent its perversion to tyrannical purposes.

The present forms of the House permit, and almost encourage, wilful obstruction from the very first day of the Session onwards. It is now impossible for any one to conjecture when the Address, in reply to the Speech from the Throne, will be reported to the House. As we have shown, four nights were occupied in the recent Session over *one* amendment. A few years ago, that would have been thought an unreasonable length of time to devote to any ordinary subject—least of all to an Amendment to the Address, moved by a private member. We may cite the authoritative evidence of Sir T. E. May on this point (March 10th, 1871):—

'I may mention here, that since the year 1857 there have been only three debates which have exceeded four days. On the Second Reading of the Representation of the People's Bill, in the year 1859, there were seven days of debate; and in 1860, on Lord John Russell's Reform Bill, there were six days' debate on the Second Reading; in 1866, on Lord Grosvenor's Amendment on the Second Reading of the Parliamentary Representation Bill, the debate lasted eight days, which is the longest. Since 1857, on several other occasions, debates have occupied four days; and on two occasions three days.'—('Report of the Select Committee of 1871.')

Everybody, we should think, must admit, that it is high time there should be some limit placed on the right to move Amendments

ments to the Address, or at least on the time occupied in their discussion.

Another of the doors which stand wide open to the professional obstructor is that of moving amendments on going into Committee of Supply. Nine persons out of ten suppose that this is a very ancient and valued privilege, involving the great principle of 'grievance before supply;' that it is as much a 'palladium' of British liberties as trial by jury. In reality, it is a comparatively recent invention. We once more quote the testimony of the late Sir T. Erskine May, whose evidence on the subject was both interesting and valuable:—

'The modern practice of moving amendments on going into Committee of Supply may be dated from the year 1811. The first instance I have been able to discover is that of Mr. Creevey, who brought forward an amendment on the 6th of March, 1811, with regard to sinecure offices. It was not objected to, but Mr. Spencer Perceval, who was then the Leader of the House of Commons, stated that it was "a privilege which courtesy to the House required should be exercised only in cases in which loss of time was a material consideration" . . . From 1820 to 1837 the practice increased so far that, on an average, there were about two cases each year. Since 1837 the practice has been gradually increasing, and of late years has attained a position in the business of the House which was never experienced before. For example, in 1857 there were only nine amendments (I am not at present speaking of observations made on going into Committee) moved on going in Committee of Supply throughout the Session. In 1858 there were twelve; in 1859, in the two Sessions, there were only five; in 1860 there were only eleven; and, without proceeding to enumerate the various years, I may state that, for the last ten years, the average number of amendments moved on going into Committee of Supply has been 33, in addition to about an equal number of questions, and discussions not ending in amendments.'—'Report of Select Committee of 1871,' p. 2.

Since this evidence was given, the evil has steadily increased, so that it is now almost impossible to make substantial progress with public business before Easter.

We have admitted, in the fullest manner, the very great difficulty of providing a remedy for organized and deliberately-planned obstruction. Many old members, as we are well aware—especially on the Conservative side of the House—would rather go on under the present system than place any limitations upon freedom of speech and debate. But we cannot go on under the present system; the Parnellites and their Radical allies have resolved that we shall not, and they have the power to put their resolution into effect. Any device for defeating their plans will inevitably involve some restrictions on perfect

 freedom

freedom of discussion. The principle of 'devolution,' for instance, adopted by Lord Hartington's Committee, and carried out in their recommendations as to 'Standing Committees,' necessitates great sacrifices of the rights of private members. It seems simple enough in theory, but in the United States, where it has long been in working, it results in this: the Standing Committees keep every subject in their own hands, and when a member tries to bring a question before the House, some one moves that it be 'referred to the Committee,' it is so referred, and nothing more is heard of it unless the Committee chooses to report it to the House. This could scarcely happen here, for under the proposed new Rules, Bills would not be referred to the Standing Committee until 'after the second reading'; but all amendments to Bills are to be sent at once to the Committee. Moreover, enormous additional work would be thrown upon members of the House by the formation of these Committees. It is proposed that the whole House should be divided into four Committees, who would be almost incessantly engaged in dealing with the business laid before them. Even this would not complete the labour exacted from the unfortunate M.P., for there is a recommendation that 'the appointment of a member to serve on a Standing Committee shall not alter the power of the Committee of Selection to nominate such member *to serve on any other Committee* to which the Committee of Selection has authority to appoint.' After all this, the M.P. would begin to covet a quiet day at stone-breaking on the roads as a light and agreeable diversion from his *corvée*.

We do not presume to make any positive recommendation on the subject ourselves. That is clearly the function of the House of Commons. We have merely endeavoured to lay bare the evil, and to offer a few suggestions which are not unworthy of consideration. Every contingency must be borne in mind when a remedy is sought for—the contingency, for example, of the Conservative party being again in a minority. Suppose that, under such circumstances, Mr. Gladstone brought in another Separation Bill, and tried to force it through the House without adequate discussion—in the course, say, of two or three nights. Any action that has to be taken must be pondered with an eye to such a position as that, as well as to the actual state of the Conservative party in the House. We do not, in short, underrate or disguise any of the difficulties before us, but they ought not to deter us from making at least a resolute effort to grapple with them. The appliances for suppressing obstruction need not, after all, be perpetual. They can be rescinded at any moment if

if they fail, or if they have accomplished their purpose. The choice is between two evils—a limitation of debate, or the degradation and paralysis of Parliament. The nation will have no hesitation in making their choice. Their voice will be pronounced in favour of restricting discussion, and of maintaining the dignity and the supremacy of Parliament at all hazards. Lord Randolph Churchill has announced that the whole question shall receive the prompt attention of the Government, and it is not too much to say, that the very existence of civilized government depends upon its settlement. The scandal, which now surrounds our Parliamentary institutions, threatens to make them the ridicule of the world, and to throw this country into anarchy. It must be dealt with fearlessly. Something must be sacrificed for the sake of holding the nation together. If there is not enough patriotism left in us to enable us to make that sacrifice, we may as well adopt the tactics of Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt—acknowledge that the Parnellites have conquered us, and nail the white flag to the mast.

ART. IX.—1. *Debates in the House of Commons*, August and September 1886. The 'Times' Reports.
2. *The Irish Question.* By the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. 1886.
3. *Return of Judicial Rents* (Irish Land Commission). May to July 1886.
4. *Speeches of the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill*, August and September 1886.

FEW years in the present century will be more memorable in political annals than the year 1886. It witnessed, for the first time in our entire history, a measure brought forward by a great British Minister involving the disruption of the Empire; and it also witnessed his signal overthrow and condemnation by the people. It saw a tremendous chasm suddenly opened in the Liberal ranks, and the reinstatement in power—chiefly by the votes of the working classes—of a strong Conservative Administration. These changes, it is true, left Mr. Gladstone still the nominal head of his party, but the party itself is a mere wreck. A comparison between its present state and its state only six years ago will be conclusive on that point. In 1880, Mr. Gladstone found himself after the election with 354 staunch followers at his back. In 1886, he returned with 190, all told—for no one has a right to reckon

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the Irish Home Rulers with any recognized party. They are the mercenaries of political life, transferring their services at a moment's notice to either side. They are with Mr. Gladstone to-day; but three or four years ago he had to be guarded from them wherever he went by a strong force of police. Even of the 190 Liberals who remain to him, more than two-thirds have repudiated his 'twin Bills.' Many of them escaped defeat by a hair's-breadth, only by assuring their constituents—in imitation of Mr. Gladstone himself—that the Bills were 'dead.' The army which was dragged into battle last June—much against its will—came back in July with arms reversed and colours torn, a broken and dispirited mob.

But this is not all. It must be clear to every shrewd observer that an amazing change has come over Mr. Gladstone's following. It has deteriorated no less in character than in numbers. The men in whom the nation have confidence are gone, and in their place we find a motley throng of office-seekers, 'reversible' politicians, philosophers, and *farceurs*. The sagacious statesmen, like Lord Hartington, the brilliant debaters, like Mr. Chamberlain, the men of sturdy conviction, like Mr. Bright, must be sought among those who have been formally drummed out of the regiment by 'orthodox' Liberals, like Sir Wm. Harcourt and Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Childers, with his pension of 2000*l.* a year, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, with his pension of 1200*l.*—easily earned, if not well deserved—these, and 'statesmen' of the same order, naturally remain faithful to Mr. Gladstone. They are quite willing to follow where Mr. Parnell leads—for it is Mr. Parnell who practically leads the whole body of Separatists. We know of no more humiliating episode in the life of an eminent public man than that of Mr. Gladstone's return from Bavaria, at a signal from Mr. Parnell, in order that he might support a measure for confiscating 50 per cent. of the Irish landlords' property, in defiance of the very settlement which he solemnly assured the country was inviolable for at least fifteen years. The party of 'rapine' is received in state at Hawarden, the police *cordon* is removed, the friends of 'anarchy' are complimented in a four-column speech, and Mr. Gladstone is seen humbly taking shelter under the Parnell 'umbrella.' After that, there cannot be many more surprises left in store for us, even in Mr. Gladstone's wondrous career.

Neither he nor the Separatists who act with him appear to have realised at first the nature of the disaster which had overtaken them. Mr. Gladstone spoke of it, on the 3rd of October, as a 'great defeat,' but in his pamphlet he strove to reduce it to very

very small proportions. The recent Session has stripped some illusions from his eyes. A party, which is belaboured in Parliament day after day with hostile majorities of from 80 to 100, is sure to have its eyes opened eventually to its true position. Mr. Gladstone hurried back from Bavaria to save his friends, and great exertions were made to bring up all the persons who look upon the Union as a 'blackguardly' affair; but, in spite of everything, the majority against Mr. Parnell's Confiscation Bill was 95. The most incurable of visionaries must be temporarily sensitive to such a shock as that.

The truth is, that the ex-Premier was living in his favourite region of clouds and dreams until the night of the 21st of September. His flatterers had assured him that the 'dissentients' were 'sure to come over.' The elections meant very little, if anything. Mr. Gladstone, in the month of August, was under the influence of that fond delusion. 'There is nothing,' he wrote, 'in the recent defeat to abate the hopes or to modify the anticipations of those who desire to meet the wants and wishes of Ireland.' * That was a sanguine view to put before even the sanguine Nationalists. Apparently they accepted it. Mr. Gladstone tried to convince them that their position was 'full of hope and comfort,' because there was no very great difference between the aggregate number of votes cast for Liberals and Conservatives. Only a few hundreds of thousands—nothing more. He seemed to forget, that this is no new phenomenon in the history of elections. The disparity in the grand totals is never large, and for the reason given by Mr. Gladstone in his pamphlet, namely, that 'in very many constituencies Liberal and Tory strength are nearly balanced. In these, a deduction of one-fifth, or one-tenth, or even less, from the normal strength, transfers the seat as a matter of course.' This is quite obvious, and yet he proceeds to insist upon the 'remarkable result' that the Gladstonian vote came within 76,000,' or 4 per cent., of the Unionist vote. He might have added that in 1880 the Liberal majority over the Conservatives was only 391,814, and that this comparatively small number gave the Liberals 118 seats in the House more than the Conservatives. In 1885, upwards of 4,000,000 persons voted, the Liberals receiving in the aggregate only 200,000 more votes than the Conservatives; but this mere handful, as Mr. Gladstone might call it, gave them a majority of 83 in the House. In 1880, 50 seats were won for the Liberals by majorities of less than 100. The relative state of parties at the close of the last three contests

* 'The Irish Question,' p. 28.

may

may be shown in a very small compass, and if Mr. Gladstone and his followers can derive any consolation from the statement, they are heartily welcome to it:—

	1880.	1885.	1886.
Liberals	354 ..	333 ..	190
Conservatives	236 ..	250 ..	316
Home Rulers	62 ..	86 ..	84
Liberal Unionists ..	— ..	— ..	77

The Conservatives show a steady progress; the Liberals a steady decline. We gained 14 seats in 1885, and 66 seats in 1886—or 80 seats in the two elections. We have a majority of 49 over English, Scotch, and Welsh Liberals, of *all* shades of opinion. Again we say, if Mr. Gladstone is satisfied with this result, so are we.

But although a crushing defeat has been inflicted upon him, he may boast with only too much justice, that he has imposed upon his successors a burden which will tax their utmost strength and capacity. Nothing in reason, which it is possible for a Conservative Government to offer Ireland, will be acceptable to the various forces which are combined to bring about disunion. Proposals to concede ample powers for true local government, for attracting capital to a country which wants new capital more than any other country in Europe, to promote fisheries and industries, to improve the means of communication between various parts of the island—all these were made at the opening of the past Session, and all were received with derision. Every measure specified would tend to give prosperity to the Irish people, but each was hailed in the House of Commons with shouts of laughter. Mr. Parnell declared that Ireland did not want English capital—'we have got plenty of capital of our own'—which is at least a new view of the Irish difficulty. 'What we want,' added Mr. Parnell, 'is to be allowed to keep the capital we have got in the country. At present all Irish capital comes over to England.' And why is that? Because Mr. Parnell's organization for preventing the payment of rents and just debts drives capital out of Ireland. He seems to imagine that the 'English garrison' forbids the investment of money in Ireland. 'We want to be *allowed*,' he says, to keep it there. What prevents it but such conspiracies against law and order as Fenianism, the Land League, and the National League? An immense amount of English capital has been sent for investment in Ireland from time to time, but no sane man would think of putting any more in land, and there is no other field of investment open. If poverty, distress, and want of employment

ment exist in Ireland, no one is so much responsible for these evils as Mr. Parnell. He has thrown his country back half a century on its road to progress, under the pretext of seeking a political boon which, he may depend upon it, he will never obtain. Ireland will never be nearer to a separate Parliament than it was in June last; the English people have said their word, and it is their last word, on that subject. They will fight, if necessary, to maintain the unity of the Empire; they will never stand by and see it broken into fragments, either at the instance of Mr. Gladstone or of Mr. Parnell, backed, as they may be, by Patrick Ford and the 'Clan na Gael.'

Mr. Parnell, his followers, and their dupes, cannot see this at present, but it will all come home to them by-and-bye, just as the lesson of the Elections has come home. The weight of Mr. Gladstone's name and authority is still very great; there are tens of thousands of persons—although their number is declining every day—who are ready to accept every statement he makes without the slightest examination or enquiry. When he said that his Separation scheme really did not involve separation, and would finally dispose of the Irish question, they believed him. They would not be deceived by similar assurances from Sir W. Harcourt, or from anybody else who may attempt to take the lead in the Home Rule movement when Mr. Gladstone is gone. The issue, therefore, can never again be submitted to the country—supposing the present Parliament lasts four or five years—under circumstances so favourable to the Parnells and Patrick Fords as those of last summer. The true motives which these men have in view, their ulterior designs and purposes, will become more and more clear as time goes on, if the Conservatives keep themselves perpetually on the alert, and take care to drive home the clear and undeniable facts of the case into the public mind. There must be no neglect of the constituencies—no over-confidence, such as was shown during the last two or three years of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration. The Irish party are preparing for an extensive course of stump-speaking in England during the winter; every important town is to be visited; the cry is to go forth once more, that Home Rule only means the concession to Ireland of the right of making her own canals, roads, and bridges. Mr. Gladstone will doubtless aid by tongue or pen. As much as ever, therefore—if not more than ever—the Conservatives must be on their guard. The line of attack on their position has already been laid out, and the party of Union cannot, without imminent danger, allow their attention to be diverted for a moment from it.

That

That line was first traced by the master hand almost as soon as the General Election was over. It consists of two operations:—first to encourage the sentiment of sectional disunion in various parts of the country, and secondly to give a new impetus to the 'no rent' agitation in Ireland. These operations were clearly indicated in Mr. Gladstone's Speeches of the 19th and 24th of August, and in his pamphlet on Ireland. The key-note to the pamphlet is sectional disunion. From first to last, that note will be found running through the entire work. It is necessary, in order that a separate Parliament should be granted for Ireland, that Scotland should be led to believe that, if she assists the Parnellites now, she will also be able to get a Parliament for herself; that Wales cannot be refused a Parliament when she has helped the other two. Each section, therefore, is to be stirred up to combine against England. This is the policy to which one who is supposed to be the greatest of modern statesmen has consecrated whatever now remains to him of energy and life. It is the culmination of Mr. Gladstone's career—the crowning act by which he proposes that his work should be remembered. We have had many great Ministers ere now, who have risked much and suffered much in the endeavour to strengthen, to extend, or to consolidate the Empire; but we have never before had one who devoted himself to the task of breaking it into fragments—of setting one class against another, one part of the country against the other, and of splitting up the British Parliament into a series of little local councils or vestries.

Mr. Gladstone takes great pains to impress upon us the fact, that 'there are, within the United Kingdom, no less than four nationalities.' * Three out of the four have sanctioned the Separation scheme. 'Scotland,' writes Mr. Gladstone, 'has approved our Irish policy by three to two, Ireland herself by four-and-a-half to one, and gallant Wales by five to one.' But England has returned 336 opponents of that policy, against 129 supporters from the other 'nationalities,' and therefore England, as a whole, comes under that ban which Mr. Gladstone has hitherto applied to London. She 'overbears dear old Scotland,' 'gallant Wales,' and 'poor Ireland.' She can swamp the other sections by her larger number of members of Parliament; 'there are therefore,' suggests Mr. Gladstone, in his usual insidious fashion, '*reasons of a very intelligible kind* why England should, at the first blush, take a favourable view of the advantages of incorporating unions.'† In plain language, she has her own

* 'The Irish Question,' p. 33. † Ibid., p. 35.

selfish

selfish ends to serve, and those ends are opposed to the interests and welfare of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. That has not hitherto been the view taken of the duties and responsibilities of the 'United Kingdom.' But Mr. Gladstone further seeks to enforce his argument by the doctrine of proportion :—

'Whenever the people of England think one way in the proportion of two to one, they can outvote in Parliament the united voice of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, although they should think the other way in the proportion of five to one. And if England thinks one way in the proportion of three to one, she can outvote Scotland, Ireland, and Wales together, although they were each and all to return the whole of their members to vote against her.' *

Why should it not be so? Is not this result in conformity with all our theories of representation, defended by no one more vehemently than by the author of this pamphlet? The majority must have the power. As for the proportion argument, it is as full of fallacies as the theory of averages ordinarily used by statisticians. There are 100 persons living in one place, and they all vote for Mr. Gladstone's policy. He therefore says, 'the whole body is for me.' 100,000 persons live in another place, of whom 75,000 vote against him. He says, 'only two-thirds were opposed to me there, and yet they carry more weight than the whole body elsewhere.' But which of the two communities represents the largest and most important mass of opinion? Which is entitled to the greatest weight and deference?

Mr. Gladstone, with all his skill in detaching words from their ordinary signification, or in giving them a secret meaning, known only to himself at the time, and disclosed to the outer world when convenient—in spite of this, he is obliged occasionally to explain his meaning, in order that he may accomplish the purpose he has immediately in view. At present, he wants 'unity,' but it is the unity of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales against England. Therefore, he points out that 'Nationality'—or, as we should say, Separation—is now a great principle in politics; that henceforth 'these nationalities will be inclined to help one another;' that, as Ireland has received help from Scotland and Wales, she will 'reciprocate the boon.' These expressions, strong as they are, mean more even than appears upon the surface; and Mr. Gladstone knows well that he can trust his followers to expand and enlarge his argument. Scotland and Wales were not likely to wait for a broader hint from the late chief Minister of the Crown before taking action. 'Help

* 'The Irish Question,' pp. 34–35.

Ireland,

Ireland, and Ireland will help you'—an agreement already publicly ratified by Mr. Parnell. Let the reader weigh well the following passage from Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, and bear in mind how much of it is only whispered, as it were, into the ears of the Disunionists, and what a terrible meaning these whispers are intended to convey :—

'What is not less likely, and even more important, is that the sense of nationality, both in Scotland and in Wales, set astir by this controversy, may take a wider range than heretofore. Wales, and even Scotland, may ask herself, whether the present system of intrusting all their affairs to the handling of a body, English in such overwhelming proportion as the present Parliament is, and must probably always be, is an adjustment which does the fullest justice to what is separate and specific in their several populations. Scotland, which for a century and a quarter after her Union was refused all taste of a real representative system, may begin to ask herself whether, if at the first she felt something of an unreasoning antipathy, she may not latterly have drifted into a superstitious worship, or at least an irreflective acquiescence.' *

At the same time, Mr. Gladstone endeavours to persuade others, as we presume he has persuaded himself, that Ireland does not want separation. It has, he says, disclaimed 'in the most emphatic and binding way, by the mouth of its authorized representatives, the idea of separation.' How can any disclaimer of the kind be binding? The representatives of to-morrow may renounce all the pledges given by the representatives of to-day. Besides, Mr. Parnell has expressly said, that he is not authorized to give any undertaking of the kind referred to by Mr. Gladstone. 'No man,' he has declared, 'has the right to fix the boundary to the march of a nation; no man has a right to say to his country, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" and we have never attempted to fix the *ne plus ultra* to the progress of Ireland's nationhood, and *we never shall.*' † So, too, Mr. Patrick Ford—an authority not less important than Mr. Parnell, since the sinews of war come largely from him—wrote as follows of Mr. Gladstone's scheme in the 'Irish World' of May 22nd, 1886:—'It is a scheme which is not in its present form workable, and if put in operation somehow, it would *originate strong separatist tendencies in Ireland.* If the Britishers can stand this, we can.' What right has Mr. Gladstone or any one else to shut his eyes and ears to these emphatic warnings? Who but a dreamer, lost in contemplation of his own castles 'in the air,' could be blind to the meaning of

* 'The Irish Question,' pp. 35–6.
† 'Speech at Cork,' Jan. 21st, 1886.

these

these signs, that the leaders of the Irish agitation laugh in their sleeves at Mr. Gladstone and his scheme—that they intend to take all they can get, 'without prejudice' to future demands for more? Mr. Gladstone seriously contends, that Ireland will never seek to cast herself off from England, because if she did, she would be 'unwarmed by sympathy beyond her shores (for she would have none)'—not even from the vast body of American-Irish, who care for nothing *but* separation; and furthermore, that 'she would be *unblessed by heaven.*' If anybody else had written in this strain on such a question, should we say that it was the language of a practical statesman, or of some frenzied enthusiast?

Describe it as we may, it was intended to produce definite results, and these results already begin to be visible. In Wales the tithe agitation is made the excuse for a sudden demand for a Welsh Parliament. In a letter to a Welsh correspondent, dated September 21st (1886), Mr. Gladstone assiduously waters the seed sown in his pamphlet. 'I think,' he writes, 'there is ground for believing that we have arrived at a period likely to be marked by something of a new development in the political life of Wales.' He will not 'take a part, at this early stage, in giving a particular direction to this development'—having already done so — he will 'watch the course of political interest,' &c. He sets the machine in motion; then he stands back and says, 'I will have nothing to do with it, but I hope it will go on briskly.' In Scotland he has been even more successful. The suggestion, that a Parliament in Edinburgh would be a great benefit to the Scotch, was not likely to fall upon deaf ears. 'Think of the money it would bring here,' people are saying to each other; 'it would send up the price of land in Edinburgh 20 per cent., and make the fortunes of the tradesmen.' Mr. Gladstone can well afford to sit down quietly at Hawarden and 'watch the development' of an idea which is never likely to lie dormant in a Scottish breast. At a meeting of the Highland Land League, held on the 25th of September at Bonarbridge, Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, M.P., declared, that special Parliaments for the four portions of the British Islands were an absolute necessity, and he did not fail to urge that 'more money would be spent within the territories affected.' Another Scotch association, the 'National Liberal Federation,' recently issued a manifesto calling for Home Rule for Scotland, and touching judiciously upon the 'siller' question: —'Scotch business gets scant justice at Westminster. Scotch private Bills put large fees into the pockets of English lawyers, and social reforms, demanded for more than a generation, now ripe

ripe for legislation, cannot be approached so long as the mind and purpose of the nation are smothered by the overpowering Conservatism of England.' This manifesto being sent to Mr. Gladstone, he returned the following reply:—

'Hawarden Castle, Chester, Sept. 29.

'DEAR SIR—I thank you for your obliging communication. I am glad to see that, in the manifesto, you have taken a step towards the free and full consideration, in and by Scotland, how far the present Parliament and Governmental arrangements are suited to her wants, and generally I can assure you that I feel grateful for her action in the Irish question thus far. I feel yet more confident as to the direction and efficacy of that action in the future.

'I remain, dear Sir,

'Your most faithful and obedient,

'A. M'Dougal, Esq.' 'W. E. GLADSTONE.'

Can any parallel be found in England, or in all Europe, to this subtle and most dangerous attempt, from such a source, to excite local jealousies and hatreds, and to prepare the way for the destruction of the National Legislature, and possibly for civil war?

We now pass to the second feature in the plan of operations projected for the coming winter. It is the renewal of the war upon the Irish landlords, and the re-issue of the 'no rent ultimatum.' 'Hold the harvest and hold the rent'—that is once more to be the cry. The landlords are to be plundered of everything that was left to them by the legislation of 1871 and 1880, the tenants are to be excited to disorder, and then the blame is to be thrown upon the Government, because it refused to yield to the demands of the Nationalists. Mr. Dillon put the matter with his usual bluntness, just after the prorogation of Parliament. 'The struggle for life had not been begun by the tenants,' said he,* 'but in an utterly unprovoked way by the Tory Government and the landlord party.' Thus, the peaceful citizen, who refuses to comply with the demand of the highwayman, and is half murdered, is accused of being the cause of crime because he resisted. The British Legislature will not pass any and every Bill introduced into it by Mr. Parnell. Consequently it is responsible for all the crimes committed by Mr. Parnell's followers and tools. The reasoning is conclusive to the mind of every Irishman—except the victims who are marked down for plunder or outrage. 'In the fight of the coming winter,' said the Rev. Mr. Cantwell of Tipperary, at the Land League meeting in Dublin on the 28th of September,

* Meeting of the National League, at Dublin, Sept. 28th, 1886.

'the

'the remedy of the Irish tenantry was to put their backs to the wall and button their pockets.' As for the landlord who evicted his tenants—who are perhaps perfectly well able to pay their rents—'he said that to spare such a man strained to the very utmost the teaching that they should not murder any man.' This was tolerably significant, from a priest to an Irish audience; and with an eye to the newspapers, this Christian minister went on to make a sort of Gladstonian qualification of his hint. 'At the same time, it would be morally wrong to commit the crime of murder.' That set the moral law all straight again. This is the same priest who, at the Dublin Convention of the Land League held on the 15th of September, 1881, intimated that Mr. Gladstone's Land Act was an imposture, and declared that the Land League 'had struck down and would ultimately destroy landlordism in Ireland, *and with it British rule.*' Mr. Morley and his friends would probably tell us—'the good gentleman did not mean what he said, he was merely jesting.' In the same way, Mr. Parnell was merely jesting when he telegraphed to the American-Irish National League a few weeks ago, that the Government of England had proclaimed 'social war' against the Irish people, and that it was banded with 'those who would assassinate our nation.' Mr. Davitt was only jesting when he said at a meeting in Michigan on the 28th of August, 'I should be a recreant to my past if I said disrespectful words against those who urge the use of physical force. . . . We must resist. At first passive measures of resistance will be employed, but resist we must, at any cost!' If tenants are evicted, 'they will fall back on the promptings of human nature'*—a most excellent phrase! Let us hear no more of murders and outrages, but refer pleasantly to them as casual results of the 'promptings of human nature.'

The new rent war was practically opened by Mr. Gladstone on the first night of the recent Session—August 19th. Of course, he 'expressed no opinion,' but he threw out some of those dark hints and suggestions in which his nature rejoices, and which the Parnellites are little likely to misconstrue. The harvest in Ireland, he said, was uncertain. There was, he admitted, 'a good crop in the ground, but'—the foundation for this 'but' is worth noticing—'the actual *weather prognostications* do not allow us to form the most sanguine anticipations, at any rate the most certainly sanguine anticipations? as to what may happen.' What was the inference? Mr. Gladstone would draw none, *but*—'we know the opinion that prevails in Ireland.'

* 'Times,' Philadelphia Correspondence, Aug. 30th, 1886.

'I give

'I give no opinion,' said Mr. Gladstone—*but* 'it is the opinion of the large portion of the community (in Ireland) that, in *consequence of the changes in agricultural values*, there is a difficulty of maintaining the judicial rents.' Upon this hint Mr. Parnell spake. First he moved an Amendment to the Address,* in which he not only adopted Mr. Gladstone's ideas, but imitated his very language. Later on in the Session, he brought in his Bill for reducing rent and arrears 50 per cent., in addition to the 20 or 30 per cent. reductions made by the Land Commission. Did all this happen without an understanding of some kind between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell? Did Mr. Parnell suggest the idea of founding a demand of 50 per cent. reduction in rent upon a fall in agricultural values, which is not proved, or did the author of the Separation scheme suggest it to Mr. Parnell? Perhaps the point will remain in just the same degree of obscurity—and no more—as that which surrounds the Kilmainham Treaty, and the mysterious adumbrations of the Home Rule Bill which proceeded from Hawarden last December.

The Land Act of 1881 was pressed upon Parliament and the nation as a *final* measure: the landlords were called upon to make another sacrifice, but it was the last sacrifice ever to be exacted from them. The Land Purchase Bill of April 1886 accepted the judicial rents fixed under the Act of 1881, and made them partly the basis of the new contract. Yet when Mr. Parnell's Bill was brought forward for confiscating one-half of those rents, Mr. Gladstone supported it. And upon what grounds? The whole college of Jesuits could not have surpassed the memorable argument after the pilgrimage to Bavaria. Mr. Gladstone, it appeared, had changed his mind on the rent question, because the Government appointed a Commission to enquire into the working of the Land Act of 1881. After this, we hope no one will ever again attempt to cast ridicule upon the argument, that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands.

Has Mr. Gladstone ever foreseen anything in connection with his Irish policy? Is there a solitary one of his predictions concerning the success of his measures which has been realized? If we refer to his past declarations, it is not for the purpose of

* 'Humbly to assure Her Majesty that we fear that, owing to the heavy fall in the *price of agricultural produce*, the greatest difficulty will be experienced in the coming winter by the Irish tenant farmers in the payment of their present rents,' &c. On a division, Mr. J. Morley voted with Mr. Parnell, although he was the great advocate of Mr. Gladstone's Land Purchase Bill of 1886, which fixed the Judicial Rents, and made them security for the money to be advanced by England.

bringing

bringing out into strong relief his inconsistency—that is a work which no one need do any more; but it is still necessary to show some people, that 'this great and unrivalled statesman' has always been leading the country into wrong roads; that his judgment on all measures of practical politics is invariably wrong, whether in connection with home or foreign affairs. As it was in regard to the Crimean war, or in regard to Russia and Bulgaria, or in regard to Egypt and the Soudan, so it has been in regard to Ireland. The blind led the blind, and all fell together into a ditch. We are now told to scramble out, and put as much confidence as ever in the same blind guide, who has no distrust of himself, who fully believes in his being led by the supernatural light, and who appears, even now, to be quite capable of driving a nation to destruction in pursuance of the whisperings of his overheated imagination. In 1870, he was against a joint-ownership of land in Ireland; in 1881 he established it. In 1881 he laid it down as a solemn compact, that the judicial rent should be binding for fifteen years, 'during which'—to quote his own words—'there can be no change.' In 1886 he was quite ready to speak and vote in favour of a Bill for cutting down the judicial rent by one-half. Now these are changes, not in mere *opinions*, but in fundamental principles, not one of which could possibly have been right in 1870 or 1881, and wrong in 1886.

Well but, it may be said, the Irish tenants cannot pay their rents. Is that the fact? If so, how is it that the deposits in savings' banks are increasing so much throughout Ireland? How is it that such high prices—purely fancy prices—can always be had for a tenant-right? How is it that during the last seven years the poor, penniless, down-trodden sons of the soil have been able to subscribe to the Land League nearly 18,000*l.*, to the Parnell Defence Fund 17,961*l.*, to the Parnell Testimonial 33,808!—it pays well in these days to be an Irish patriot!—to the National League 23,640*l.*, to the Sexton Testimonial 5363*l.*—and so on? Persecuted, ragged, homeless, oppressed, yet they have found 360,714*l.* for the Irish agitation funds since October 1879, or upwards of 50,000*l.* a-year. How is that to be accounted for? The people cannot pay their just debts, but they can raise 50,000*l.* a-year for those who incite them *not* to pay. One thing, at least, is clear—'Parnellism' is a much more lucrative trade in these days than 'landlordism.' The smaller class of landlords have already been driven into destitution, and when some one in the House of Commons lately predicted that they would have to go to the workhouse, there were cries from the Parnellites—and from some of the leaders among

among them—'the proper place for them.' That is the attitude of the party towards the landlords. It is not a question of ability to pay rent. There are two causes which prevent the tenants paying their debts—(1) the National League forbids them; (2) the tenants have been taught that, if they will only 'button their pockets,' they will get the land for nothing. Not poverty, not a falling market, not a failure of crops, but intimidation and dishonesty, are at the bottom of the present 'no rent' conspiracy. Upon those influences all Mr. Parnell's plans for the winter are based.

From the very moment that it was seen the elections had gone against the Home Rulers, the Irish portion of the party resolved that there should be disorders in Ireland during the winter, caused by a general strike against rents, and that the Government should be compelled to run all the risks of bringing in another Coercion Bill. Mr. Parnell declared emphatically on the 23rd of August, in the House of Commons, that the tenants would not pay their rents, 'evictions will take place, and exasperation will follow.' Then, he continued, 'I think it will be necessary for the Chief Secretary, or the noble Lord the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to urge his fire, sharpen his pincers, and prepare his scorpion whips, for he will find that the Irish people will never'—never pay unjust rents, did he go on to say? No, it was something very different—'never submit to be governed by a Government *which is not their own.*' No allegation of poverty was made at this stage of the discussion; a *political* motive was alone assigned for the refusal to pay rents. A Coercion Bill, it was assumed, would excite the sympathies of the people of England, and cause the money to flow in a little more freely from America. Therefore the whole cry of the party, ever since their defeat at the polls, has been for coercion. 'Of one thing you may rest assured,' said Mr. John Redmond, M.P., at the Chicago Convention,* 'the policy in Ireland in the near future will be one of fight . . . To coercion Lord Salisbury will most assuredly be forced to come. . . . The old struggle will be renewed before three months are over.' It was the preconcerted policy of all the Parnellites. Mr. William O'Brien declared at Chicago (August 20th) that, before many months were over, every sane Englishman would be convinced that the day 'for holding us (Ireland) to an enforced and detested Union is gone for ever.' 'The flag of English domination in Ireland' must be 'hauled down.' 'I assert here to-day,' he also said, 'the government of Ireland by England is an impossi-

* August 18th, 1886.

bility.

bility. *I believe it is our duty to make it so.'* * At the very time these incendiary addresses were being published in this country, Mr. Gladstone came forward in the House of Commons with another batch of those cunning words which he knows so well how to scatter about, but as to the effects of which, according to his apologists, he is as unconscious and as innocent as any child. But what is to be thought of any responsible statesman who, when the Government of his country is being defied under his very eyes, is ready to stimulate the lawless party with language such as this:—

'One thing I must say, hon. gentlemen seem ready to catch at the imputation that we have become the leaders of the Nationalists in Ireland, as if that were a serious charge against the late Government. For my part I am delighted to have had any share or part whatever in becoming either leader or follower, I care not which, in any movement that tends by soothing the people of Ireland, and by *encouraging them to hope for the realization of their just claims*' (loud Home Rule cheers)—†

What are the just claims referred to? Clearly a separate Parliament. But the nation has just said 'no' to that demand, and yet Mr. Gladstone persists in 'encouraging' the Parnellites to go on in their course, and he takes great care not to say a word in deprecation of the claims put forward by Mr. Redmond, Mr. O'Brien, and others of his allies. He even warns us that he and his friends will 'teach legality to the best of our power,' but there can be no 'security for social order in Ireland.' The torch and the powder magazine could not be brought nearer together without producing an instantaneous explosion, and none of the persons who are pushing the 'just claims' of Ireland appear to be prepared for that.

Such is the plan of the new campaign, and it is essential that the English people should keep it well in view, for the first movements in it have already been made, and the Parnellites cannot, if they would, withdraw from it now. Their masters, the American Irish, are behind them, and forward they must go on their perilous path. Mr. Gladstone can never escape from his responsibility for showing Mr. Parnell how to take the preliminary step in a new agrarian agitation—his speech on the 19th of August affords unanswerable evidence against him. There was the hint from the author of the Land Act of 1881 (the 'final settlement'), that the judicial rents *might* be too high —at any rate, that the opinion 'prevailed' in Ireland that they were so; and, if Ireland is to be governed by 'Irish opinion,' as

* August 20th.

† Speech in the House of Commons, 24th August. 'Times' Report.

Mr. Gladstone demands, how could there be a more important fact? Then came Mr. Parnell's resolution, that rents *were* too high; then his Bill to reduce them by one-half. We hope that every man in the country will contrive to get this sequence of events well and firmly into his mind, for it will be of the most vital importance to remember it during the coming winter.

The object of Mr. Parnell was perfectly clear. He wished to provide something, behind which he and his Irish confederates could shelter themselves, when what he refers to in his manifesto to the American Fenians and Nationalists as the 'wild justice of revenge' began to fill the air once more with the cries of fatherless children and widows. He wished to be able to come forward blandly in the thick of this work, and say, 'I told you so. You would not let me find a peaceable solution; now you see what is the consequence of your obstinacy.' He knew that he had proposed an outrageously dishonest scheme; that even Mr. Gladstone confessed that he could not adopt it, though he voted for its 'principle;' but it would serve as something to crouch behind all the same. Lord Hartington, in one of those high-minded speeches which we hear but too rarely in these days, and which elevate politics, for a time, far above that sterile and mournful region of equivocation, word-fencing, and sophistry with which the English public have been familiar since the beginning of the Gladstonian *régime*—Lord Hartington stripped away all the false pretences from the new crusade against the landlords. He reminded the House—not unnecessarily—of some of the first principles of morals as well as of politics. He showed that the Government had neither the right nor the power to prevent the landlord seeking redress for the denial of his claim. 'Individuals,' he said,* 'of all classes, whether they be landlords, or whether they be others, have their rights, and have a right to appeal to law, and it is not in the power of this Government or of any Government to raise itself as a dispensing power superior to law.' The proposition is not novel, but it fell like a bombshell in the Radical ranks. The new school of Radicalism knows nothing of such teaching as this. Lay violent hands upon any man's property—that is their idea of the 'reign of law.' Lord Hartington accurately described the Parnell Bill as a measure 'for stopping for a time the collection of rents all over Ireland.'† But Mr. Gladstone

* Speech in House of Commons, Aug. 23rd.

† Speech in House of Commons, Sept. 21st. Sir William Harcourt's reply to this most admirable speech was at once characteristic and worthy of him. Lord Hartington, he said, 'is a professional landlord.' There we see Sir William Harcourt at his highest and his best.

and

and his friends were not ashamed to come forward and say, 'adopt the principle of the Bill, and modify its provisions, if you like, on the second reading.' The principle of a Bill no longer counts for anything. That has to be taken on trust. Modifications may be made in Committee, provided they are not fatal to the principle. So that the principle need never come under discussion at all. This is another of the improvements in theories of legislation which we owe to the author of the Separation scheme.

Now, whatever excuse the Parnellites and Radicals may find for misinterpreting the will of the nation in reference to the whole treatment of the Irish question, the Conservatives can have none. It is true that they have never refused to consider Irish grievances with a view to their redress, but the one issue upon which they were elected last July was the suppression of treason and the establishment of law and order in Ireland. This was the imperative duty laid upon them, and they will be expected to fulfil it. The obligation was acknowledged, in the frankest manner in Parliament, by the leaders of the Party, at the opening of the Session. 'We were returned with one mandate,' said Lord Salisbury, 'to maintain the Union. We believe that we represent accurately the wishes of the people of this country when we say that it is our duty to give our efforts, above everything else, to the restoration of social order and the maintenance of legal right.' Lord Randolph Churchill was equally explicit in the other House. 'The principal basis of our policy,' he said, 'is the restoration and the maintenance of social order in Ireland, and of individual freedom to the widest extent which social order will permit . . . the maintenance of the Legislative Union between the two countries, and of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and of the full and effective sovereignty of the Queen over the whole of the United Kingdom. . . . By that policy we, as a Government and as a Party in both Houses, will stand or fall.' And he repeated this declaration in his spirited speech at Dartford on the 2nd of October. These statements are entirely satisfactory. They have been received with unqualified approval by the great majority of English constituencies — which, be it remembered, returned 339 Unionists against only 125 Separatists. Scotland with its fanaticism, and Wales with its combined fanaticism and ignorance, went largely for the Separation scheme, but as Mr. Gladstone so bitterly complains, and with so much reason, the English people—who in the long run will always decide the destinies of England—were true to their Sovereign and their country. If a strife of sections and of races is indeed to be set on foot by Mr. Gladstone

Mr. Gladstone or anybody else, it is the weak which will go to the wall. England will not be trampled down; she will struggle for unity, and she will obtain the mastery. When all is reckoned up, the relative forces sent to Parliament by the different sections stand thus:—

England	has	465	members.
Ireland	„	103	„
Scotland	„	72	„
Wales	„	30	„

After the very serious warnings we have had of late years, England is never likely to allow its proportion of members to be reduced. And it is very certain that she will never be cajoled into giving a larger share of her vote for Disunion than she gave at the last election. The events of the coming winter, if they at all correspond to the sanguine predictions of Mr. Parnell, Mr. J. Redmond, and Mr. W. O'Brien, will convince the English people once for all, that no half-measures will suffice for Ireland, that the time for playing with treason has gone by, and that the crisis which has now arrived must be met in the old English spirit, or that we are lost.

There is a great opportunity before the present Government, the greatest perhaps which any Government in our time has had. No one with the warning of Mr. Gladstone's tremendous fall before his eyes can suppose for a moment, that this opportunity lies in the direction of weakness, timidity, concession. That system never did answer in dealing with Ireland, as Englishmen have been warned by Irishmen times out of number, and for generations past; and it has less chance than ever of answering now. The Irish are fierce, cruel, and implacable to all who truckle down before them. We have had too much of truckling. The statesman who, like poor Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, wishes to find 'salvation,' must not go by the coward's path to look for it. The people of England have been dragged far enough upon that. They will go no further.

The nation now looks to the new Government for firmness and strength—for rapid decision, and vigorous measures to carry it into effect. If it failed, it might well be that no other Government would be able or willing to take up its work; the opportunity would be gone. The Ministry has been warned what it has to expect. Sometimes the Irish conspirators have carried on their intrigues in secrecy, but on this occasion, relying upon the 'magic' of Mr. Gladstone's name, and not perceiving that the magic has become chiefly a thing of the past, they have rashly laid bare their operations. There is to be an agrarian

agrarian war, and intimations have been thrown out from various sources that dynamite is again to be called into requisition. One who has long been familiar with Irish dynamiters in Paris has stated recently that 'their boast now is that, destructive and intimidatory as have been the explosions that have taken place, the worst is still to come, and that the damage they have caused in London is a mere nothing to what they will do ere long, if their demands regarding what they call the liberation of Ireland are not complied with.' The same writer says that 'no one who has not mixed for a considerable time with the Irish dynamiters can possibly understand the intense energy and hatred towards British rule which guides them.' That statement, at least, needs no confirmatory evidence. If Mr. Gladstone had ever had any personal intercourse with the American Fenians and Nationalists, he would have been cured once for all of his delusions about Irishmen being willing to live on good terms with the English. Wild, passionate, implacable animosity is the prevailing sentiment of the Irish race towards the English, and it is not to be cured by Mr. Gladstone's plasters and ointments.

It may be that the threats of Mr. Parnell and his followers are mere empty vapourings, and that they will not be followed by corresponding deeds. Yet the world has been informed, on the great authority of Mr. Gladstone, that 'crime dogged the footsteps of the Land League,' and the National League is but the same organization under another name. Patrick Ford, of the 'Irish World,' directed the last dynamite 'campaign,' and of him Mr. Michael Davitt, who is quite as potent in the National League to-day as Mr. Parnell, thus testified: * 'I feel compelled, at the dictates of a sense of justice, to make these observations in defence of a man of whose *immense services* to the cause of Ireland *during the life of the Land League*, I must always cherish a feeling of profound gratitude.' To those who remember the nature of these services, Mr. Davitt's words will appear instructive as to the past, and not a little ominous as to the future.

The immediate and pressing work before the Government is to provide for the dangers thus foreshadowed. The nation does not expect it to act with precipitancy, or under any impulse of panic. If all is quiet—in the Irish sense of quietness—if no unusual outbreak of crime occurs across the Channel, if the dynamiters remain in their lairs, extraordinary measures will not be called for. But what the nation does expect is, that

* In the Dublin 'Freeman's Journal,' a few weeks ago.

outrage

outrage and bloodshed shall not be allowed to run riot in the land; that a gang of abominable villains from the other side of the Atlantic shall not march through England blowing up public buildings and massacring women and children; that the assassin's knife and bullet shall not be plied without risk either in Ireland or elsewhere. What we are now embarked in is a contest for the preservation of civilization itself. It is of no use to shut our eyes to this fact; there it is staring us in the face. We must subdue or be subdued. As soon as the new 'war' is opened, every nerve must be strained to stamp it out. The Government is strong; it is backed by 316 Conservatives, and by 77 Liberal Unionists. But if it does not think it is strong enough, let it appeal to the people again—let it submit for judgment the cause of England as against the cause of the National League and the Dynamiters—and it will come back with an overwhelming addition to its ranks. The Home Rule Liberals—the advocates of submission to the Parnellites and the pensioned followers of Mr. Gladstone—will be wiped out of the English constituencies altogether. There are a few boroughs in England which are absolutely controlled by the Irish—such as Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Scotland division of Liverpool. The members for these places practically sit for Irish constituencies. As regards most other boroughs, the last election told the tale—Sir Charles Russell, with his majority reduced from 942 in 1885 to *one hundred;* Mr. Mundella, reduced from 1234 to 876; Mr. Broadhurst, afraid to stand again for the Bordesley division of Birmingham; Mr. Hibbert, clean gone; Mr. Osborne Morgan, missing the same fate by *twenty-six* votes only, his majority in 1885 being close upon 400; the Solicitor-General, Sir Horace Davey, left at the bottom of the poll; typical Radical politicians like Professor Stuart, losing nearly three-fourths of their former majorities*—these are the facts which denote the tone and temper of public feeling. No amount of theorizing or of juggling with figures can destroy the importance of this evidence.

For the present, however, the Government is amply strong enough for its work, and it is showing precisely the right spirit. The despatch of Sir Redvers Buller to Kerry soon shook the confidence of the banditti who had almost made themselves masters of that county, and who are guilty of the Curtin murder, and many another ferocious crime. The 'moonlighters' began immediately to quail beneath the touch of a

* Professor Stuart (Shoreditch), one of the noisiest of English Home Rulers, *had a majority* of 942 in 1885, and of only 245 in 1886, in spite of a large Irish *vote.*

firm

firm hand. It must be remembered that for six months the Irish were made to believe, that they were about to have everything their own way; Mr. Morley went to Dublin Castle to pack up and prepare to leave. He was merely to fill an interregnum between the instalment of the National League in power and the final 'hauling down' of the British flag, and departure of the 'English garrison.' Everything, therefore, was loosened and unstrung. 'We must go, lest a worse thing befall us,' was Mr. Morley's moaning cry,—the cry of feebleness and despair—and his business, as he conceived it, was to prepare to go. We have to suffer for this now. The task has been rendered as hard as possible, but it is quite within our means. If the National League begin afresh the horrible work of 1880–82, the League must be suppressed, and the leaders must be held to some accountability for the acts of their ignorant dupes. Why should the poor tool be punished, and the man in the background who sets him in motion be permitted to escape? It would be almost more rational to let retribution fall on the guiding spirit of crime, and permit the instrument to go free. There should no longer be any impunity for those who instigate disorder and violence; never again should there be a Treaty of Kilmainham. When the original Kilmainham Treaty was concluded, Mr. Forster protested earnestly against it as 'paying blackmail to the law-breakers,' and he entreated his late colleagues 'not to try to buy obedience to the law by concessions.' He warned Mr. Gladstone and the rest of the Ministry, from which he was departing, that the consequences of their surrender at that time would probably be 'the weakening of the power of the Government—not of this Government, but of any Government—to perform their first duty, that of giving protection to life, liberty, and property.' * Mr. Forster was hounded down for daring to express these opinions, but has not every one of them been fatally justified by events? Scarcely, indeed, had he uttered his warning, and been assailed bitterly for it by the journalist who was afterwards to be put in his place, then there came the awful murders in the Phœnix Park. Mr. Forster's assailant became, as we have said, his successor, and what was the result? The blackmail rose to a prodigious amount, nothing less than the surrender of Ireland to the National League. The strong and courageous man of 1880–82 was replaced by the *doctrinaire* of 1886, and the prisoners of Kilmainham nearly became masters of Ireland. The day will come, if it has not come already, when the British nation will

* Speech on his resignation, House of Commons, May 4th, 1882.

judge

judge between Mr. Forster and Mr. John Morley, and between the two systems which they represent. It is not the reputation of Mr. Forster which will then suffer in history.

The National League proposes to break up the Empire, and to begin with striking a death-blow at its Parliament. Step by step, it must be met and defeated. Parliament can be saved by the expulsion of the seditious members—if necessary, by the temporary disfranchisement of Ireland. The nation will not hesitate to demand one or both these measures, should the emergency become much more grave than it is. The insolent language and demeanour of the Irish brigade during last Session in the House, their threats, their insults, their violence, all warn us what we have to expect next year. 'You shall do no English business,' was the cry. We shall see about that. There are three special charges which the people of this country have imposed upon the present Government. First, to establish law and order in Ireland; secondly, to do something for our declining trade; thirdly, to bring about a commercial alliance with the Colonies, and, in the language of the Queen's Speech last month, to 'draw closer in every practicable way the bonds which unite the various portions of the Empire.'

We have great confidence in the sagacity and firmness of our leaders; neither Lord Salisbury nor Lord Randolph Churchill is likely to be frightened by big words. Lord Randolph Churchill has shown, during the few weeks he has held his present office, the greatest tact and courage; his readiness of resource appears to be unlimited; his industry is simply marvellous; his adaptability to the moods and caprices of the House is almost as striking as Lord Palmerston's. The country has a right to form the highest expectations from his great powers. Lord Salisbury, long since, made good his claim to the confidence of his countrymen. Thus, then, we have every ground for believing that the Government will do what is required, and that it will meet Parliament with the law rendered supreme in Ireland, at whatever cost; and meet it, moreover, prepared with measures for liberating the House of Commons from the bonds which are now strangling it. If the Conservative Party and Government will not flinch until they have done this, they will receive the support of the country without measure or stint, and we shall then be in a position to consider how the agrarian difficulty in Ireland can be disposed of with some hope of 'finality,' and how the long and blood-stained reign of secret societies may be brought to an end for ever.

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